MAN'S WORLD

& RAW EGG JOURNAL
Issue 2

MAGELLAN, THE LUSIAD
The great Age of Reconnaissance

CLASSIC NAUTICAL STYLE
The uniform of the Aristocrats of the Sea

NEW MOTORING SECTION

CHUCK SIPES
The Iron Knight

Ross Erickson on the patriarchy

Striking back at Leviathan
Florida leads the way

More Jünger!
Combat as Inner Experience

DOONVORCANNON
Zero HP Lovecraft returns

BAP!
Neck and jaw training special!

PIERRE DRIEU LA ROCHELLE
A new first translation

THE SEA!
THE SEA!

MAN'S WORLD

'Man cannot remake himself without suffering, for he is both the marble and the sculptor'

Alexis Carrel

MAN'S WORLD

Raw Egg Nationalist (@babygravy9) welcomes you to the sophomore issue of Man's World, the only men's magazine worth reading today.

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome back, friends, to *Man's World and Raw Egg Journal*, the only men's magazine worth reading.

And what a ride it's been so far! Even I was surprised by the success of the first issue, which was read 25,000 times in the space of a few days, and is past 50,000 views at the time of writing. There's now an SFW version of the magazine available to read via my Linktree (linktr.ee/raweggnationalist), for those of you who didn't like the vintage centrefolds. (More on those centrefolds in just a moment.)

Whatever doubts I had about the validity of the enterprise, all those weeks ago when I first memed myself into creating it, have now well and truly disappeared. Thank you all for your support and contributions.

I've done my very best to incorporate the constructive criticism of my anon friends, while remaining aloof from the inevitable sour-grape doo-doo slinging of professional cope artists like... well, why sully this fine publication with their names? You're probably familiar with who I mean. And if not – lucky you! Keep it that way.

As I was saying, I've done my best to incorporate your legitimate criticism of the typesetting and formatting and also of some of the content, namely the centrefolds. On the first point, I can only beg indulgence on account of my inexperience. I'm still learning, but I'm learning fast. I promised that this issue would be 'lean, mean and clean', and I hope you find it so. You won't have to strain your eyes to see any text, nor should any of the colour schemes prove garish or the transition between them quite so much of a psychedelic experience. I'll say it again: *lean, mean and clean*.

On the second point, I've made the executive decision not to continue the centrefold section, at least in this issue. My intention with the centrefolds was to evoke a time before the advent of readily available internet pornography, with its stringent pubic topiary regime, a time which has quite significant nostalgic value for me. Know ye this: my intention was not at all to provide fodder for your inner Coomer. Far from it. I do understand though, despite the fond personal memories such images have for me, that softcore pornography really was the thin end of the wedge, as it were, for the ubiquitous filth that is doing such harm to the minds and bodies of men, women and children everywhere.

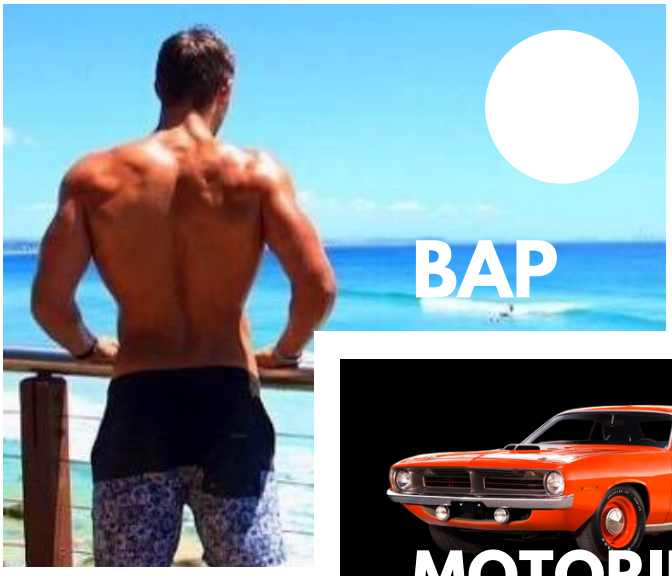
Having said that, I would like to issue a plea. As I said in a recent interview, prudery and puritanism will do us much more harm than good. Attempts to enforce a right-wing sharia will only lead to infighting and purity spirals of the kind that continue to prove so destructive for emerging movements. What we have in common is of far greater importance than our stance on a few naked bodies in a magazine, and you shouldn't forget that.

So what's in store for you in this issue? Well, the broad theme of this issue, if you hadn't guessed from our cover star, a well-developed member of Her Majesty's Royal Navy – I believe he occupies the rank of rear admiral – is the sea. The sea, the sea! That famous phrase uttered by Xenophon's wandering Greeks when they finally caught sight of the Black Sea and the outposts of their own civilisation. Our sea-themed special occupies centre-stage and contains a myriad of fantastic articles, from politics to archaeology, history to style, and literature. Learn about the ancient seafaring exploits of our ancestors, the voyages of da Gama and Magellan, and how to dress like a true prep; wonder at modern-day myths by Doonvorcannon and Zero HP Lovecraft; let Elias Kingston tell you how a revival among the states, following the example of maritime Florida, could finally help to slay the dreadful Leviathan of the deep state. And that's not all of the sea special, let alone the rest of the magazine! Phew!

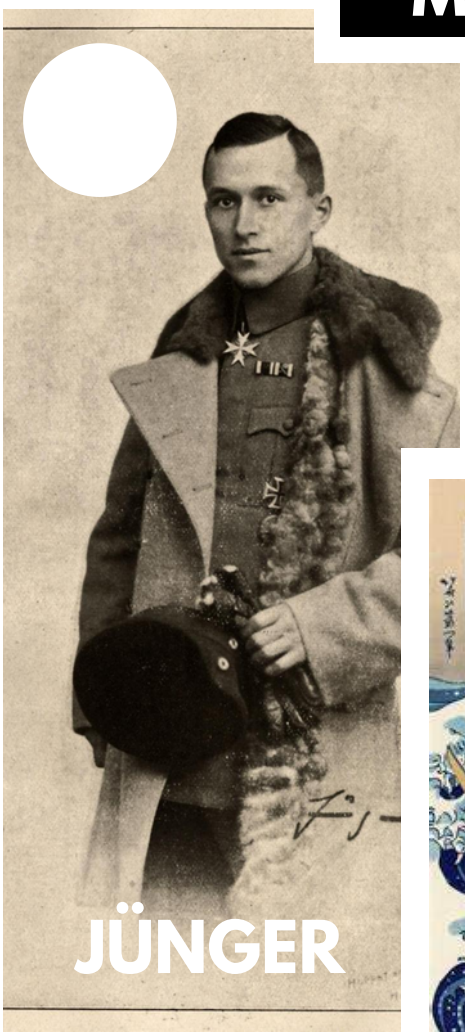
What else? A fantastic new motoring section, for one thing (I keep my promises). A neck and jaw training special, with guest articles from Greco Gum and Herculean Strength. A short comedy sketch from Neon Bag. Eternal Physique returns, and there's the second part of the serialisation of my book, *Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders*. Part one of a fantastic defence of the reputation of a true lion of the British Empire; a comparison of two famous responses to the ugliness of modern-day leftism; a short story from Faisal Marzipan; spotlights on new books by Antelope Hill and Imperium Press; an early short story by Pierre Drieu La Rochelle. Dr Chaim Breisacher returns with the second chapter of his fantastic translation of Ernst Jünger's *Combat as Inner Experience*.

Oh, and don't let me forget – there's also an article by the irrepressible and inimitable BRONZE AGE PERVERT.

So welcome to *Man's World* Issue 2: it's a pleasure to have you back.


BAP

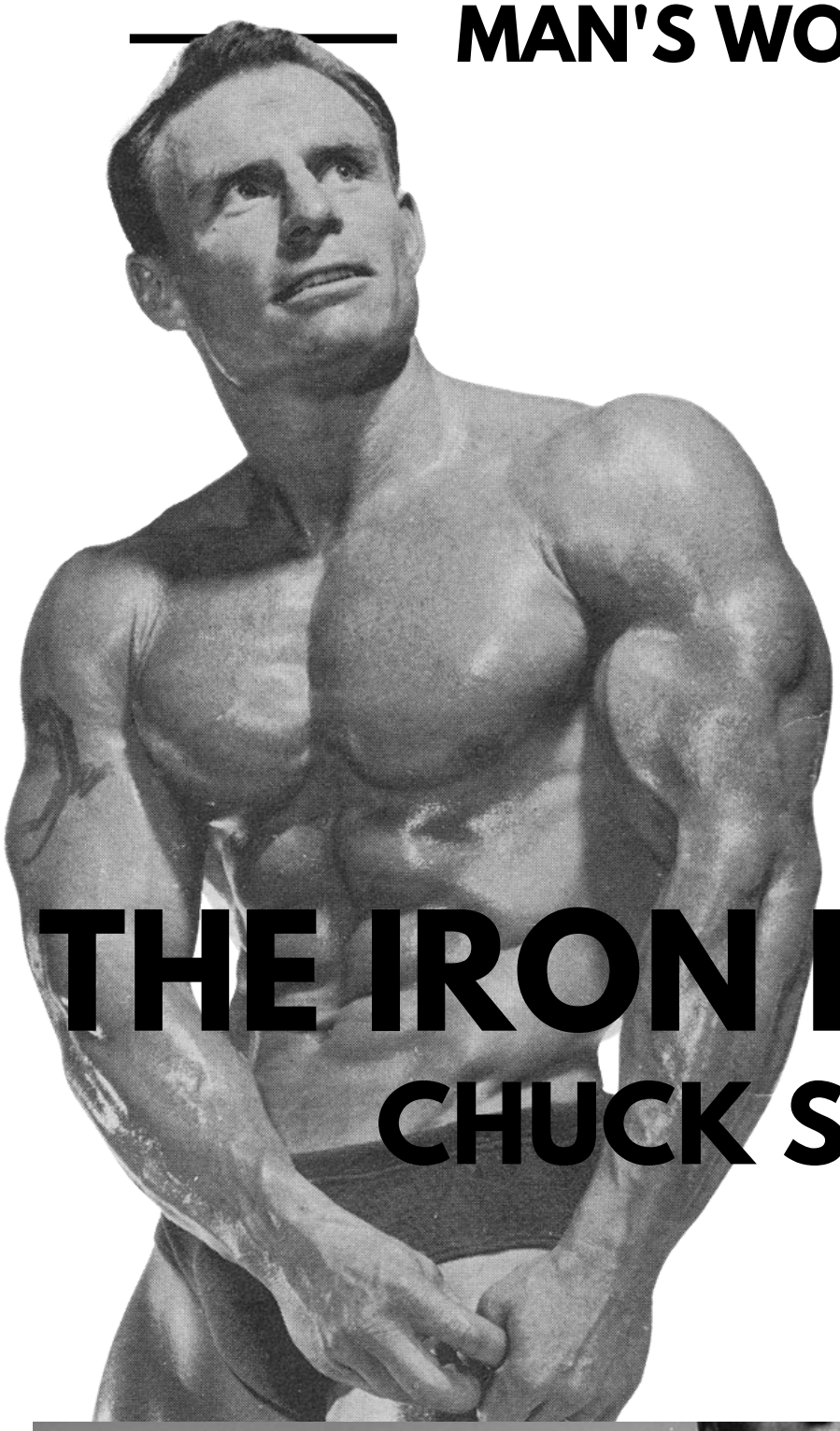
MOTORING


JÜNGER

NECK

THE SEA!
THE SEA!

MAN'S WORLD



**BORN: 22 AUGUST 1932,
STERLING ILLINOIS**

**DIED: 24 FEBRUARY 1993,
SISKIYOU CO. CALIFORNIA**

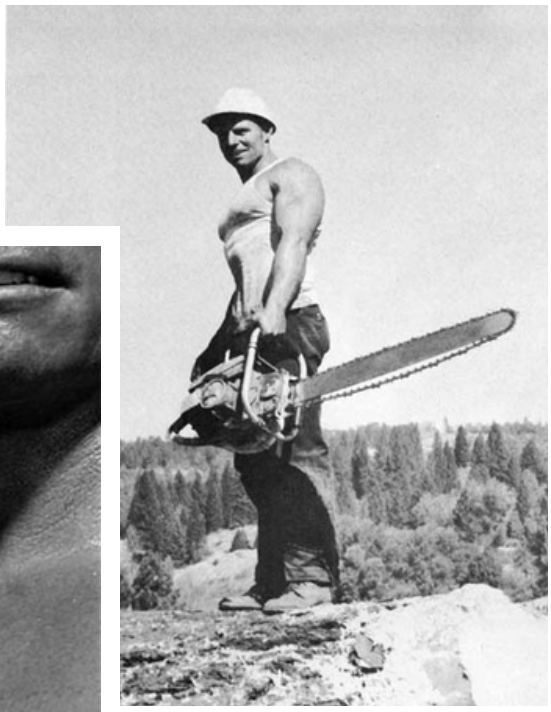
HEIGHT: 5'9"

WEIGHT: 220LB

**1959 MR AMERICA
1960 MR UNIVERSE
1968 MR WORLD**

In this second extract from his sophomore book, Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders, Raw Egg Nationalist describes the inspiring, extraordinary life of the man they called...

THE IRON KNIGHT
CHUCK SIPES



For a week now they have followed him, climbing further into the mountains. From time to time they stop, and he points out to the young men some species of tree or plant, a bird of prey high above, circling in the cloudless sky – even a mountain lion across the valley beyond. They look at these things, but observe with just as much wonder the enormous musculature of the man's outstretched arms and shoulders; and when he walks in front of them, the vast spread of his back, the neck that seems to have been transplanted from some mythical creature, and his calves, like two thick joints of ham, above the ankle socks and boots. They have seen men like this before, but never outside the pages of a comic book. In the afternoons, when the sun is less intense, they find a shaded spot, drop their packs and exercise together. When night comes, they sleep soundly under a canopy of stars none of them have ever seen back in the city.

Now, in the evenings, after supper, under his guidance their talk moves from the usual chit-chat, jokes and things young men talk about to a more serious topic: how each of them has come to find himself on the wrong side of the law. At first, the young men have trouble opening up. It's not easy to talk like this. Nobody has ever listened to them before. Their thoughts and feelings have never mattered. But this seems to be his real superpower: he shows them that they do matter. They are not just victims of circumstance, the ever-present criminal element of society, but masters of their own destiny. They have a choice. When they return home in three weeks' time, each of them will be determined to be a better man – to be just like Chuck Sipes.

An Illinoisian by birth, Chuck Sipes moved to Modesto, California with his family as a child. Although he had already been introduced to weight training as a scrawny wannabe high-school football player, Chuck had his real introduction to bodybuilding only after a taste of high-speed dirt that would have killed anybody other than a man destined to be a demi-god; so too Chet Yorton, whose accident was arguably worse. Before their respective dates with near-death, neither man had displayed much evidence of the physical prowess with which his name would later be synonymous. During his early days as a schoolboy lifter, under the tutelage of his neighbour Chuck Coker, Sipes showed no real interest in bodybuilding at all.

Chuck began his competitive bodybuilding career unwillingly. Chuck Coker recalls that when Sipes was a lifting competitor in his junior college days in Modesto, there was one occasion when a physique contest was held in connection with the lifting. Chuck's buddies on the team filled out an entry form to the physique contest, then informed Chuck that he had to get up on stage and pose. He said no at first, but then did sort of a stroll across the stage and hit a few poses.

(This may be the first recorded instance of the Chad stride.) Throughout his bodybuilding career, the posing, rather than the lifting, would remain the part that least interested Chuck, and his lack of a polished posing routine probably cost him a number of titles he would otherwise have won.

After graduating from school, Chuck decided to become a paratrooper, joining the US Army's famous 82nd Airborne. He served for three years until during a practice jump his parachute failed and he became entangled with another trooper, falling 70 feet to the ground. (Some have suggested that the impact may have been the cause of the mysterious and hugely destructive Tunguska Event; however plausible the claim that the earth would come off a distant second to Chuck Sipes in a collision, the disparity of dates and locations is enough to disprove this.) Chuck spent the next four months in hospital, recovering from serious head injuries that would leave their mark in the longer term with epilepsy and severe depression; tragically, the depression would dog him for the rest of his life, and was almost certainly a contributor to his death by suicide, in 1993.

But our story continues in 1952. After his time in hospital, Chuck began to receive disability pay for his injuries, until a visit to a military doctor brought those payments to an end: how could a man with a body like that be disabled? The work with Chuck Coker, and the hard paratrooper's training, had clearly already provided him with the basis for his later marvellous physique.

Chuck now returned to California and normal life (if by 'normal' you mean the life of a lumberjack) with the intention of becoming a bodybuilder; and not just any bodybuilder but the best in the world. He sought out Bill Pearl, who won his first Mr Universe competition the next year, in London, beating, among others, a 23-year-old Scot by the name of Sean Connery. Pearl would win the Universe title an unheralded four times before his retirement in 1971, and receive the moniker of the 'World's Best-built Man of the Century'; he has been described as 'Arnold, before there was Arnold', and 'bodybuilding's first true crossover superstar', both of which could also just as equally be applied to Reg Park as well. For Chuck, the mould was set: not only was Pearl possessed of a beautiful physique, but he was also extremely strong. He regularly dressed up in the garb of a Sandow-era strongman – replete with leotard or fig leaf, fake moustache and period backdrop – and performed feats of strength like bending spike nails and blowing up hot water bottles until they exploded; he could also bench press 500lb, at a time when very few men could. Chuck would go on to perform similar feats in similarly absurd getups, bending steel rebars held between his teeth, ripping phonebooks in half with his bare hands or crushing spike nails, just like his mentor. His mentor's bench press PR he would beat by a full hundred pounds. While Chuck was competing, the only man stronger at benching – in the world – was Pat Casey, who was also 135lb heavier than him.

After around five years of training, in 1958 Chuck won his first competition, in California, the Amateur Athletic Union's Mr North California contest; he was 26. He also placed in the top ten that year in a number of other regional and national contests, including the AAU's Junior Mr America and Mr America contests. In 1959, Chuck would get his first taste of real success, winning the IFBB Mr America, before winning the 1960 Mr Universe. In the mid-sixties, he turned his attention to the Mr Olympia contest for the first time. In the 1966 Olympia, won by Larry Scott, he placed third, and the following year, he came second to Sergio Oliva; along with Chet Yorton and Frank Zane, Oliva, a Cuban bodybuilder often referred to as 'the Myth', was one of only three people ever to beat Arnold in competition. Chuck continued to compete to the end of the decade and into the early seventies. After his close failures at the 1966 and 1967 Olympias, he won the NABBA World Championship in 1967 and Mr California and Mr World in 1968. In 1970, he came second in the medium class of the Mr Universe, whose overall class was won by Arnold. Chuck finally retired from competition in 1974 following his win in the over-40s category of the Mr Pacific Coast.

The intensity not just of Chuck's competition training but of his life in general was legendary. Where most would struggle to fit a bodybuilding routine in around any kind of full-time job,

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Chuck, being Chuck, managed to work out after full days chopping trees as a lumberjack or in sawmills up and down the Pacific Coast. He credited his massive 18" forearms to this hard work, at a time when many bodybuilders did little or no separate forearm training; he considered his forearms to be essential to his massive strength. And it was no mere routine he performed after putting down his chainsaw and hardhat and washing the dirt, sweat and sawdust from his skin. In the run-up to the 1968 Mr World, for instance, Chuck was training every body part three days a week, working up to his maximum lifts every other day and using all sorts of high-intensity schemes, such as the 1-10/10-1. As well as lifting heavy often, Sipes believed in maximising intensity, reducing his rest times between sets to as little as ten seconds.

Chuck as Sandow

This rugged lifestyle, while hardening his muscles superbly, did nothing to harden Chuck's heart. Said Dave Draper of Chuck:

This man, who looked like a pile of rocks and lifted steel like a crane and shredded and crumpled anything he got his hands on, was a gentleman, a peacemaker and an artist. He insisted you go first while he carried your load; he counseled troubled young men in the California state penal system and created with brush and oils on large canvas incredible old west paintings in marvelous detail. Chuck Sipes was a mighty good man.

The term 'muscular Christian' could have been coined, in the most literal sense, to describe Chuck; and I can think of few who would be better placed to lead a revival of that much maligned and misunderstood doctrine than the Iron Knight himself. Before and after retiring from competitive bodybuilding, he spent 20 years coaching and mentoring troubled inner-city youths for the California Youth Authority. Chuck put his love and knowledge of the California wilderness to good use by leading groups of young men on three-week expeditions into the forest. There, after the initial bewilderment had passed, he would help them to speak about and understand the difficulties of their lives. These campfire conversations became the basis of many lifelong friendships between Chuck and his mentees, who would continue to visit him through the years. The expeditions also involved impromptu workouts in which cables would be wrapped around trees and various exercises were performed. The success rate of Chuck's work was overwhelming: according to the superintendent of Folsom Prison, 96% of the youths Chuck mentored did not return to jail. Ever humble, Chuck said,

One of my objectives was to win the kids over to Christianity, and introduce them to a more positive way of life. It may not have been the answer for all, but it was a start in the right direction.

The use of drugs was one of Chuck's particular concerns. A heartfelt letter about your high school's drug problem would almost invariably guarantee an appearance from the man himself, who would turn up, put on an awesome exhibition of strength and then give a stirring speech on the virtues of clean living and exercise. It was drugs, in particular, that led to Chuck's departure from competitive bodybuilding, in the early 1970s. A few years after Chet Yorton was turned on to the dangers of steroids,

Chuck was rooming with another world famous bodybuilder overseas during a posing exhibition. Chuck walked into their hotel room and found the other bodybuilder with a needle in his butt. Chuck asked what was going on and was told, "Oh, you have to do this to compete these days."

Chuck, however, disagreed, and began to speak out against steroid use. 'CHARLTON HESTON'S MUSCULAR DOUBLE' featured on the cover of the February 1971 issue of Muscle Training magazine, beside the caption: 'MR AMERICA CHUCK SIPES SAYS: DRUGS ARE DESTROYING MUSCLE MEN'. Chuck effectively retired from bodybuilding after the article was published; although he competed one final time in 1974. Of course, he continued to train, and remained in amazing shape. Part of his community work involved acting as the weight trainer at a youth facility, and a fellow employee remembers how when Chuck was in his mid-fifties, with grey shoulder-length hair, 'this O.G. was still cut up, I couldn't believe someone at this age could continue to stay in shape'. Chuck also continued trekking in the wilderness, which became the subject of another of his hobbies: painting. While it's hard to find pictures of Chuck's paintings on the internet, one image can be found of Chuck posing proudly next to a fantastically detailed mountain river scene, with two riders in the foreground. The date of the painting isn't clear, but Chuck has grey in his beard and his hair is receding; yet the famous physique is still evident – the enormous forearms and biceps, especially.

During the later years of Chuck's life, his mood darkened, and nothing his family and friends could do could change it; life seemed to hold him with a weaker and weaker grip. His painting no longer brought the same satisfaction, and bureaucracy began to get in the way of the expeditions that had done such good for the deprived young men of California. Ultimately, the reason why a man like Chuck Sipes would take his own life – simple brain chemistry or something far less simple – must remain a mystery. Joe Roark, of the Roark Report, puts it well:

What causes a man, who cheers up everyone, to change so that he cannot be cheered up by those he loves? Big Chuck was becoming little Chuck inside himself. A man whose family loved him, whose artwork was respected, whose cell-mates (so to speak) became sell-mates and are forever in his debt, whose stupendous strength and physique accomplishments were no longer able to re-kindle his former bright attitudes.

Chuck was buried in his buckskins, a mountain man to the last. One of the many young men whose life Chuck had helped to transform read the eulogy. 'CHUCK SIPES – MEETS THE SUN', his gravestone reads: back into the light he had shone on all those who knew him.

Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders is available now for purchase from Amazon or the Rogue Scholar book store, or for free download via linktr.ee/raweggnationalist.

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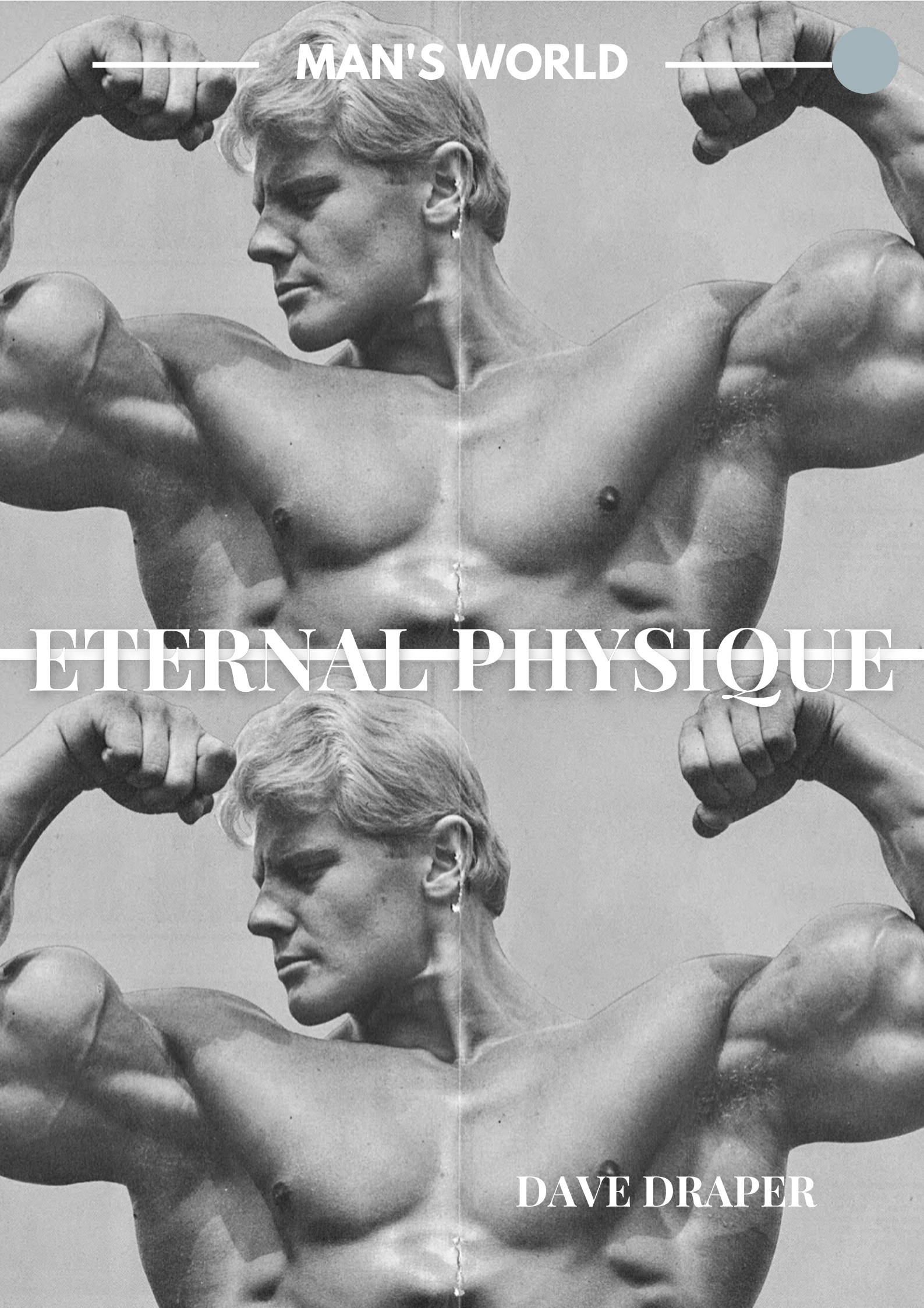
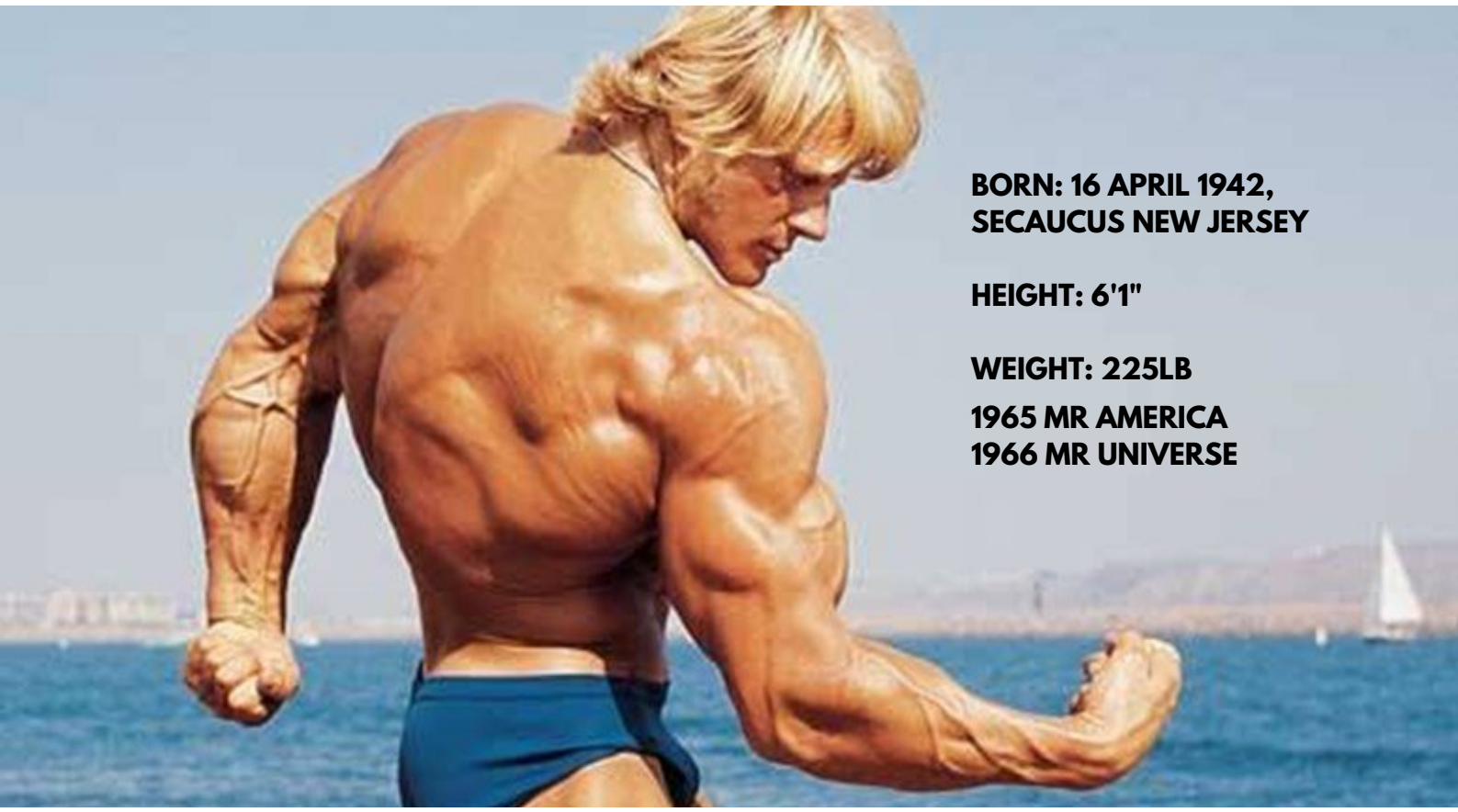
MAN'S WORLD



ETERNAL PHYSIQUE

DAVE DRAPER



BORN: 16 APRIL 1942, SECAUCUS NEW JERSEY

HEIGHT: 6'1"

WEIGHT: 225LB

1965 MR AMERICA
1966 MR UNIVERSE

THE BLONDE BOMBER

DAVE DRAPER

Words: Raw Egg Nationalist

If Larry Scott hadn't been dubbed bodybuilding's original 'Golden Boy', that moniker would almost certainly have been bestowed on Dave Draper instead. Tall, heavily muscled and beautifully proportioned, blonder than blonde – a man whose entire person perhaps more than any other encapsulates 'California' during the heady days of the late fifties and early sixties – Dave instead had to settle for the nickname 'the Blonde Bomber'. The nickname was given to him by Joe Weider during their early training sessions together, after Dave moved to California from New Jersey at Joe's instigation, leaving behind his job in a welding factory.

Dave had shown great early promise, beginning his training in physical cultivation before his tenth birthday. By the age of 15, he dwarfed his classmates, who eagerly sought him out for advice. Entering his first competition at 21, the Mr New Jersey contest, Dave won easily, and began a tear that would see him win the Mr America and Mr Universe titles back to back, in 1965 and 1966; although he failed to win the newly inaugurated Mr Olympia competition before his retirement.

At the same time as he was winning some of the most coveted titles in bodybuilding, Dave embarked on a brief acting career, starring in two Hollywood films. The first, *Lord Love a Duck* (1966), was a comedy that sent up a variety of topics, including beach party movies, which a number of bodybuilders, among them Chet Yorton, were starring in at the time. The second, *Don't Make Waves*, was much more notable for the presence of Sharon Tate, in her cinematic debut, alongside Tony Curtis in the lead role as Carlo. Draper played Harry Hollard, a naïve bodybuilder who is tricked by Carlo into refusing to have sex with his girlfriend, played by Tate, ostensibly because it would harm his physique but actually so that Carlo can have her for himself.

Sharon Tate touching Dave's chest in the 1967 movie Don't Make Waves

After failing to win the Olympia in 1967, Draper would retire in 1970 at age 28, having finishing third in that year's Mr Universe. He continues to train to this day.

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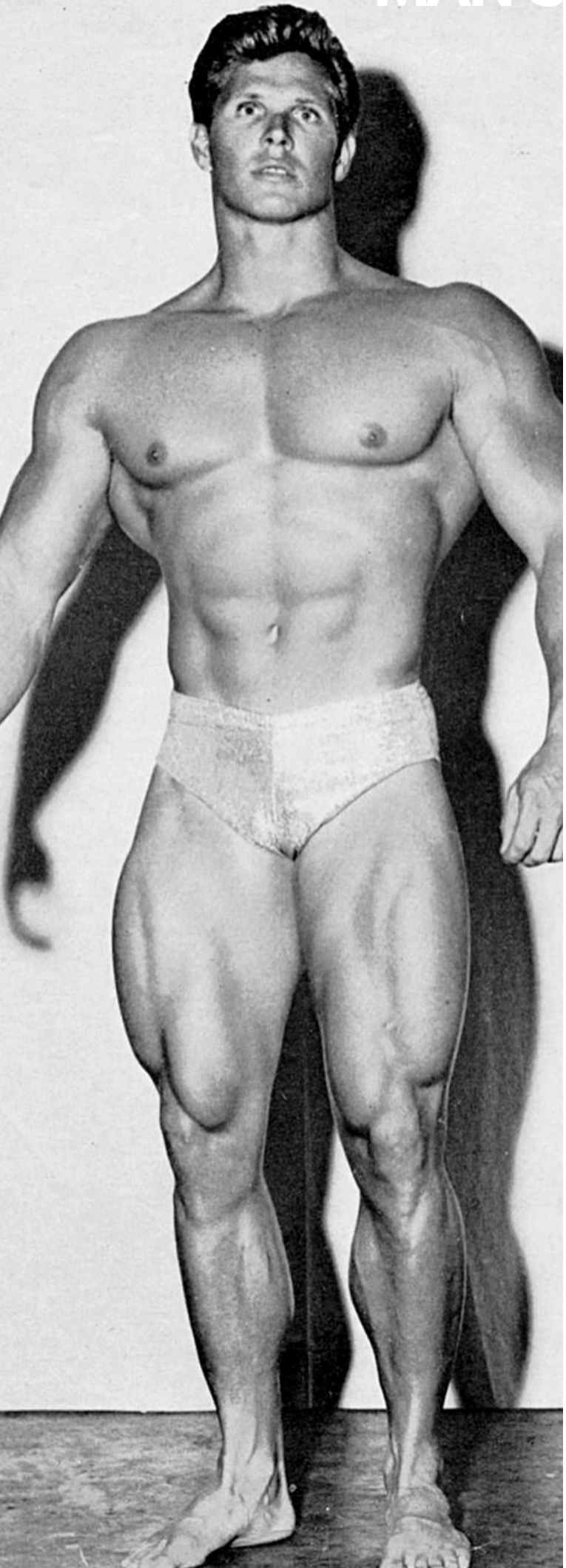


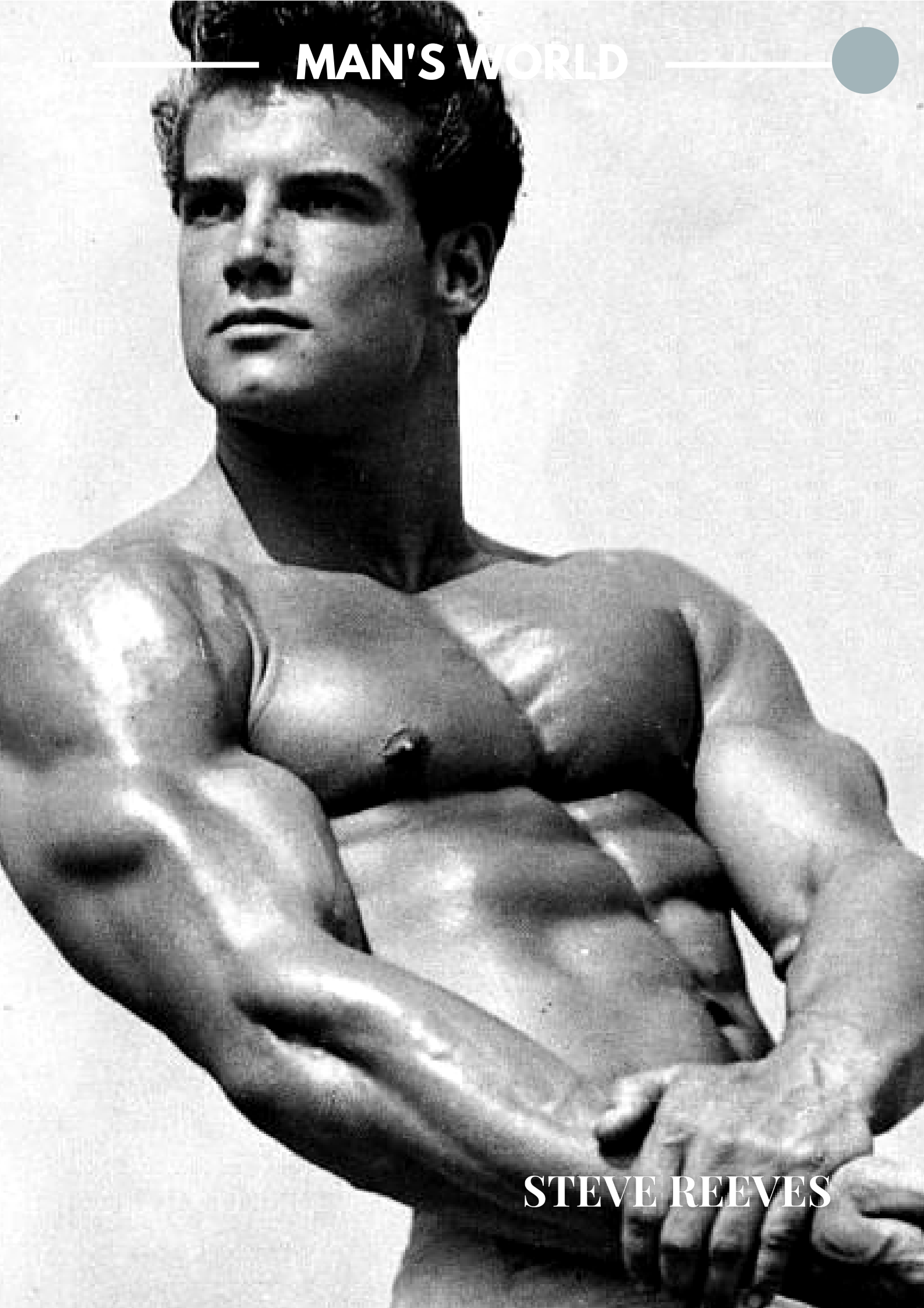
JIM HAISLOP

MAN'S WORLD

FREDDY ORTIZ

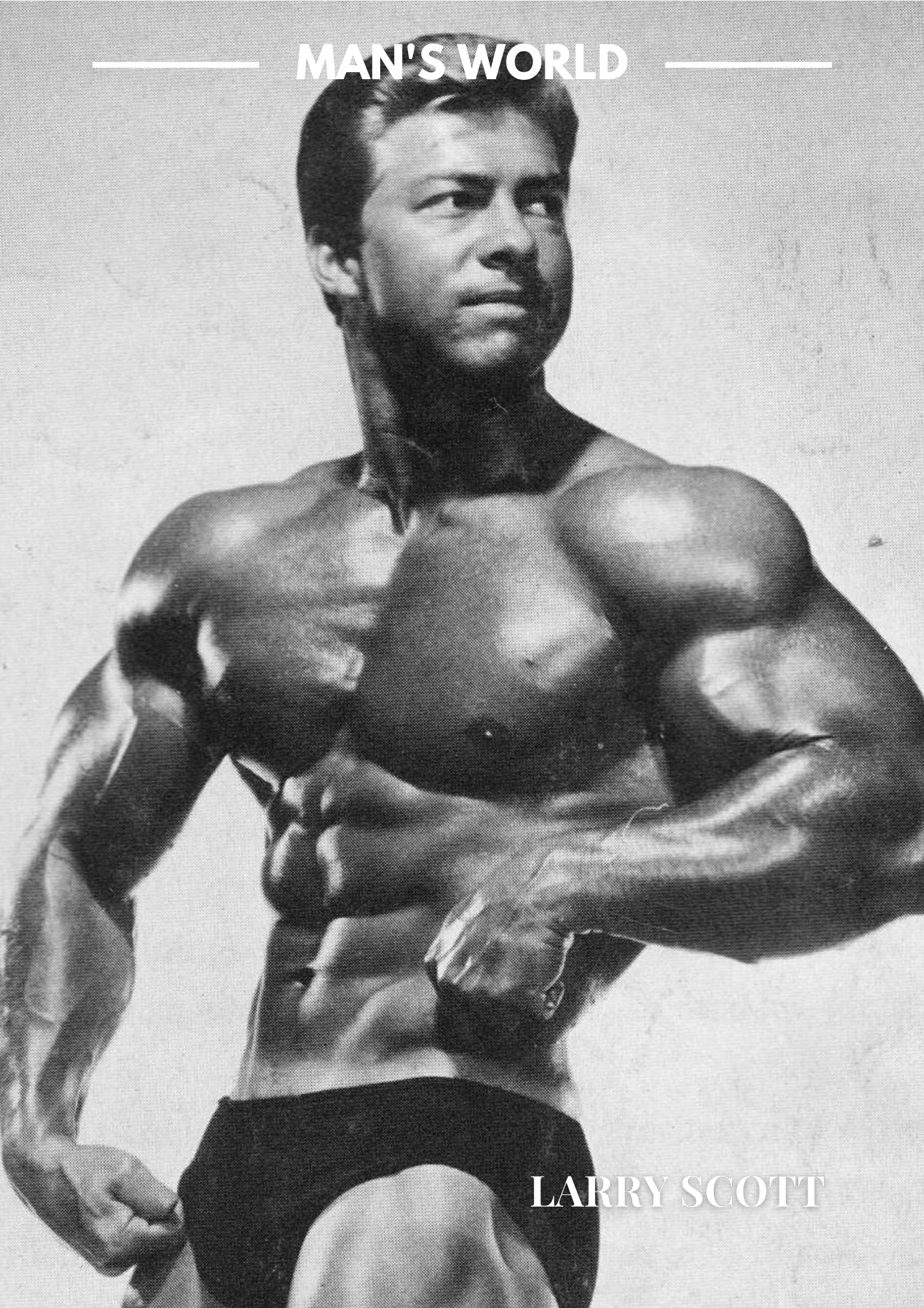
MAN'S WORLD

DOUG BRIGNOLE



STEVE REEVES

MAN'S WORLD



LARRY SCOTT

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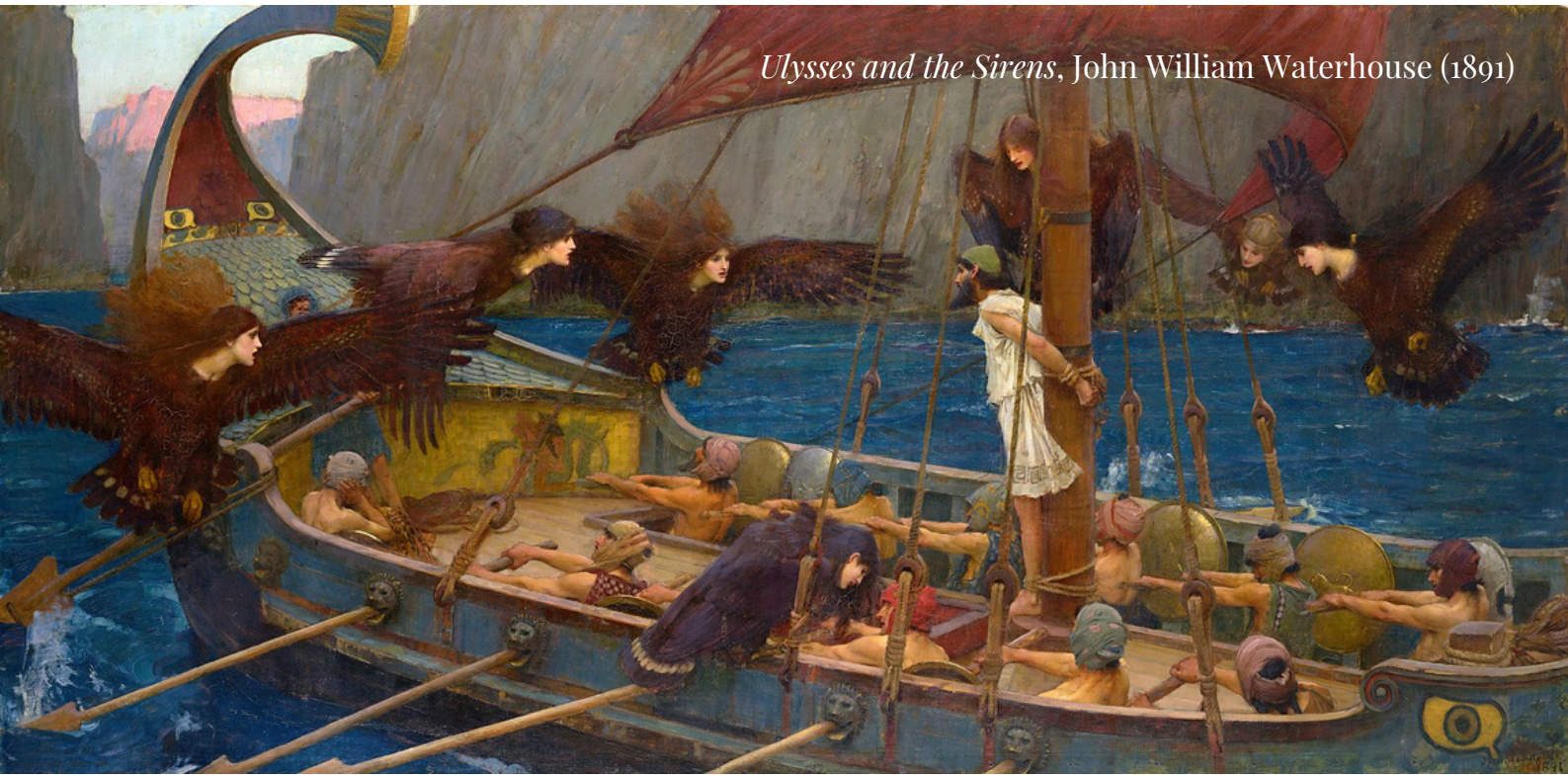

Ulysses and the Sirens, John William Waterhouse (1891)

THE MAN THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF *Patriarchy at its best.*

Words: Ross Erickson (@hurricaneross)

Right around the time I graduated high school, our church got a new pastor, a man named Neil. He was a cowboy, through and through. Neil grew up in Wyoming, raised by what you could call America's last frontiersmen. These were the men who tamed the wilderness; who broke wild horses not just for fun, but because they had to; who made contracts with their word and never broke them; in short, they knew what a man was supposed to be.

These frontiersmen passed this knowledge on to Neil. The problem was, once Neil left Wyoming, he was surrounded by people who didn't know what he was talking about. "What do you mean, women shouldn't work outside the home? What do you mean, my word is my bond? Isn't that the government's job, to enforce contracts?" Back then, I could have been chief among that group. I couldn't make sense of him while he was here. A lot of that was because Neil didn't understand how to explain what he knew. He could tell there was something missing - like a Hokusai painting with Mt. Fuji taken out. He tried in sermons to describe that gaping Patriarchal hole in civilization, and I suspect he figured he would have gotten in trouble if he succeeded (I agree).

Neil left our church a few years ago, but now I finally get it. And when I watched *The Maltese Falcon* (1941), I saw the type of man who would have raised Neil.

The Maltese Falcon is a film noir starring Humphrey Bogart as Sam Spade, a private detective caught in a web of dealings and deception surrounding a jewel-encrusted falcon statuette. It's a must-view classic - one of the first 25 films selected by the National Film Registry in 1988. Besides that, it's just plain fun. But the plot can wait for another time - for now, we need to look at how Sam Spade deals with women.

There are endless historical myths to draw from regarding irresistible beauty. In Greek mythology, the Sirens sang a song so alluring that sailors would jump overboard to their deaths. The Slavic Alkonost, the Brazilian Yara, and the Welsh Morgen tell the same story. There are others - Medusa's gaze, David and Bathsheba in the Bible - that, taken together, tell us a deep truth: Sometimes, when a man looks at a woman, it shuts down his brain. All rational thought goes out the window, subsumed by one notion: "I must have her." Heck, we don't even need stories. We've all experienced it. When faced with this situation, a man is nearly defenseless. There is known only one method of emerging victorious - the guidance of the Patriarchy.

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Patriarchy is, quite simply, the organization and cooperation of men. Male cooperation has many uses - forming armies, constructing buildings, conquering wilderness. This patriarchal tendency began to be selected for in the human genome with "total Y-chromosome replacement events" around 10 kya. For the layman, think of Genghis Khan - he formed an empire that reached from the Pacific Ocean to halfway up the Danube River, all because he got a few tribes of nomads to fight with each other instead of against!

Male cooperation is (apart from God, if you believe) the most powerful force in the universe. It's what Western culture seeks to uphold - because when patriarchy collapses, Western culture dies with it. Patriarchy is what separates the cities in the sky from huts in the mud.

The Patriarchy of yore may be dead in 2021, but it was alive and well 80 years ago in *The Maltese Falcon*. A client enters Sam Spade's office. His secretary prefaces that no matter what her case is, Sam will want to see her, "she's a knockout." In comes Brigid O'Shaughnessy (with the pseudonym Ruth Wonderly), played by the lovely Mary Astor.

Sam and his partner Miles have two different reactions. It's clear that Miles's brain has shut down. He's wrapped around her finger. Sam, though, isn't phased. He stands, offers her a seat. She compliments Sam, and he tells her to start from the beginning. She gives her story, but every once in a while interjects with a beg for guidance, a plea for pity. Sam sits back and continues to work. When their business is complete, she offers some money; Sam sits back and watches, and she offers more. It's clear when Miles stands that he would have offered to do the job for free. That night, Sam learns Miles has been shot.

Sam and Brigid have three more extended scenes together after this first scene in *The Maltese Falcon*. In the second, he goes to visit her after the murder to figure out what happened. He starts businesslike, but when she starts trying to manipulate him, Sam goes on the attack. He tells her that he expected manipulation from her. When Brigid asks him to trust her and begs for his help, he responds, "You won't need much of anybody's help, you're good. Chiefly your eyes, I think, and that throb you get in your voice when you say things like, Be generous, Mr. Spade." "I deserve that," she responds.

The third scene happens after Spade starts to piece together what the whole fiasco is about. The game between Sam and Brigid gets stronger and stronger, as each tries to figure out what the other knows. He shares what he's learned, only to read her face - she tries to hide what she knows, but he sees right through it. She gets to a point where she only has one tool remaining to her, sex - it's implied that she uses it.

In the fourth and final scene, Sam Spade has figured it all out. Brigid shot Miles, using his vulnerability to seduction as a tool to get what she wanted. She admits, but only because he's trapped her - he had set up lies earlier in the conversation for her to agree with. That's when Sam drops the bomb - he's going to turn her in to the police. At this point, Brigid uses every tool she can think of to manipulate him. He lays out his reasoning, although he knows she won't care. "It's bad business," he says, "to let the killer get away with it - bad all around, bad for every detective everywhere." In short - he won't betray the patriarchy. He knows that if everyone did what he wanted to do, the whole system would collapse.

I've seen it said on the internet that using fictional characters isn't a good basis for morality tales. To that, I say balderdash, nonsense, a load of hooey. If it's good enough for my ancestors, it's good enough for me. And, to be frank - it's all we have left. We need these old movies to understand what we need to become again, if we're to survive.

I want to end on one final note. When Neil came to our little church in the middle of nowhere, he was actually sent by our Conference leader to help us get through an explosive church split. Our pastor before Neil was a bookish liberal type who spread a lot of dissension. Neil wasn't just any pastor - his job had been to work for the Conference to take broken messes and form them into a powerful tribe. To do that, they grabbed the manliest man they could find, and they put him in charge.

Ross Erickson's work is available at rossmerickson.substack.com, and he tweets @hurricaneross.

The Sea!
The Sea!

MAN'S WORLD

Welcome to the Man's World nautical special!

Thalatta! Thalatta! – The sea! The sea!

According to Xenophon, this was the cry of joy let out by the 10,000 wandering Greeks when at last, from the top of a mountain, they caught sight of the Black Sea. After their expedition to help Cyrus the Younger seize the Persian throne from his brother had failed, Xenophon and other officers were elected to take charge of the Greeks and managed to lead them back to safety – "a marching republic" – through hostile territory. Crossing blasted deserts and snowy mountains, fighting all the way, they marched through Mesopotamia to the shores of the Black Sea and at last reached the outposts of Greek city culture.

The sea! The Sea! To those Greeks, the sea meant a return home, to their own form of civilisation. And so the first thing they did when they arrived in the city of Trebizond, after a decent rest, was hold competitive games in the accustomed manner, reasserting their identity and place within the Greek world.

The sea: our home just as much as the land.

There can be no history of man without the sea, even if there is of course a history of the sea without man. One theory of evolution, the so-called 'aquatic ape' theory', even has it that early humans diverged from our other hominid ancestors precisely because of the sea. The theory was first put forward by the marine biologist Alister Hardy in 1960, who thought that our love of swimming, limited body hair, the shape of our bodies, the distribution of fat under our skin and even our ability to walk upright rather than on all fours could all plausibly be attributed to an aquatic phase in our evolution. The theory was pushed even further by Elaine Morgan and given its name in her book *The Aquatic Ape*, but many critics have pointed out that all of the evolutionary adaptations used in support of the theory can be explained just as plausibly without positing marine-based ancestors – physical evidence for which has never been found.

Aquatic apes or no, it can hardly be doubted that the sea has shaped man into what he is right from the very beginning, providing not only a rich source of nutrition for early hunter gatherers and then fishermen, who must first have fished from the shore before mounting the ocean in primitive boats, but also a means for transport, settlement, and, of course, war. The aquatic ape theory is just one of many aspects of the primitive relation to the sea discussed by the Stone Age Herbalist (@Paracelsus1092) in his essay, "Stone Age Seafaring". Among other amazing possibilities he discusses is the tantalising evidence that homo erectus, an extinct form of archaic human, may have engaged in seafaring, some 700,000 years ago. As the Herbalist puts it, "One of the ultimate expressions of the heroic soul in primitive man is that he stared across a violently stormy body of water, and knowing all the dangers still lashed trees and branches with rawhide and set out to master his destiny." The image of primitive man going forth across the waters into the unknown, aided only by the most basic technology, is an image for all time. Like few others, it provides a call to recapture the spirit of wild adventure and perform great deeds done in the face of seemingly insurmountable odds.

Great deeds done in the face of insurmountable odds are the theme of two other essays in this special, by Raw Egg Nationalist and Kitharistas (@kitharistas). Their subject: the great European Age of Reconnaissance, and two of its heroes, Magellan and Da Gama. As a continent, Europe has perhaps been defined more than any other by its maritime position. For the last ten thousand years, its coastal geography has determined not only its internal politics but also, in more recent centuries, the fate of the entire globe. Carl Schmitt described the European turn to the oceans after Columbus's voyage in 1492 as "the first complete space revolution on a planetary scale". The present age of globalised maritime trade and travel, the product of that first spatial revolution, has even been called a "new Pangea" relinking the ecologies and economies of continents that had been separate for millions of years.

But the sea is not just a resource for nutrition, trade, travel and war. Since the very beginning, it has encompassed and filled the mind of man, giving birth to an infinity of myths, legends and stories. Although the mythology of the agricultural civilisations of the Axial Age understandably makes a garden and not the sea its central vision of terrestrial happiness, the sea is ever-present and remains a powerful force for thinking about and symbolising sin, suffering, death and rebirth – the Flood, Leviathan, Jonah and the Whale, the 'there will be no sea' of the Book of Revelation. That mythology remains with us today, in however attenuated a form, and continues to shape the way we think of all that matters as humans. Two modern-day myth makers provide us with their own visions of the sea and its power. In an exclusive extract from his new book Mystical Ennui, Doonvorcannon @doonvorcannon) presents a fantastic allegory of a two-tusked narwhal who fights to protect his kind against all manner of threats. Zero HP Lovecraft (@0x49fa98), in his inimitable manner, reimagines the Biblical beginning, in 'Every Creeping Thing of the Earth'.

In 'Between a Rock and a Wet Place' Raw Egg Nationalist makes his pitch for William Golding's best shipwreck novel – and, no, it isn't *The Lord of the Flies*. For Golding, shipwreck represented a limit experience, an experience at the edge of human conception, and by making it a continuing subject of his fictional works, revealed a very twentieth-century preoccupation with exposing the real meaning of man's existence and nature.

The seaborne life also represents an ethic, with its own codes, cultures and styles. One of the most important and enduring of these styles is discussed by Fred @bronze_yankee) in a stunning picture essay on classic nautical prep. Let Fred show you how to don 'the uniform of the aristocrats of the sea', as you move from an afternoon's sailing, to a cocktail party or beach barbecue by night. You'll even learn how to look timelessly cool the next morning, as you nurse a hangover with a bloody Mary at breakfast. Or maybe lunch, if you really did have too much fun on the dunes last night... Just don't forget those shades to hide the redness of your eyes!

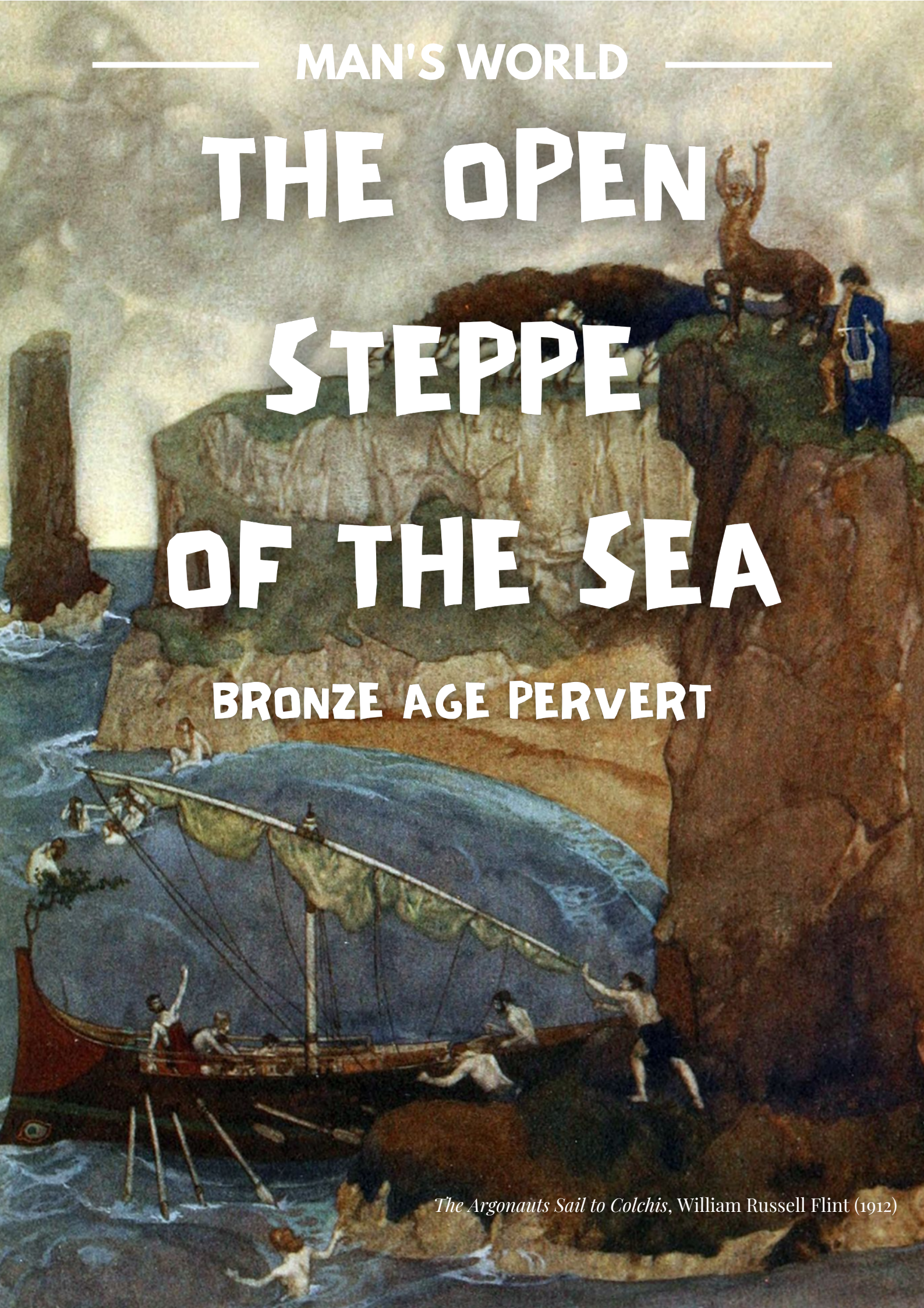
And in an exclusive opinion piece, Elias Kingston argues that the sunshine state Florida under its governor Ron DeSantis may offer the best chance the Republic now has of slaying the deep state Leviathan. Individual states, empowered to defend themselves and their interests, on land and sea, may be the next step in the fightback begun, but not finished, by Donald J. Trump.

But first, we begin with a very special contributor...

MAN'S WORLD

THE OPEN STEPPE OF THE SEA

BRONZE AGE PERVERT



The Argonauts Sail to Colchis, William Russell Flint (1912)

For man in America or Europe, not to speak of Azia, who lives in thickly-settled coasts there is almost no daily escape from the stench and filth of other so-called huemans—where to go to find solitude and quiet? This filthy race lives in cities literally built on piles of garbage and excrement and intrudes everywhere not only with its smells and often—most of world including its new leadership being of peasant stock—bumps into you physically and thinks nothing of it, but also in the persistent noise. You can't escape the car and bike noise, the slamming of doors, random hammering, construction sites; parties and loud bars are some of few things that don't bother me because is temporary and at least I can think these people are enjoying themselves...but small "get-togethers" where middle aged Latina woman speaks in loud rasping voice for many hours with unquenching energy, this needs to be forbidden. Schopenhauer has small essay on noise where he explains the hell that modern city even of his time gave to man of thought, for whom any sudden loud noise is an interruption in focus of mind: he singled out the crack of the whip of driver of horses and the slamming of doors, and these same two problems, now made much worse by transportation with engines and by neverending mechanized construction and reforms, are still the worst obstacles to a normal life in city.

Close frands will recall how I met once a Mongol on train, one of his big complaints about life in America was the food: not enough meat! He told me "vegetables are something I'm still trying to get used to." Yakuts and others from north tundra say the same: vegetables, not to speak of bread, taste to them like wood. What is this spirit that we have to worship bread and the grain? I can never accept that, and everything that goes with it, the way of life, the beliefs that developed around this...and the type of mind that was ultimately bred by the grain.

Anyway my Mongol friend said he could take occasional refuge in Korean restaurants: "at least they have... meat." This was student on exchange program; America tries to influence and educate scions of important families, and in Mongolia there is special interest because of its location between Russia and Chyna. There is apparently tradition they have by now of playing Russia and Chyna off against each other, to keep their independence; so there is this interest. Then also there are gigantic mines: Rio Tinto owns majority stake in Oyu Tolgoi, one of largest copper mines in the world and biggest project in Mongolia (known) history. So America thinks it will educate or train the youth of some nations to the superiority of its political system like it used to during Cold War, but forgets that Soviet Union no longer threatening peoples like before, so they are less willing to deal with American quirks. But also forgets that end of that conflict let loose all of its own worst habits, which now all the world can see; and much bad was in the open even some years ago when I met this student, with the rentboy Luo robot as president and the Woke stirrings and apeoid hissyfit chimpouts of his second term already in full acceleration.

Is not just that man who thinks he has overcome danger lets himself go, but specifically that in having to oppose international communism, America was forced to keep somewhat its own genetic leftoid tendencies in check. But these were let loose once this theater of having to oppose the Soviets ended; and what was left was this mess of a gynocracy, of an elite or an occupational class who doesn't know who it is, who almost doesn't want to *be*; who wants to elevate the slave and the stagnant as the highest type and ultimately to deny that anything can exist outside of this. The entertainments and ideals of this class, what is most visible—their outward "sell" pitch—doesn't command respect of foreigners, no matter how much pious dolts on left and right bray about America's supposed high ideals. This student had contempt for what he was told because he saw firsthand the only America that was actually celebrated was the America of depravity, of obesity and stagnation; whatever was good among Americans was disdained and suppressed, but the absurd and vile, whether a negrified commercial culture or deranged men putting on women's clothing, this was celebrated. Who wants that in their own country? These efforts to educate the sons of foreign leaders to "liberal values" are now having almost always the opposite effect, especially when they get to see America's day to day life. Instead he heartily agreed with me when I tell him to seek with his friends to overthrow the corrupt democracy in Mongolia and replace it with their own guardianship.

In this friendly talk, this very cheerful Mongol tell me something I haven't forgotten, how constrained he felt by having to live only in cities and on set roads, and how in Mongolia you can just take a car and drive out on the open steppe. It's a kind of feeling of freedom that once you have, you can't forget and can't replace. Imagine also the North American savages: not the ones shaped for serfdom in the overpopulated agrarian empires of Central America, but men hunting big game on open steppe of the Midwest. That experience of the majesty of open spaces and the freedom of movement, the quiet, the exploration and conquest—these last two words are in Portuguese the same—can never be replaced; and you can imagine how such a people will experience settled so-called civilization as only the greatest confinement and drudgery. They could therefore absolutely not tolerate slavery, which is often unfortunately rightly confused with civilization.

For a modern American man or Western man an equivalent experience is in hiking, mountaineering; but if you live in city any readily available hiking trails, you will encounter harridan often on these attempts to find solitude. And so quiet and nature is maybe above all available only in sailing and the sea. I've long thought that the maritime beginnings of the Anglos and Americans—its great poets and prophets are Melville, Conrad, Mahan, and similar thinkers of the sea—as also in fact of almost all Indo-European peoples in remote antiquity...I've often speculated that these maritime roots are not only spiritually analogous to the life of the steppe, but ultimately that both have the same origins. And that the ranging, exploratory, conquering mindset of the West, which it shares with many of the peoples of the steppe almost uniquely, was simply transferred from there, from the Great Earth Sea, to the great Ocean, but that the way of life of the two, and also the ultimate aspirations and thoughts, are the same.

According to Herodotus, the Phocaeans were the first Greeks to make long sea voyages: he claims they

BRONZE AGE PERVERT
CARIBBEAN RHYTHMS
BROADCAST
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abandoned an older round merchant type ship for what is called the pentekonter, the fifty-oared sailing vessel. This is a precursor to the trireme, and both these ships were capable of achieving very high speeds, maybe not matched until the age of steamboats and engine boats. The pentekonter is the ship of the archaic Greeks, of the age around 800-600 BC when much of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, and even beyond, was colonized. The Phocaeans were especially adventurous: from two harbors around the city in middle of Anatolian coast, they ventured out in great spirit and seeded colonies as far as Spain and were the founders of Massalia, the precursor of Marseille, plus quite a few others in Corsica, Sardinia, southern Italy. In Spain they made contact with the mysterious Tartessians whose king, a descendant of Atlantis, invited them to settle and join his city; and when they refused, he nevertheless liked them so much he send them moneys to build strong walls around Phocaea at home.

One episode from Herodotus that always stayed with me was when Phocaea was facing Persian domination, they decided simply to leave their city rather than submit. Packing their ships they took off with their women and children and left the city to the Persians, but empty. Their odyssey around the Mediterranean to find a new home is its own exciting story—could be miniseries better than made-up Netflix fantasy!—but after many adventures and wars including an attempt in Corsica, they founded the city of Elea in southern Italy, you can still visit ruins. It was to be a great city and birthplace of genius: Parmenides and Zeno were both from Elea, and city gave its name to philosophical brotherhood, the Eleatics. For sure in modern times you also find immigrants who leave motherland to escape oppression, but a whole nation packing up and resettling abroad is very rare. Icelandic free state ultimate libertarian paradise founded around 800 AD on institution of the duel was because the freest and bravest of the Norsemen left in large numbers for this strange remnant of Atlantis, to continue very old liberties; it has same flowers and smells and shapes as the Azores. Such things are very rare: it shows so much however about the Greek understanding of what the city was...not the buildings, the location, the territory, but the men who held it together, their desire to live in power and liberty and in their own distinct way of life and by their own laws. And it reminds me of another telling anecdote from Herodotus.

When Darius attempted to conquer the Scythians who had been harassing his domains, and crossed over into Europe and ranged north of the Danube around 513 BC in great effort to subdue the people of steppe, his efforts came to nothing. He was never even able to close with them. What Herodotus says about them is so striking I should quote it here:

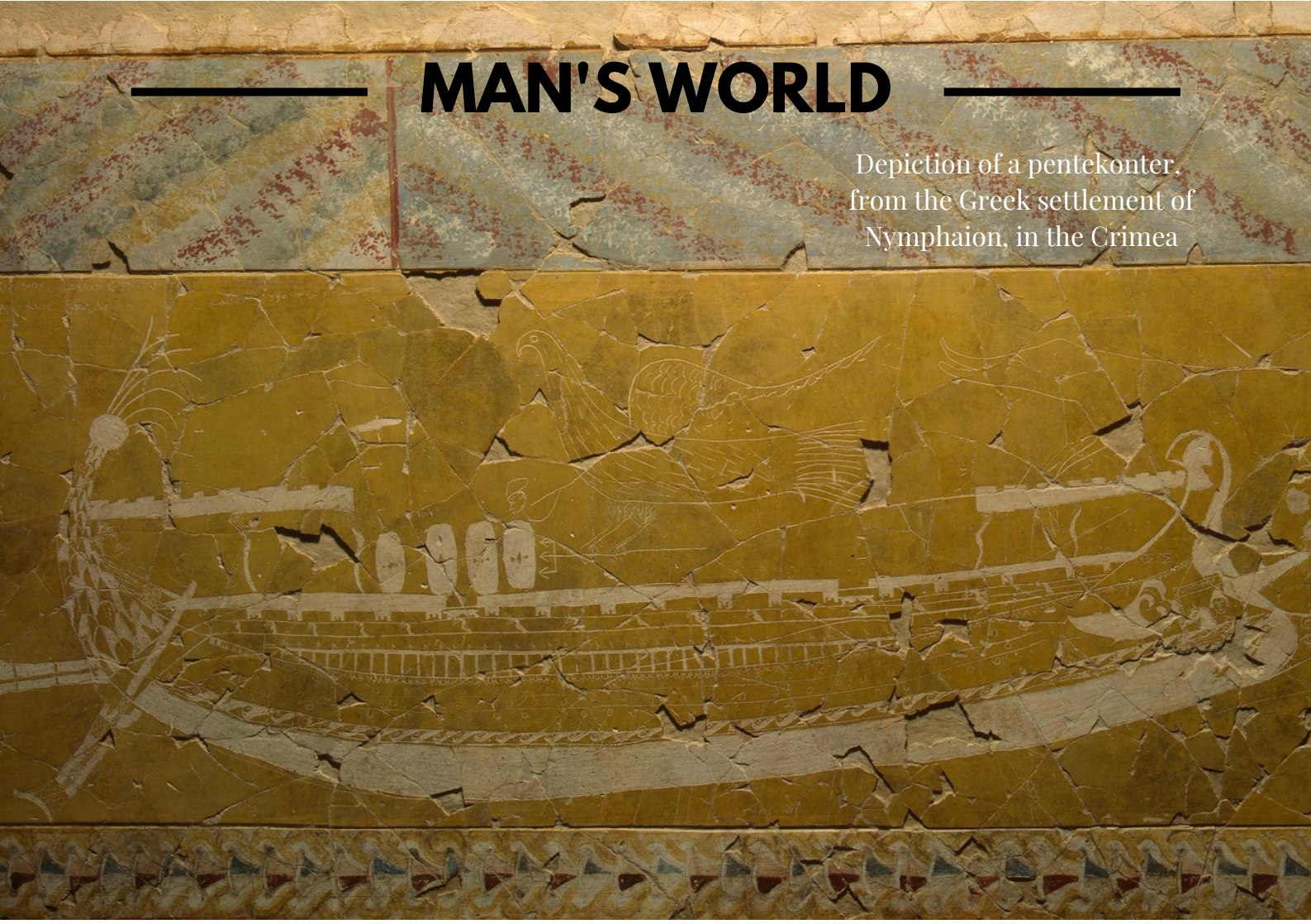
“The Scythians were more clever than any other people in making the most important discovery we know of concerning human affairs, though I do not admire them in other respects. They have discovered how to prevent any attacker from escaping them and how to make it impossible for anyone to overtake them against their will. For instead of establishing towns or walls, they are all mounted archers who carry their homes along with them and derive their sustenance not from cultivated fields but from their herds. Since they make their homes on carts, how could they not be invincible or impossible even to engage in battle? They were helped in making this discovery by their land and their rivers, which foster and support this way of life. For their land is flat, grassy, and well watered, and the rivers running through it are not much fewer in number than the canals of Egypt.”

How not possible to remember the Phocaeans in reading this? Who also left their home for the flatlands of the open sea—and by the way returned to Phocaea to kill off the Persian garrison before setting on their searches for a new harbor. But they weren’t the only ones; other Ionian city, Teos, did the same and settled in Thrace founding city Abdera. This turn of spirit ran very deep in Greek life and most striking is when Athens herself took as a city entirely to the sea to fight the Persians in an image very much “Scythian” in feel. War with Persia approaching, Athens asked the god at Delphi what do—and the Pythoness answer to take trust in the “wooden wall.” Some thought this referred to old wall around the acropolis, citadel on the hill and take refuge there; but most decided it must mean themselves, that they—their ships—were to be the wooden wall that is salvation of the city. Themistocles persuaded them this was so and also to spend great moneys from recent silver mine to build many more ships. Through this one man the city was saved: entire city became seaborne in wooden wall of the fleet, like Scythian nation lived in wooden fleet of carts on the move on the plains. In such way both defended themselves from and ultimately conquered the Persians: as Persia was at different times sacked from both sides, from west by Greeks, from east by steppe Massagetae and later by Parthians. In remote antiquity the Persians themselves had come from the steppe, but settled life will make you weak.

This readiness to turn to the sea and leave for new lands and conquests must have been very old in the Greek spirit: the Ionians and Aeolians themselves had in remote history left the Greek mainland to escape domination by the Dorians, or so it is claimed. I say claimed because the real reason for Greek presence on the Black Sea for example is possibly much older. Of all the Indo-European peoples, the Greeks are the ones whose earliest origins we know of most clearly, in written myths, in the stories of other peoples, and in an archaeological record that can be cross-checked more easily than in other cases. And it is likely an origin as seaborne adventurers, as literal conquistadores. The story of Jason and the Argonauts, of the great sea voyage not to but from the Caucasus—it was later only inverted—is the founding tale of the Greek nation. The worship of Mount Olympus in Thessaly, and the origin of so many Greek mythological heroes in Thessaly—Thessaly as the land of gods and heroes—corresponds again to the earliest beehive tombs in that fertile land, and the likely landing spot of the Aryan seaborne armada, originating in the Caucasus, that would in time become the Hellenes. They arrived in other words by sea and not by land, following stories of a pacific and fertile land of docile workers, ready for the taking. A wonderful book on such things is Robert Drews’ The Coming of the Greeks, which he has since updated with the likely story of the colonization also of temperate Europe.

MAN'S WORLD

Depiction of a pentekonter, from the Greek settlement of Nymphaion, in the Crimea



The ruins of Elea, in southern Italy

But it is without doubt that the origin of the Greeks is literally of a steppe adventurer people that took without interruption to the other steppe of the sea and in fact never left it. Even Hellenic assertion in new homeland could only take place after the destruction of a pre-existing thalassocracy, that of the Minoans, and the struggles between the two peoples—ultimately they would merge—but the struggles left behind the dreamlike and unforgettable tale of Theseus and the Minotaur, Theseus' rescue of Ariadne, his abandonment of the princess, and her exaltation on the island of Naxos by Dionysos. This primal myth which is the source of the most important and mysterious strain in Western imagination... I can only leave it be for now. But Dionysos the god of wine and quite a few other things—is also very much a god of the sea. If you do not believe this, read Homeric Hymn to Dionysos: a short vignette of the sea, where, captured by pirates who don't know his divine powers, he is tied to the mast of ship. But he makes wine flow through the ship, and the mast sprouts vines and flowers! They are amazed. And he turn into a lion and the pirates into dolphins. And this is repeated in the myth of Arion, the inventor of the dithyramb Dionysiac poem style, who is also captured by pirates; they throw him in the sea but he is saved by a dolphin. The earliest recorded imagination of Aryan man is one of the deepest friendship with the beings of the sea: maybe not even need ships! Atlantis Directorate forces rode dolphin.

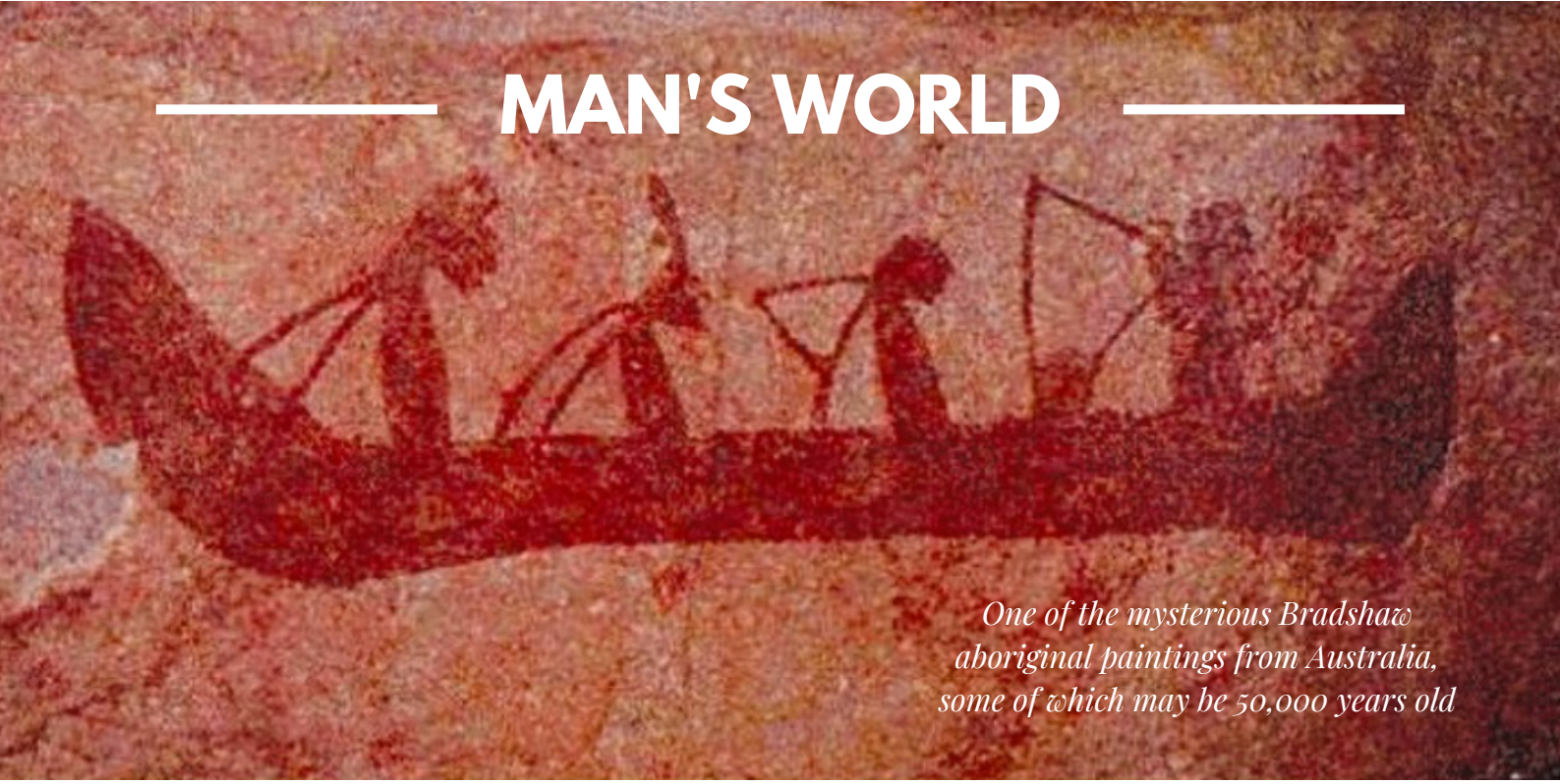
There is speculation that after a sojourn in Mesopotamia, this same people arrived in the Indus Valley—also by ship. But there is no speculation, only certainty, that the earliest history of for example the Germanic and Norse peoples is also that of seafaring nations. The early settlement of the English Isles, long before the global adventures of the Vikings, shows this is so, and was in fact only part of a larger pattern of people-wanderings that happened at least in half through watery ways. When the Scandinavian Vandals joined forces with the steppe Alans to first sack Rome, then take Spain, and finally and very quickly set up a seaborne pirate kingdom where Carthage used to be in North Africa, this seamless and natural transition is only a repetition of what I've talked above so far, that the steppe and the ocean are for certain peoples a "continuous biome." The south and the sea, adventure, conquest and the tropics, called to the Vandals as it had repeatedly to other Aryan peoples of the north and the steppe, and as it would continue to.

Even when knowledge of the sea and sailing is lost, it is quickly regained by such peoples, whereas others—living on places with long coastline, even on islands—never think so much as to float a log or build a canoe. The Portuguese, when they first put their sights on nearby North Africa, they made moronic mistakes, had no knowledge of navigation. They quickly relearned it and through superhuman efforts of Henry the Navigator, in a few decades refounded this science once again and launched the age of exploration and colonization, the worldwide expansion of Europe. Portugal was not before this a sea power; it had only recently gained independence from Arab rule. It could have easily remained a stay-at-home "ethnostate." But being a stay-at-home has never been in the Gothic blood. You look at how immediately they embarked on the most wide-ranging plans and searches away from home... you see... this is a matter in the blood. You look how a tiny country with as yet no seafaring tradition decide to send men like Pedro de Covilha and Afonso de Paiva, both very young, to explore as far as Ethiopia and India, places they in fact reached, as preparation and knowledge-gathering for great conquests: and you see the amazing adventures of these two men to undertake such travels in those times of danger; they embarked on these separate ventures alone—when they knew they could never return home—you see once again the Gothic lust for wandering and adventure and conquest reasserted. What is in the blood can never be forgotten.

Other peoples, the Chynese, when they briefly turned to the sea—they very quickly shuddered at what they found. They turned away from it very fast, the emperor shut it down. It frightened them or at least it frightened their rulers and mothers and senilocracy: because on the sea, as on the steppe, it is in one form or another the mannerbund, or the brotherhood of young warriors that determines the success of the venture. And for some peoples, for most peoples in fact, it is unacceptable, it is death, to allow such brotherhoods to form. But for others it's impossible to prohibit this because the lust for conquest, adventure and broad horizons is too great. It remains to be seen if enough seed of Hyperborea remains in the world.

Bronze Age Mindset is available now in paperback from Amazon. Bronze Age Pervert's podcast, Caribbean Rhythms, is released weekly. Subscribe on Gumroad (/bronzeagepervert) for the full show, or listen to the first half an hour free on Soundcloud (/bronze-age-pervert).

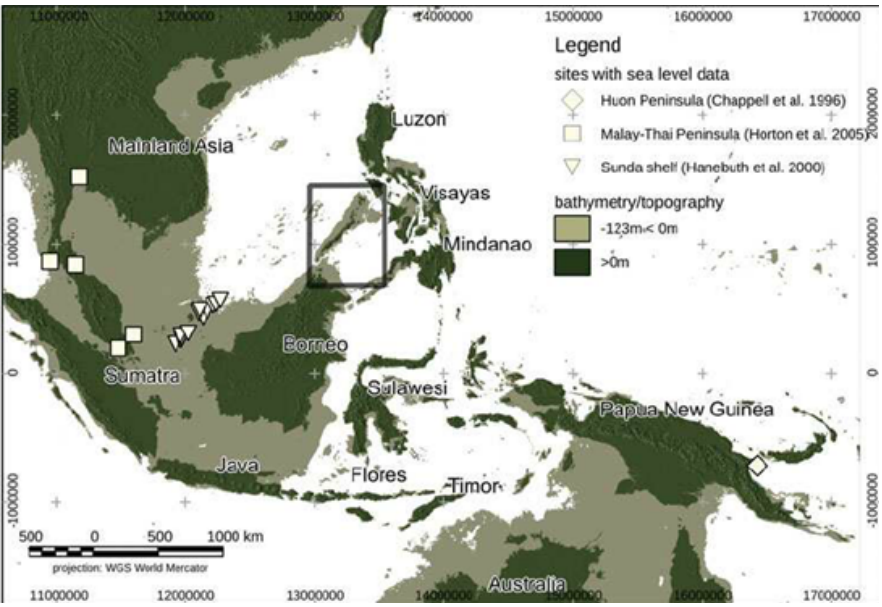
MAN'S WORLD



One of the mysterious Bradshaw aboriginal paintings from Australia, some of which may be 50,000 years old

months after birth, a deep physiological adaptation which protects the child from drowning, lowers the heart rate and releases additional red blood cells. Curiously the presence of this reflex never seems to attract much scientific attention and its existence is still a mystery. Taken together it's not difficult to make the case that early hominids were familiar and comfortable with diving and swimming. It only needs a group of young men watching birds out at sea to hatch a plot to sail on some lashed logs.

Palaeolithic sites both on land and underwater. Lower seas made migration easier



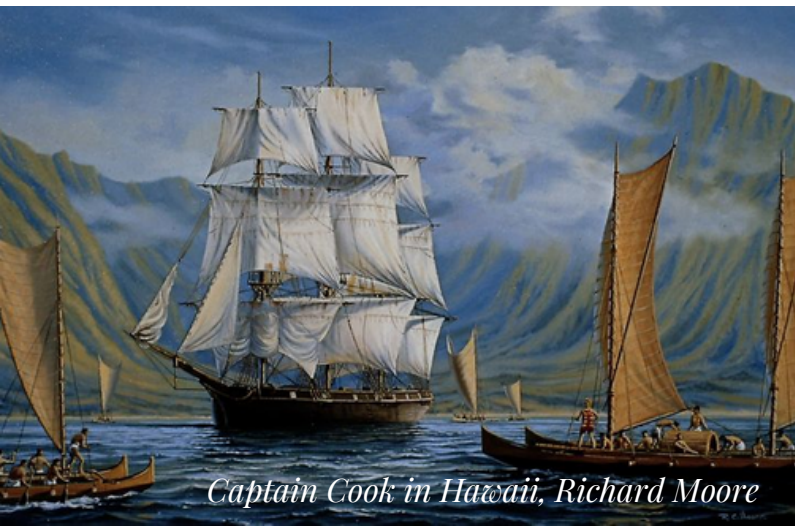
Neanderthals are another candidate for seafaring before modern humans. Their Mousterian-style tools have been unearthed on the Greek islands of Zakynthos, Kefalonia and Lemnos, as well as potentially Crete. The cope pushback has been to say that Neanderthals swum to these islands, but this seems a stretch. Given that they were capable of distilling tar in oxygen free kilns, carving fire-hardened wooden spears, crafting leather working tools from bone and identifying manganese dioxide as a fire starter, it's not too difficult to imagine them building boats and exploring the Mediterranean. Their entire way of life was based on extreme physical exertion and danger, using short spears to hunt megafauna up close. Their injuries are still gruesome to think about millennia later - multiple limb fractures, broken facial bones, rounds of rib breaks, missing teeth, deafness and blindness. A culture forged in such immense hardships seems unlikely to shrink from a challenge.

By the time we reach the story of modern humans the world had already seen seafaring, but over the coming years Homo sapiens took it to new levels. With the sea levels low enough to link Borneo, Java, Sumatra and the Malay Archipelago into a landmass called Sundaland and the coast of Australia extended outwards to New Guinea in a shelf named Sahul, the shorter distances between the islands made Palaeolithic voyaging a realistic prospect. Several routes have been proposed which match with archaeological remains potentially as early as 76,000 BP. Despite this evidence there have been some truly ridiculous attempts by archaeologists to fend off this narrative, including the scenario involving a pregnant woman washed out by a strong current or people clinging to bamboo mats caught up in ferocious waves. The presence of deep-sea fish such as tuna, mackerel and shark at many sites should finally dispel such idiocy and most researchers accept that the Palaeo-Austronesians intentionally colonised their island chains. What cultural impetus drove them to push further and further into Oceania we'll never know, but an expansive energy compelled them outwards and downwards. This first wave of migrants reached Tasmania in roughly 40,000 BP. This culture was evidently exploiting a broad spectrum of foods, from nuts and tubers inland to deep-sea fishing and coastal foraging. We don't know what kind of boats and vessels were used, as none have survived in the record. What we do know is that by the time of European contact, the boat technology of southern Australia was too simple to make their ancestral voyages, suggesting that they had lost or forgotten a more sophisticated sailing culture. Intriguing hints of these vanished vessels may have been preserved, etched into the walls at Gwion Gwion, possibly as early as 20,000 BP. The second wave of migration in Oceania occurred around 3000-1500 BC, a much later time period, corresponding to the Asian Neolithic. These settlers brought pottery, rice and new sailing technologies with them and the consensus is that they expanded outwards from Taiwan, down into

Islands with Mousterian Neanderthal tools indicating seafaring

the Philippines and then split into both Borneo and east into New Guinea and the Pacific Islands. The migrations continued as they made contact with Sri Lanka, South India and most incredibly, Madagascar. The Austronesian maritime trade network was the world's first true era of globalisation, as the Romans eventually made contact around the Red Sea and the Polynesians almost certainly landed in South America.

MAN'S WORLD



Captain Cook in Hawaii, Richard Moore

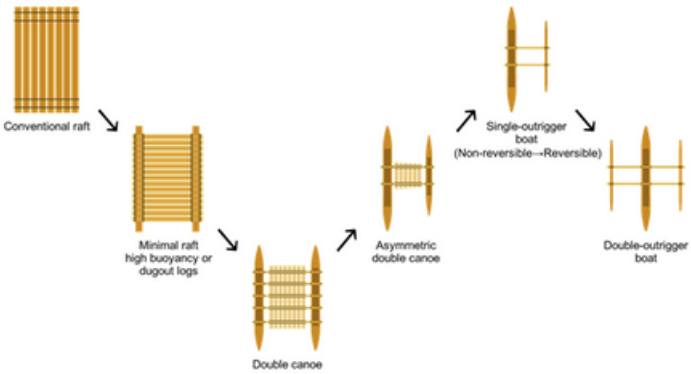
While most pursuits of prehistoric sailing and seacraft rely on glimpses and flashes of evidence, the culture which is forever a byword for voyaging is the Polynesian. Their sailing technology has survived into modern times and their skill at star and wave navigation is unparalleled given that they were a Neolithic culture. The Polynesian Pacific triangle of islands is a territory of 10 million square miles, with the remotest outcrop, Easter Island, sat alone in a circle of four million square miles. If there ever were a true 'Sea People' they would be the closest contenders. Captain Cook described the scenes as he encountered the shores of Hawaii, recalling how the islanders swam out to their boat in such numbers and with such grace that they looked like shoals of fish. European explorers routinely extolled their physical power and beauty:

" . . as a race they were tall, shapely, and muscular, with good features and kind eyes. In symmetry of form the women have scarcely been surpassed, if equalled, while the men excelled in muscular strength"

In order to colonise the tens of thousands of islands in the Pacific, they made use of stick charts, oral compasses, noted swells, currents, the flight patterns of birds and the latitude of islands. Their stellar compasses made use of up to 150 stars. They used celestial navigation and famously even the swinging of their balls to help aid their direction. As well as making it to Hawaii and South America, there are settlements on the Auckland Islands and a tale of the Ui-te-Rangiora: a story of mountains of ice, bitter cold and snow, hinting that they may have sailed to Antarctica. The development of the catamaran and the outrigger vessels, along with the first true sails, allowed them to sail deep into the open ocean.

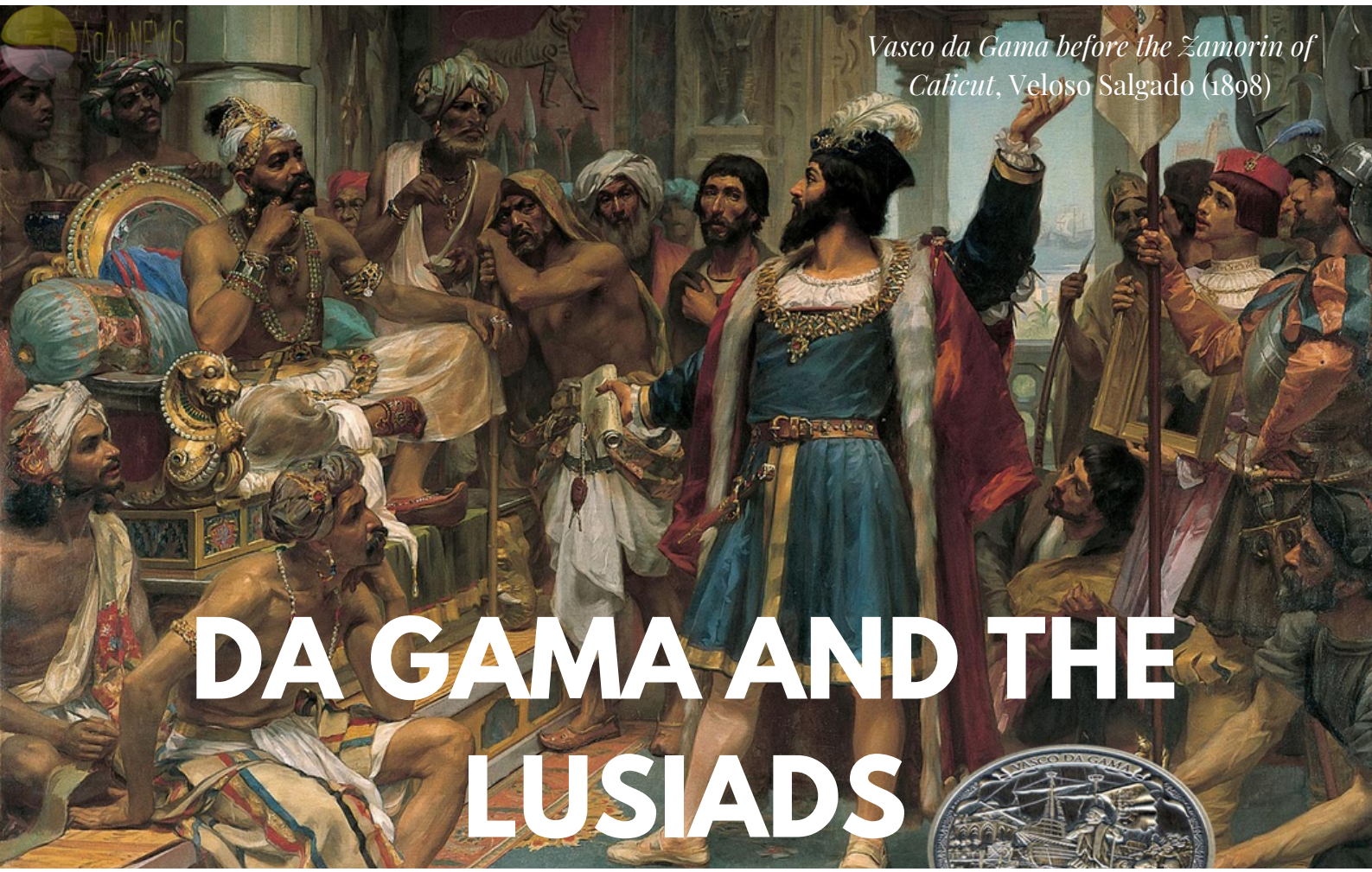
Meanwhile, in Europe, as the glacier ice melted and flooded Doggerland, opening up the continent as a mosaic of rivers, bogs, coastline and lakes, the people of the Mesolithic were developing their own boat building cultures. One of the earliest known production sites comes from a submerged site on the Isle of Wight. Several dugout canoe vessels have been found in Holland and Denmark, with at least one Ertebolle boat burial. Decorated paddles have been found on other Danish sites. We don't yet know how sophisticated their sailing methods were, but we know that people were able to colonise Ireland from the Scottish islands and that Ertebolle vessels were likely bringing in whales. Sealing became a major source of food as the ice receded around Norway and the Baltic, with hunters following the coastlines. The Holocene proved to be the impetus for sailing developments globally, as water levels rose and landscapes became wetter. Native Americans and Inuits made use of kayaks and birch bark canoes; rock art in Azerbaijan and Korea shows reed boats and whaling, coracles and curraghs are invented independently. The outpouring of creativity and technology with the warmer climate spurred the creation of more complex vessels and by the time of the Bronze Age we see powerful ocean going ships, like the Dover Boat found in Kent in the UK, dated to 1500 BC and made from oak planks. Only typically British health-and-safety regulations have prevented archaeologists from sailing a replica across the Channel.

Surveying the full scope of human seafaring, starting with our ancestral cousins, it's easy to focus on the evidence that we have, which is the evidence for success. Forgotten are the innumerable attempts,



partial journeys and catastrophes which must have been the norm for early sea adventures. The Neolithic ships which crossed the Indian Ocean to Madagascar must have been just one in countless years of missions. It must have been a regular sight to see young men waving from the surf as they disappeared to the horizon and were never heard of again. A brazen defiance of death and drowning must have coursed through such people, we can scarcely imagine the existential horror and excitement of a stretch of water, not knowing what might be over the waves. A reckless and restless spirit is bestowed on people who take to the sea like this and we can, and should, aspire to summon these energies into the here and now.

SUBMIT !
ESCAPE THE UGLINESS OF
THIS WORLD
READ BRONZE AGE MINDSET
FOLLOW @QUOTESBAP



Vasco da Gama before the Zamorin of Calicut, Veloso Salgado (1898)

DA GAMA AND THE LUSIADS

inextricable from fact, due to Portugal's very own version of the *Aeneid*, Virgil's poetic account of the journey of Aeneas from Troy to Italy and the foundation of Rome. *The Lusiads*, an epic poem consisting of 10 cantos, was written by Luiz Vaz de Camões decades after the voyage and first published in 1572. In Camões' vision, da Gama and his men become the Portuguese Argonauts, and the captain himself variously Aeneas, Ulysses and Gilgamesh.

Luís de Camões (1525-1580)

In the first Canto, Camões makes claim to Portugal's place among the great civilisations of history.

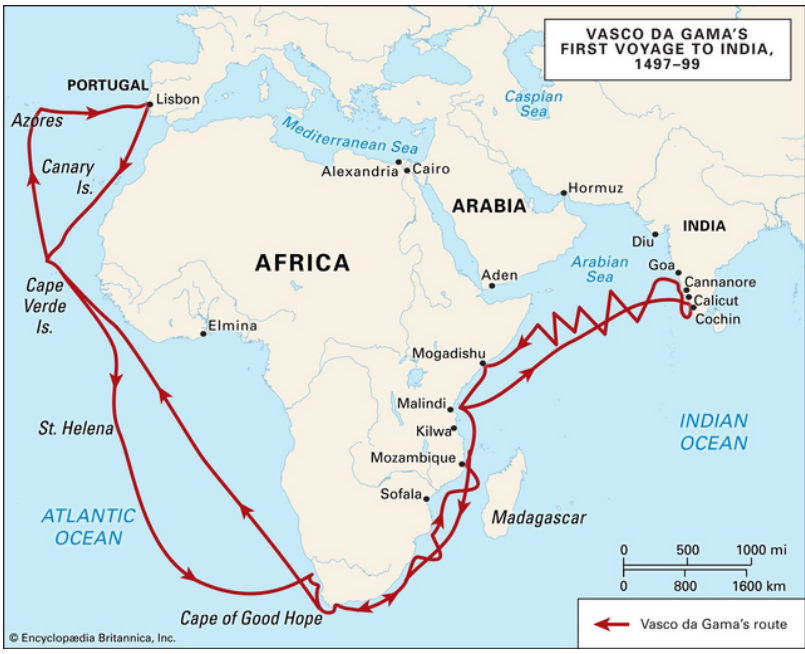
Let Fame with wonder name the Greek no more,
What lands he saw, what toils at sea he bore;
Nor more the Trojan's wand'ring voyage boast,
What storms he brav'd on many a perilous coast:
No more let Rome exult in Trajan's name,
Nor Eastern conquests Ammon's pride proclaim;
A nobler hero's deeds demand my lays
Than e'er adorn'd the song of ancient days,
Illustrious Gama, whom the waves obey'd,
And whose dread sword the fate of empire sway'd.

To tell the history with authenticity but still offer the reader an authentic epic poem, Camões uses divine figures as opponents and allies, directly involved with the narrative. These characters often symbolize the barriers that Nature imposes on the navigators, the difficulties of dealing with Africans and Arabs, and the psychological issues of the crew, caused by prolonged periods in a limited space. At the outset, Camões narrates a council of Olympus summoned by Jupiter to judge the fleet's fate. Jupiter recalls the Reconquista and the conquest of Ceuta in North Africa to prove the voyagers should be allowed to reach the Indies by sea. Although Jupiter obtains support from Mars and Venus, Bacchus, fearing a loss of prestige and fame, decides to do everything possible to preclude the journey.

Meanwhile, Da Gama and his pilots, near Sierra Leone, take a courageous decision as they deviate from the scheduled route and deliberately sail out into the Atlantic. Supported only by rough estimations made for explorers who preceded them, they believed the southwest winds would aid the crossing. For three months, the barges São Gabriel, São Rafael, and Bérrio would not see land, coming within 600 miles of the coast of the soon-to-be-discovered Brazil. The calculations proved to be right, since the fleet arrived at St Helena Bay sooner than expected. Yet, the long time at sea without reprovisioning came at a cost - scurvy.

A dread disease its rankling horrors shed,
And death's dire ravage through mine army spread.
Never mine eyes such dreary sight beheld,
Ghastly the mouth and gums enormous swell'd;
And instant, putrid like a dead man's wound,
Poisoned with fœtid steams the air around.

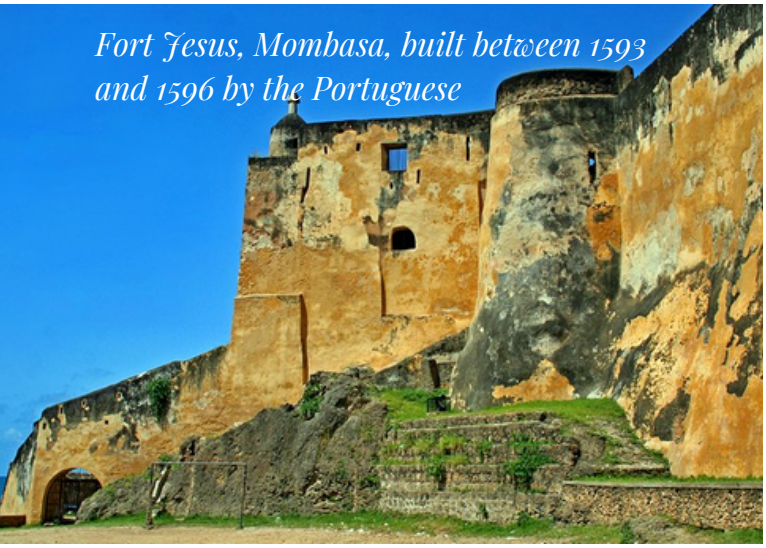
After they had rounded the Cape and experienced a terrifying vision of Adamastor – the "hundred-handed giant" – the ravages of scurvy are finally brought to an end when they reach the first human settlement on the Eastern coast, Mozambique. They expected to find the vastness of the legendary Christian kingdom ruled by Prester John, Emperor of Ethiopia. But the truth, as they quickly discovered, was that the Abyssinian Empire didn't extend as far as south-east Africa. The Arab influence in the island's architecture was immediately noticeable. In a display of diplomacy, the captain invites Mozambique's Sultan to São Gabriel, the vessel that Da Gama captained, offering a meal and gifts. The Sultan, however, is less than receptive.



At this point, relations deteriorate, as the Natives discover that the Portuguese aren't the familiar Arabs, nor even Turks, but European Christians. Bacchus sought to use the situation in his favour, possessing an old sage who would blame the Portuguese for the destruction and pillage of many coastal cities, leaving a trail of blood. The people of Mozambique set a trap for the foreigners, sending local pilots supposedly to help the navigation, as Da Gama had requested, but actually to send them headfirst into an ambush.

The crafty Moor by vengeful Bacchus taught
Employ'd on deadly guile his baneful thought;
In his dark mind he plann'd, on Gama's head
Full to revenge Mozambique and the dead.

MAN'S WORLD



Fort Jesus, Mombasa, built between 1593 and 1596 by the Portuguese

MAN'S WORLD

O'er India's sea, wing'd on by balmy gales
That whisper'd peace, soft swell'd the steady sails:
Smooth as on wing unmov'd the eagle flies,
When to his eyrie cliff he sails the skies,
Swift o'er the gentle billows of the tide,
So smooth, so soft, the prows of Gama glide;
And now their native fields, for ever dear,
In all their wild transporting charms appear;
And Tago's bosom, while his banks repeat
The sounding peals of joy, receives the fleet.

The actual return home was far from serene. Only two ships of the initial three completed the journey. Vasco's own brother, Paul da Gama, died near the Azores, in the mid-Atlantic. Vasco would return to the Indies twice. On the third voyage, after having been appointed Viceroy of the Portuguese possessions in India, he contracted malaria in the city of Cochin and died. Although he was initially buried in India, his remains were brought back to Portugal in 1539 and re-interred in Vidigueira, in a gold and jewel-encrusted casket. In 1880, his remains and those of the poet who had celebrated his voyage were moved to the Monastery of the Hieronymites, in Belém.

Bacchus, in a final fit of anger, again intervenes to frustrate Da Gama's efforts, taking control of a priest at the Zamorin's court, who convinces the leader that the Portuguese are pirates and gives him a premonition of the future power the Portuguese will have in the region. The Zamorin, after initially keeping Da Gama hostage in a house, forces him to remain in port and agree to sell all his goods. Meanwhile, the Arab merchants hatch a plot to detain the Portuguese until the annual trading fleet from Mecca can arrive and attack them. Da Gama learns of the plot from a friendly Muslim, whom he then converts to Christianity, and manages to destroy the Arab fleet, before bombarding the city and making his escape.

BelémTower, on the Tagus, is a UNESCO World Heritage Site. It was planned but had not yet been built when Da Gama set off on his first voyage.

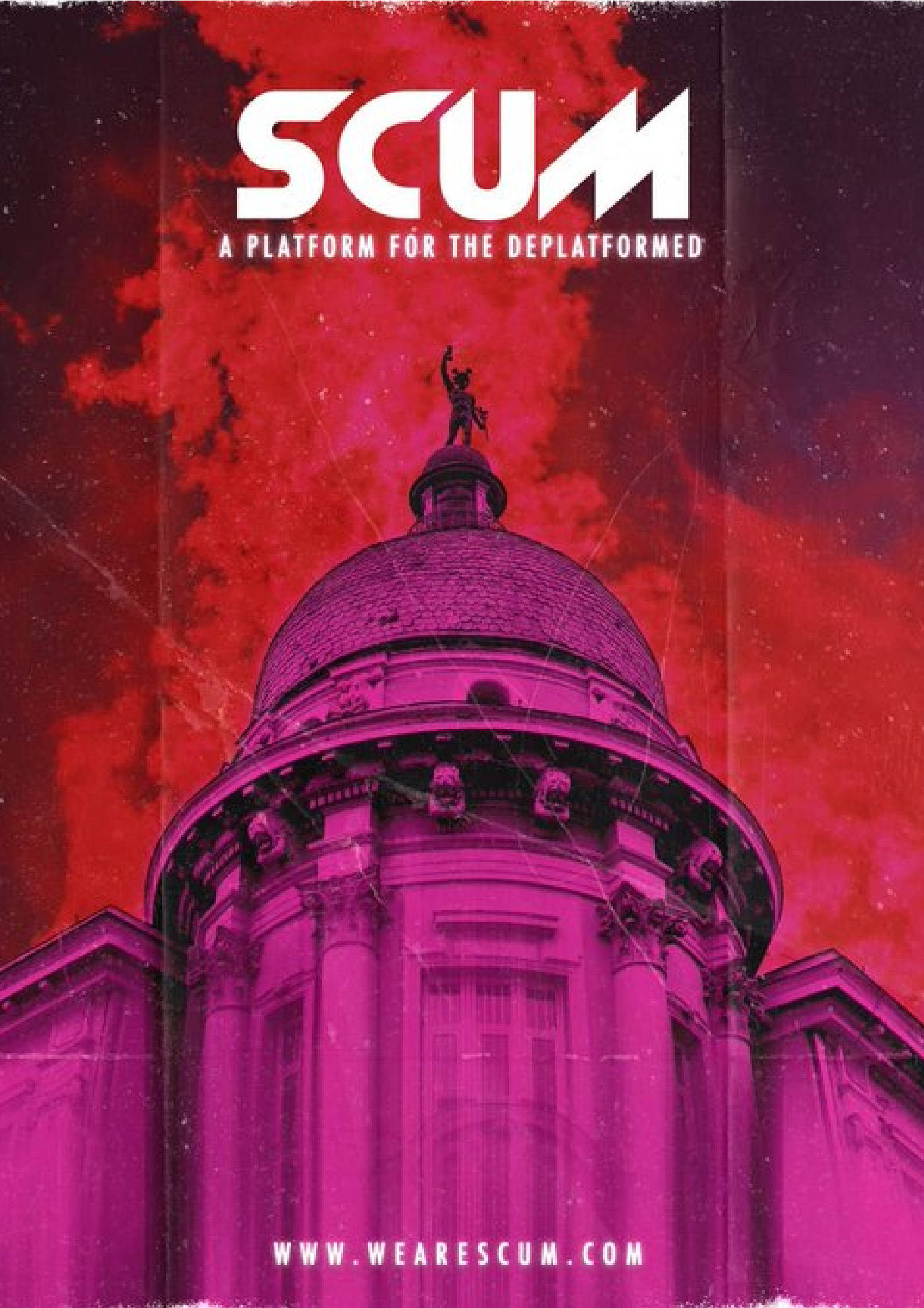
...Majestic and serene
Great Vasco rose, then, pointing to the scene
Where bled the war, "Thy fleet, proud king, behold
O'er ocean and the strand in carnage roll'd!
So, shall this palace, smoking in the dust,
And yon proud city, weep thy arts unjust.

The end of the ninth and the final canto of the poem take on an almost totally fantastical character, as Venus rewards the brave sailors with a sojourn on the Island of Love, where they frolic with her nymphs. Da Gama, who takes the nymph Tethys as a lover, is shown a long prophecy of Portugal's future glories in the Indies: the great battles of Cochin and Diu, the exploits of Tristão da Cunha, Pedro de Mascarenhas, Lopo Vaz de Sampaio, Nuno da Cunha and others. At last, after a vision of the workings of the universe, he is shown the voyage of Magellan.

Now the Portuguese return home, to a hero's welcome.

With the Lusiads, Camões provided Portugal with its national epic, and established himself as the nation's greatest poet, winning comparisons with Shakespeare, Dante, Virgil and Homer.

But what he described as a prophecy in his great poem was in fact a fait accompli at the time he wrote it: European domination of the East. This would only intensify and continue for the next four centuries; although the Portuguese would soon lose their preeminent place to the Dutch, French and, most of all, the British.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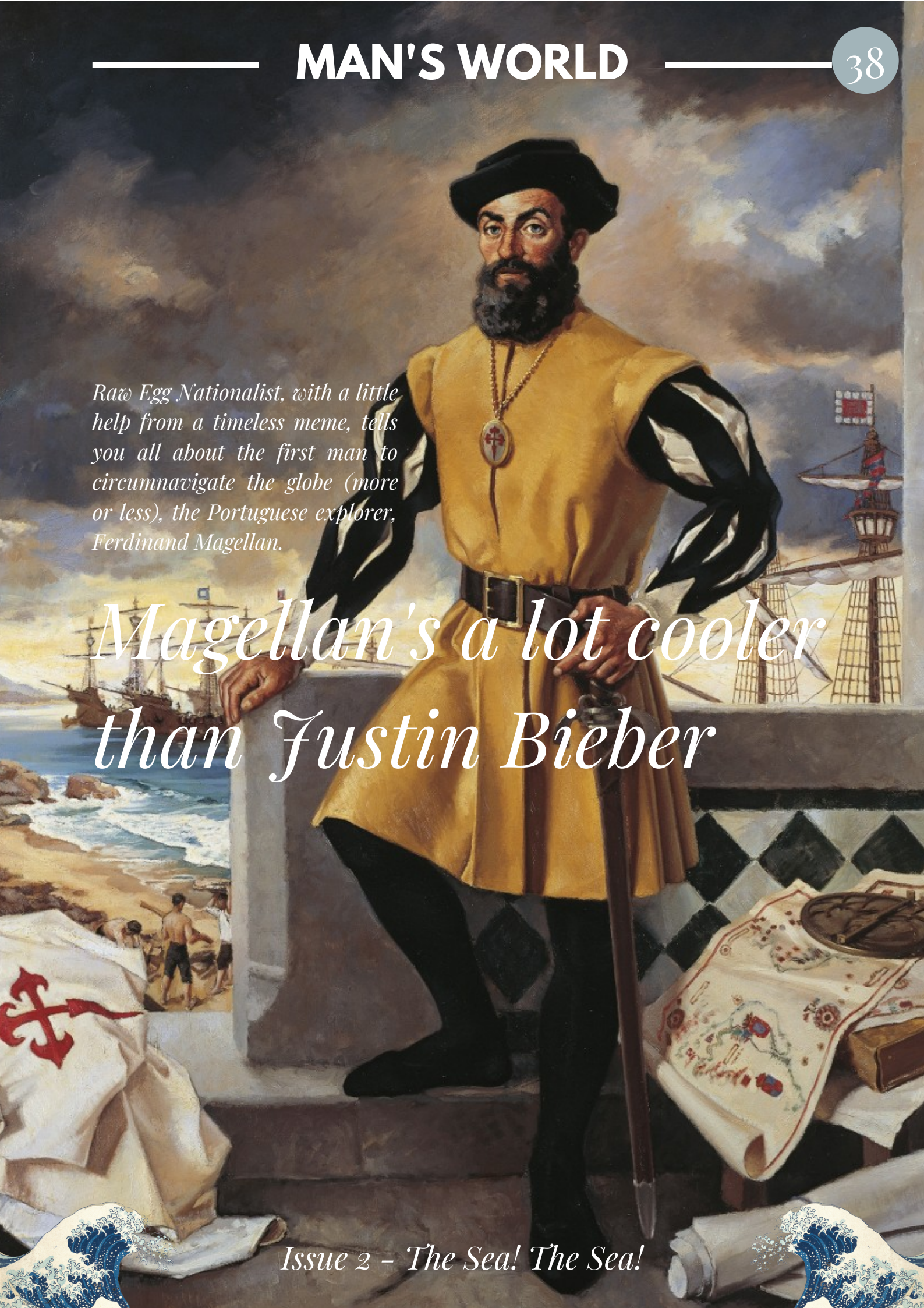


Raw Egg Nationalist, with a little help from a timeless meme, tells you all about the first man to circumnavigate the globe (more or less), the Portuguese explorer, Ferdinand Magellan.

Magellan's a lot cooler than Justin Bieber

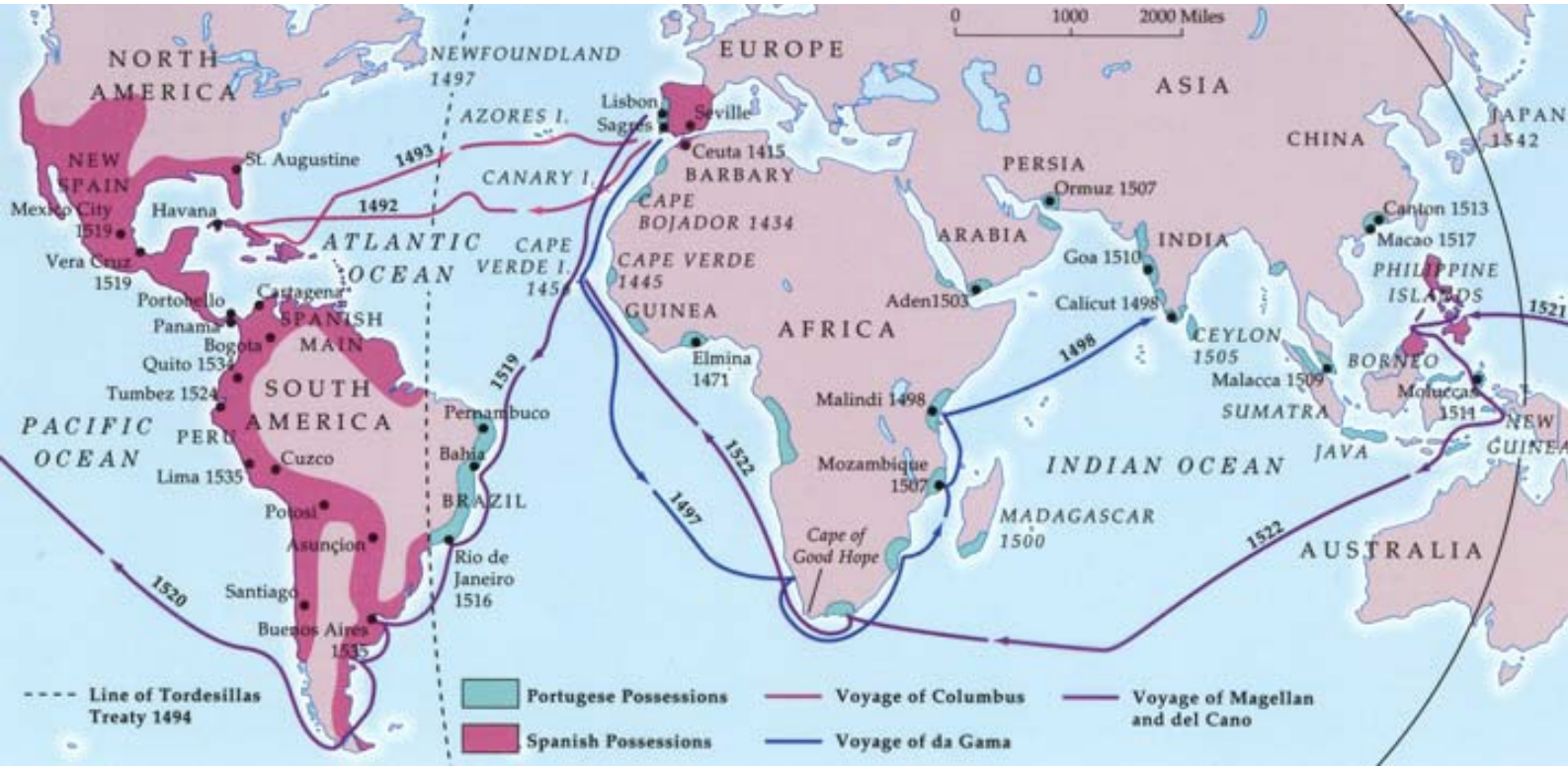
MAN'S WORLD

In 1519, Portuguese explorer Ferdinand Magellan (b. c.1480), at the head of a Spanish fleet known as the 'Armada de Molucca', left Spain on a voyage to discover a western route to the East Indies (maritime South East Asia) and in particular the fabled Spice Islands, or Moluccas. A member of the minor Portuguese nobility, Magellan first served the Portuguese crown in Asia as a sailor and naval officer, including under Francisco de Almeida, the first viceroy of Portuguese India. During his service for the Portuguese crown in the east, Magellan participated in a number of battles, including the battles of Cannanore and Diu, the latter of which destroyed Arab power over the spice routes and secured Portuguese dominance of the Indian Ocean for the next century. Magellan had already reached the Malay Islands (from 1505 to 1512), but now, by visiting this area from the west, he achieved a nearly complete circumnavigation of the globe for the first time in history.

Like many of the early navigators, including Columbus, Magellan initially experienced disappointment in his efforts to secure royal backing for his famous voyage. Columbus had travelled from European court to court seeking backing for his first 'Enterprise of the Indies', before finally receiving it from the court of the Spanish monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella, who were buoyed as a result of the completion of the centuries-long Reconquista of Iberia from the Moors. Some thirty years later, it was the Spanish Crown that would also come to Magellan's aid, outfitting him with a fleet of five ships manned by about 270 men.

'Kids, Magellan's a lot cooler than Justin Bieber! He circumnavigated, with one ship, the entire planet. He was killed by wild natives before they got back to Portugal, and when they got back there was [sic] only like eleven people alive of the 200-and-something crew and the whole ship was rotting down to the waterline. That's destiny! That's will! That's striving! That's being a trailblazer and explorer!'

Alex Jones



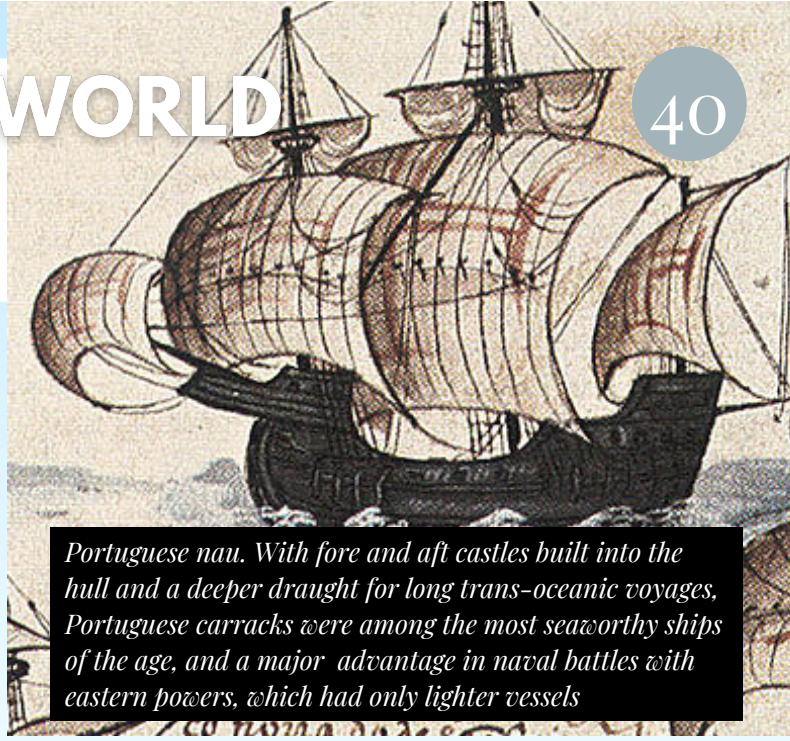
Magellan's proposal, to find a western route to the Moluccas, appealed to the Spanish Crown far more than the Portuguese, which already had control of the eastern route, under the treaty of Tordesillas. The treaty had been signed in 1494 between Spain and Portugal, with the mediation of the Papacy, after Columbus's first voyage, and essentially divvied up the East and New World and their trade routes between the two Iberian powers. King Charles I hoped that, by finding a western route to the Moluccas, Spain would be able to carry out profitable trade without the involvement of the Portuguese. The Portuguese Crown would actually send ships to pursue Magellan, considering him a traitor.

Magellan left Seville on 20 September 1519. First he sailed across the Atlantic, discovering the strait at the tip of South America, now known as the Straits of Magellan, which allowed him to pass into the Pacific Ocean, which he also gave its name ('the peaceful sea'). The fleet was the first to cross the Pacific, which took four months and not three days, as Magellan had anticipated. They stopped in the Philippines, before eventually reaching the Moluccas and accomplishing its goal. A severely depleted fleet returned, at last, to Spain on 6 September 1522, just under two years after setting sail. Of the five ships that set sail – the Trinidad (Magellan's ship), San Antonio, Concepción, Santiago and Victoria – only the Victoria, with some 18 men, remained. Magellan himself was dead – killed by natives on the Philippine island of Cebu.

The expedition faced numerous trials and tribulations, including mutinies, starvation, scurvy, appalling weather and hostile encounters with indigenous people. In the early stages of the voyage, after a sodomy trial involving the boatswain of one of the ships, Magellan's leadership was challenged by his captains, who believed that he was imperiling the mission by sailing south along the African coast. By some deft maneuvring, Magellan defused the situation and was able to continue without executing the ringleader of the mutiny, something he had every right to do.

Though the expedition did find a route to the Moluccas, it was too arduous to be commercially viable. Even so, the journey remains one of the great achievements in seamanship, as Europeans began to establish the mastery of the seas that would underpin their mastery – and creation – of the modern world itself.

Charles I of Spain (1500-1558), also Charles V, Holy Roman Emperor



Portuguese nau. With fore and aft castles built into the hull and a deeper draught for long trans-oceanic voyages, Portuguese carracks were among the most seaworthy ships of the age, and a major advantage in naval battles with eastern powers, which had only lighter vessels

The death of Magellan, at the hands of natives of the island of Cebu

The Journal of Antonio Pigafetta

Antonio Pigafetta was an Italian scholar and explorer who joined Magellan's expedition to the Spice Islands. He was one of the only 18 men to survive the voyage. His journal provides the main source for almost everything we know about the voyage, Pigafetta made copious notes on the geography, climate, flora, fauna and the native inhabitants of the places that the expedition visited. These notes would be invaluable to future explorers and cartographers. The only other sailor to maintain a journal during the voyage was Francisco Albo, Victoria's last pilot, who kept a formal logbook. Below we present some interesting extracts from Pigafetta's journal.

After returning to his native Republic of Venice, Pigafetta distributed his *Report on the First Voyage Around the World* (*Relazione del primo viaggio intorno al mondo*) to various European monarchs in handwritten form, before it was published for the first time, in Paris in 1525; however, the account was not published in its full form in Europe until 1799.

Interestingly, it was not through Pigafetta but another writer that most Europeans first learned about the circumnavigation. In 1523, Maximilianus Transylvanus, who in spite of his surname is believed to have come from Flanders rather than Transylvania, published an account of the expedition based on interviews with the survivors of the Victoria, *On the Moluccan Islands*.

Pigafetta's account contains a great variety of information, from details of the hum-drum business of sailing a ship in the great Age of Reconnaissance to gripping accounts of storms, mutinies, conversions, and battles. On the one hand, we are told, for instance, of the method by which sharks were caught by the crew – using iron hooks – and of the poor esteem in which their flesh was held as food. On the other, during a terrible storm off the Cape Verde islands, Pigafetta tells us that a vision of St Anselm was seen for a number of hours by the crew, which brought them succour and convinced them that they would not perish.

'For without any doubt nobody hoped to escape from that storm. It is to be noted that all and as many times as that light which represents the said St. Anselme shows itself and descends upon a vessel which is in a storm at sea, that vessel never is lost.'

One of the most memorable stories is surely the encounter with the giants of Patagonia. Giants were of course an essential part of European mythology, from Geoffrey of Monmouth to the giants of Albion and the Biblical Goliath. Pigafetta describes one of the giants he encountered in detail.

'He was so tall that the tallest of us only came up to his waist; however he was well built. He had a large face, painted red all round, and his eyes also were painted yellow around them, and he had two hearts painted on his cheeks; he had but little hair on his head, and it was painted white. When he was brought before the captain he was clothed with the skin of a certain beast, which skin was very skilfully sewed. This beast has its head and ears of the size of a mule, and the neck and body of the fashion of a camel, the legs of a deer, and the tail like that of a horse, and it neighs like a horse. There is a great quantity of these animals in this same place.'

This is surely the first European description of a guanaco, a close relation of the llama.

'...[the giant] carried in his hand a short and thick bow, with a thick cord made of the gut of the said beast, with a bundle of cane arrows, which were not very long, and were feathered like ours but they had no iron at the end, though they had at the end some small white and black cut stones, and these arrows were like those which the Turks use.'

Elsewhere we learn of the 'gentiles' of Gilolo, who worship every day 'the first thing they see in the morning when they go out of their houses', a kind of primitive religion that would be of such interest to European thinkers in the coming centuries. And what about Pigafetta's reports of an entirely female island where the women 'get pregnant from the wind'?

Despite the presence of such fantastical stories throughout the *Report*, there is also a clear empirical bent to Pigafetta's work. It is all too easy, especially for academics of a certain kind, to see in accounts like Pigafetta's – Columbus's accounts too, for instance, or even ancient ethnographies like Tacitus's Germania – the European mind running up against the limits of its own culture, mythology and language, and to miss the clear evidence of that mind also expanding to satisfy its scientific curiosity. Yes, there are plenty of preconceptions, some very silly; but there is much more than that too. Pigafetta's careful nautical and geographic descriptions, which were of such use to later explorers, have already been mentioned. Since the purpose of the voyage was to find an alternative route to the Spice Islands and the exotic commodities they were named for, it would be strange for Pigafetta not to have taken an interest in them, and he duly provides extremely detailed descriptions of clove and nutmeg plants. His account is also famous as the first written record of the Cebuano language of the southern Philippines. In compiling a detailed vocabulary, he was prefiguring the work of the great missionaries and ethnographers of the 19th and 20th century, whether of Africa, Asia, the Americas or the Arctic.

MAN'S WORLD

A medieval French depiction of a shark

Below: *Brutus and his knights fight Gogmagog, the Welsh giant, from Geoffrey of Monmouth*

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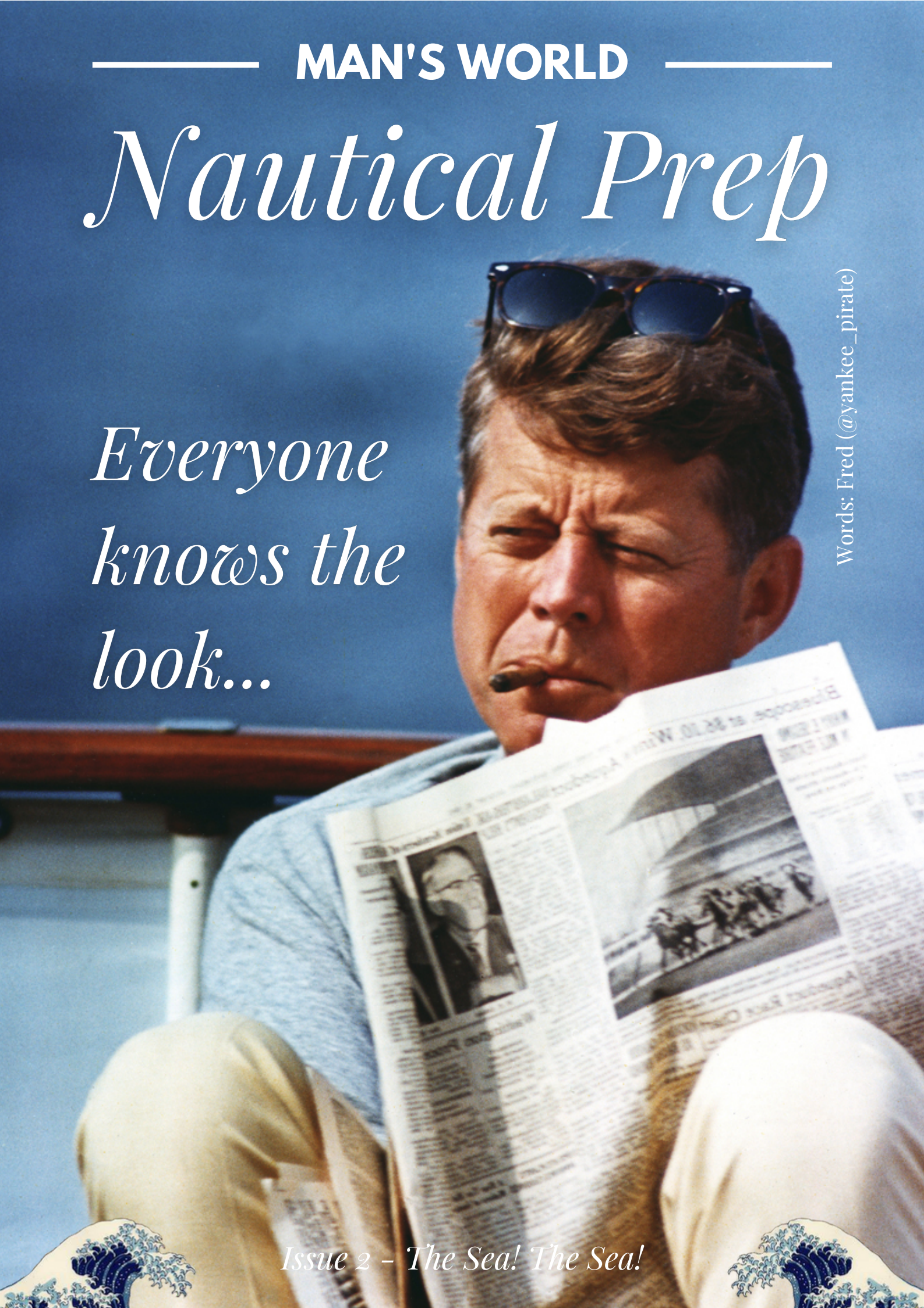
– Martin Erlić

MAN'S WORLD

Nautical Prep



Everyone knows the look...

Words: Fred (@yankee_pirate)

Issue 2 - The Sea! The Sea!

MAN'S WORLD

Everyone knows the look: JFK lounging in white sneakers and a cardigan on his yacht; Paul Newman smooth-talking in loafers and a button-down; Steve McQueen commanding a room in a Lacoste polo. These are the exemplars of Prep style – the uniform of the Aristocrats of the Sea. Prep did not start in Hollywood, but it captured the eyes of the American people thanks to the images of classy comfort and understated wealth it conjured.

Steve McQueen at the 1956 Monaco Grand Prix, wearing a Lacoste polo

A classic advert for white suede 'bucks'

The Prep is inseparably tied to the sea. Nautical pursuits have shaped the lifestyle and the wardrobe of this sort of man. The sea is his spiritual refuge from the stresses and obsessions of the outside world. At the mercy of the waves, a man will struggle, learn, grow stronger, and then find peace. He reaches a mutual respect with the sea and bends it to his will as it molds him in turn.

The Prep is a man of understated power and confidence. He retains the Ivy League, white-shoe-law-firm formality and refinement, while affecting the aristocratic, rebellious, playboy spirit of his age. His clothing is a sartorial realization of the "work hard, play hard" ethos. He is just as comfortable sipping gin and tonics around a mahogany table with his Harvard Law classmates as he is manning the tiller in a Cape Cod squall – and he's dressed the same way in both scenarios. The Prep cannot be ugly – a fat prep is a disgrace. He seeks beauty and delight in all things, and his leisure is fitness – sun, steel, tennis, and golf will show you the path. He embodies the Roman Patrician principle of *otium et bellum*, in which the proper pursuits of a gentleman are only those related to leisure and war. Thus, the dress of this sort of man must be both refined and rugged, allowing seamless transition between the fierce competition of athletics and the jovial old boys club of high society.

Cape Cod, ocean playground of the Prep

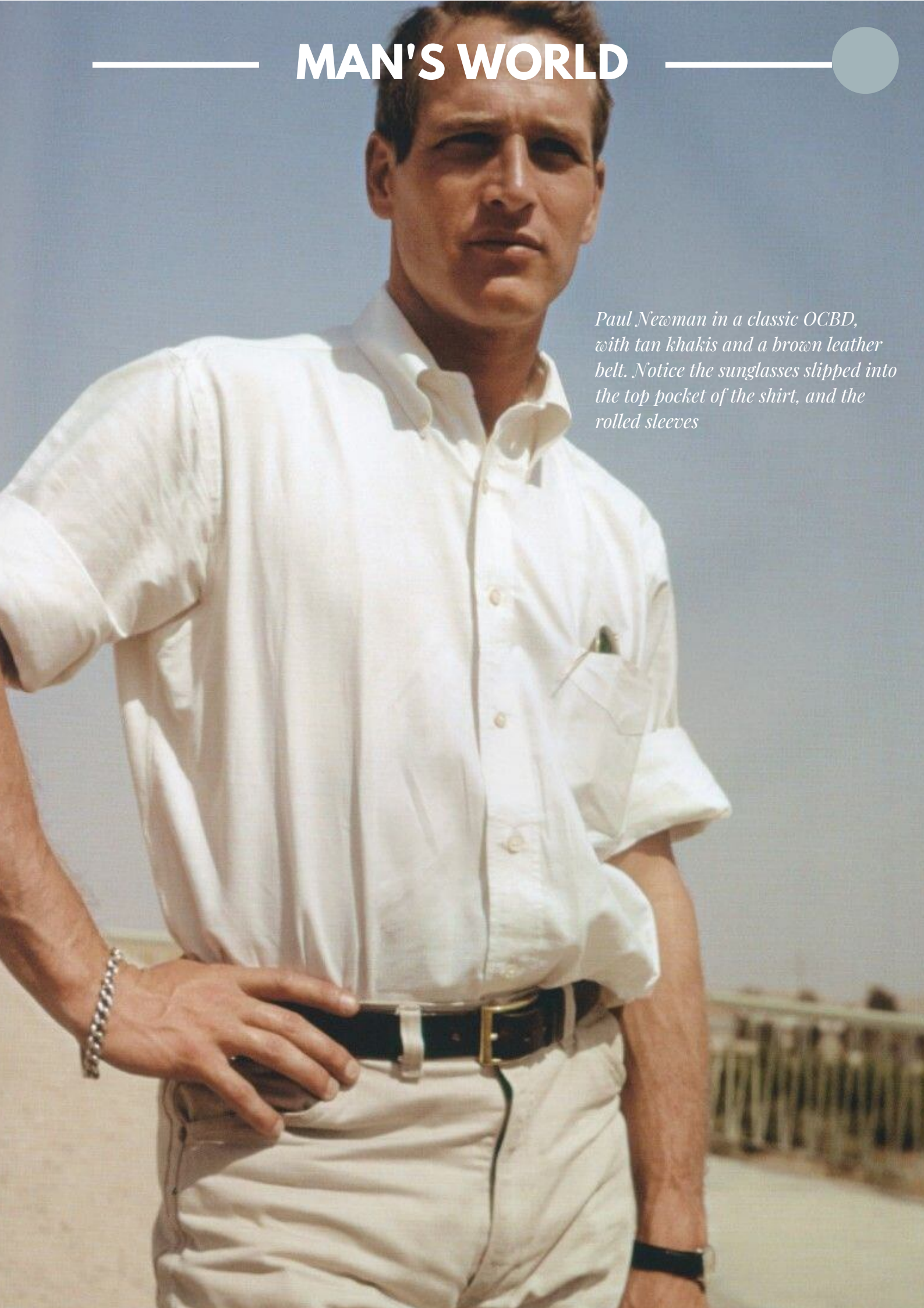
Imagine you're heading down to Cape Cod for the week. The weather is perfect and you've got your whole crew with you. You decide to head out for a sail one sunny morning. You slip on some khaki shorts and a light blue polo shirt, Lacoste of course, and top it off with white canvas sneakers and a needlepoint knit belt. Before heading out the door, you grab your Wayfarer sunglasses for that JFK cool-factor and a Red Sox cap in case it gets really sunny.

BARKING AT THE HERD:

A MYTHIC MANIFESTO OF THE HEROIC

BY DOONVORCANNON

MAN'S WORLD



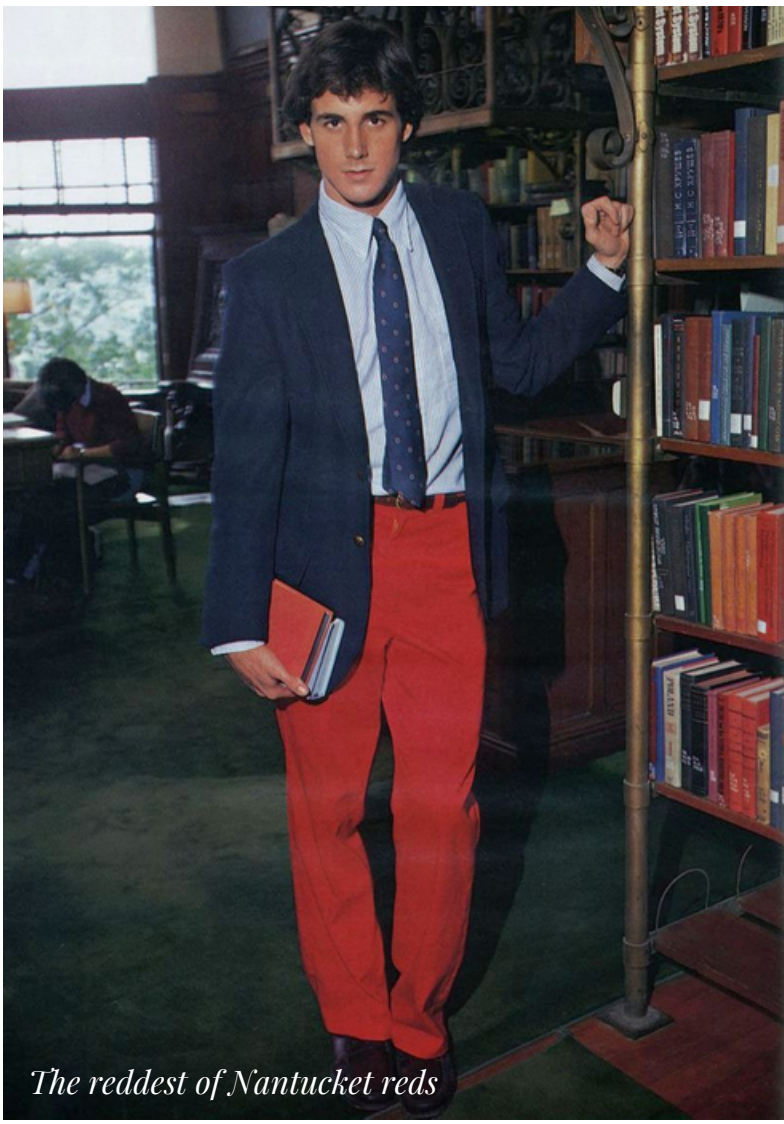
Paul Newman in a classic OCBD, with tan khakis and a brown leather belt. Notice the sunglasses slipped into the top pocket of the shirt, and the rolled sleeves

MAN'S WORLD

That night, as the sun sets and the air cools off, your crew heads to the beach for a bonfire and cigars. You'll want to layer up a bit, so you throw a cable-knit sweater over a plain t-shirt and khakis. You'll want slip-on shoes for when you get to the sand, so you throw on some brown leather boat shoes and hop in your Jeep for a fun night out.

The next day, you sleep in and then get an invite to your Country Club for lunch. All your friends from law school will be there, so you want to look your best. The cornerstone of your outfit is a white button-down shirt, a navy blazer, and khaki trousers. You accessorize with Weejun loafers (sockless, of course), a repp tie, and a braided leather belt. All you're missing now is a cold gin and tonic, a club sandwich, and some good conversation.

That night you've got a fancy cocktail party back at the Club. After freshening up from the afternoon, you head into your wardrobe. You pick out a blue button-down, white trousers, a tan linen jacket, white bucks, white socks, a needlepoint belt, and a colorful bow tie. You put on a summery cologne and saunter down to the club for a night you probably won't remember.



The reddest of Nantucket reds

You had a great time last night, and need a cool, comfortable look to make it through the day. You throw on Weejuns, Nantucket reds, a plain OCBD, and a leather belt and you walk downtown for brunch. You make sure to keep your sunglasses on inside until you have a Bloody Mary or two to ease the headache.

Prep is a truly timeless style that crosses cool with comfort and formal with functionality. Each man can make it his own and channel the understated confidence that carried men like JFK, Paul Newman, and Steve McQueen to heroic status. It's a simple style, but the icons of manhood that have adopted this look allow it to speak for itself.

MAN'S WORLD

Steve McQueen understood how to accessorise classic prep, in this case with the addition of a revolver

When you wear your prep like a second skin, you can get away with deviations from the standard uniform, like JFK's electric blue socks

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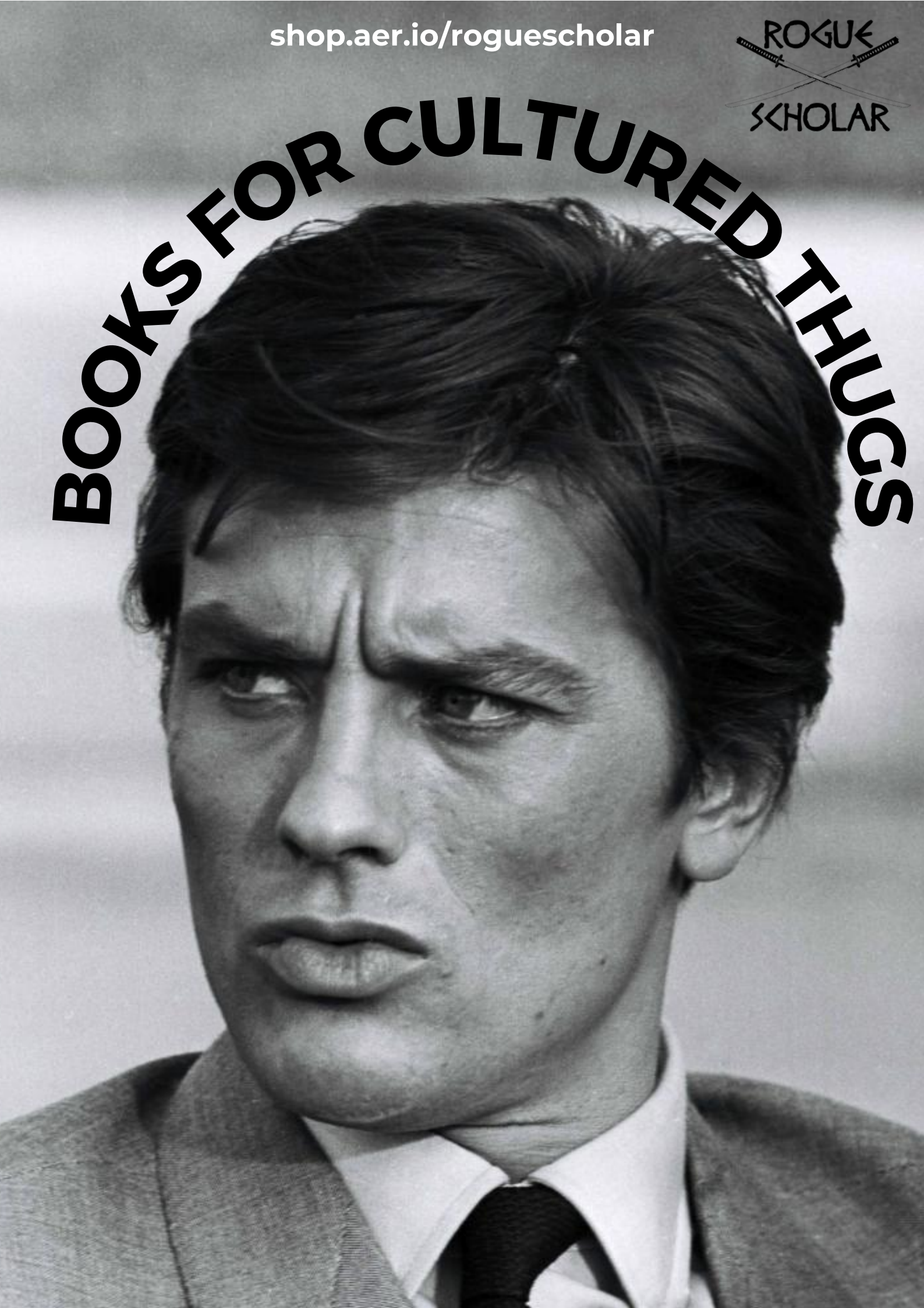
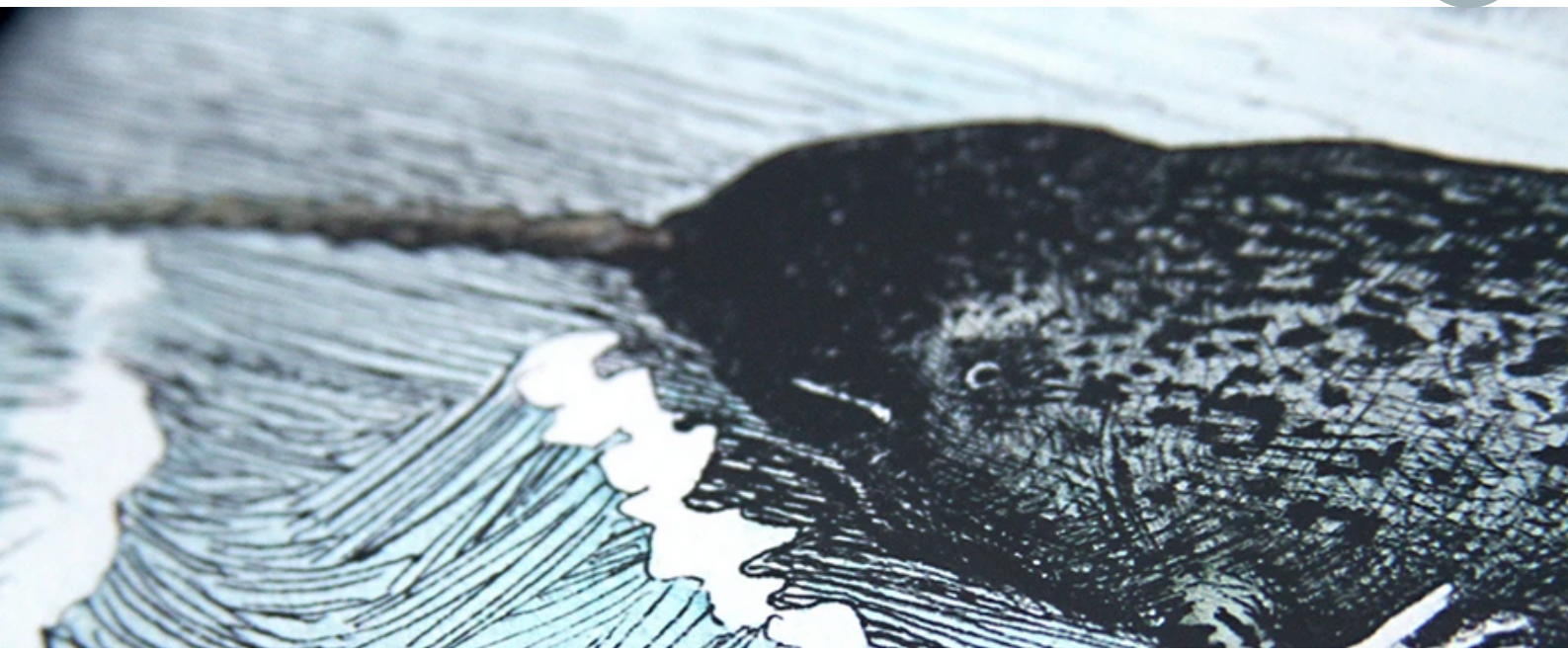
ROGUE SCHOLAR

BOOKS FOR CULTURED THUGS





The Two-Tusked King

Words: Doonvorcannon (@Doonvorcannon)

Mystical Ennui is available on Amazon and features an introduction by Bronze Age Pervert. The book explores pure being, singular will, beauty, and relating to the good in a world of seeming ugliness and mundanity, all through various connected essays and short stories. Here is one of those stories.

The two-tusked king of the narwhals, called Tornat, was not well. He mourned the loss of his kin, who'd been trapped under the ice sheets, submerged in a frigid and suffocating darkness while attempting to flee from the hunters who sought their coveted ivory. Yet Tornat's sickness was deeper. His followers whispered from the depths that his blood had begun to freeze. What they called Amarok—wolf blood—which meant that his spirit within had faltered under the howling moon. There were murmurs that the ocean's tide no longer listened to Tornat's song because he had become like a lone wolf drowned at sea. Tornat knew of these murmurs, and while he did not believe them, he knew that something was indeed wrong. It was his place in time that he feared, and he knew that something had to end, and soon.

As his family, his blessing, continued to be cursed with death, he felt as though nature conspired against them with its sudden, unruly changes, warmer waters, unpredictable surges in the sea… and then there were the humans who poached like never before. His blessing was now viewed as something to be stolen away. The narwhal, once exalted as something holy, like a unicorn of the sea, was now nothing but a thing to be used. This was what caused his blood to chill. This was the world they had inherited.

Late one night Tornat swam through the depths, scouting a new location to fish. He was accompanied by his old friend Von, the scarred veteran who felt the tension of time even more than his king. How many orcas had they beaten back together? How much danger had the fought off? As they swam, their tusks pointed in the dark waters like spears, Von's a thick, brownish behemoth, and Tornat's tusks a bright, brown-spiraled white, each thrusting out like a pike.

Von swam closer to his king, staying just behind as he said his piece. "This world does not want us." His voice was a growling hum that chilled the frigid waters with its graveness.

"Did it ever?" Tornat responded.

"Everywhere we are hunted by orcas, by greedy men, and now even by Imiq, as the sea herself pulls away and recedes in a warm respite that has left us unwanted."

Tornat turned, his tusks striking Von's, and they both grunted. "I see that we are needed more than ever. For a world that does not want us, needs us all the more for its lack."

"Spoken like a wise king." Von bowed his head and drifted back to the left. "What remains of our blessing, only eleven counting the few females and calves, is dwindling more each day. We die!" He shook his head back and forth, as if to gore some unseen foe. "Our own blood bleeds into other blessings now. Not all have gone down to the depths."

Tornat did not answer and made his way to the surface to breathe, though he hardly needed it. He felt his sickness, call it what they might, more than ever right now. With the changes in ice, the blessing he led was forced to migrate to the same bay, which grew more dangerous each year. Once it had been infested with orcas in the water and

polar bears on the lands, but now humans had taken over and they were far greedier. Theirs was the sort of hunger that could never be satiated. The more the narwhals were forced away from the ice and into the open sea, the more the orcas attacked, and there had even been rumors among his kind that humans were hunting them from their swift boats with ease. What was a king to do when his kingdom was no longer there? The world had passed them by. He let out a great blow of air at the surface and stared up at the clear arctic sky, so filled with stars.

The heavens remained and the waters still were as deep as ever. Tornat felt his warm blood that remained as it always was. He comforted himself in this, and continued staring up at the solemn moon, which even in her fullness seemed to recognize the despair of the king below and reflect it back in communion. Von emerged quietly beside him and the two old brothers floated in silence. But unlike the sky above, the silence was not so still.

Two boats emerged roaring in the dark, and before the startled narwhals could hide in their depths, they were seen, and a flying spear scraped across Von's scarred brow. He groaned and thrashed in the water, and as the boats flew towards them like shadowy death, the excited voices and shouts of hunters filled the silence until it burst upon them, causing them both to dive under water. But it was for naught: spears followed their dive and one struck true, this time piercing Tornat's upper tail. He was wounded and unable to swim.

"My king!" Von cried.

"No! Go, to our blessing. If we both fall they will be lost." Tornat's face was of the utmost royal authority; he spoke from the divine right of the sea.

Von let out a roar unlike anything a narwhal should have been capable of. But as the spears continued to fall, he left his king and vanished into the cold black of the sea. Tornat felt a net wrap him, digging into his flesh as he was yanked aboard one of the ships. Cold black eyes stared at him and the strange faces were dark with fervor and want. The utmost humiliation commenced, and Tornat took it without flailing, for wrapped as he was and so wounded, what strength remained would be better served in one final burst.

He couldn't prevent the clammy hands from seizing his two tusks, and when the saw cut his pure ivory, he did not make a sound. From the base, both tusks were ruthlessly torn free, not even a nub left behind, his ivory ingloriously severed and plucked into those greedy hands. And he lost the will to use his burst, for he had nothing left to give. He waited for the killing blow, looking up at the moon who looked now like she had turned her face, cloaked in her white light that grew dim in the fading sight of the shamed king.

Before the killing blow could come, the bottom of the boat quivered as a loud thud boomed, and a thick tusk pierced through the wood, striking the man holding up Tornat's tusks. The man tumbled forward, still clutching the tusks, and Tornat was jarred free from the net as those who held him stumbled back. His strength and hope returned, and like a flopping fish, he flung himself into the waters, the net shedding off him like sickly flesh as he fell free. Von was at his side and pushed him down before any spear could strike the waters, and the men were too out of sorts with their captain writhing in pain. The two brothers broke free into the depths, their unchanging noble blood leaving a warm trail behind them as they returned home.

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The no-tusked king was left behind, sheared and humiliated. He had healed and his blessing had indeed become a curse to him, though his departed kin certainly deemed it was he who was the curse. Von had vowed to stay, but Tornat had refused such added shame, for it was on Von to continue leading their diminished tribe.

Alone in the dark and cold depths, scarred and hideous without his tusks like a useless ball of blubber, he floated there without wrath, but only a patient expectation of an end. He refused to die a weak and meaningless death—of starvation, of harvesting, or of some other pathetic end. But what could one as low as him hope to do? His tusks were gone, and he had no means of defense or offense—a last forward attack being what he preferred. A heroic charge into some enemies, humans, orcas, even polar bears. What could he do but die without even causing a scratch? To so brazenly throw oneself at the wall of the enemy without hope of even making a dent, was perhaps a greater shame than dying of old age.

He stayed there in the dark depths for some time, contemplating on how to end well. In the world he had been forced to survive in and lead others, there was little room for glory. Constant decrease, while the unsightly, the unjust and ugly, increased all around. In the greedy faces of the humans. In the ominous smiles of the untouched orcas, who no human nor change of sea could master. And in the sea which stewed and gnawed away at their old, icy home.

The orcas had their strength still and the humans ran triumphant. What had happened to his own kind? The world had rolled over them and kept rolling on by, because the narwhals of old had let it. And with each dwindling generation, the constant receding like the fields of ice, the narwhals would one day end in absolute dissolution if there was no change within them. For the world was as it was. But Tornat could see that even alone, at the very least, he could bring about that world of old within.

He began to think more of his age-old enemy, the orca. Its jaws clamping down like iron thunder, its charging speed in the water with the gravitas of a planet, the battering of a falling moon, and the flight of a shooting star. Could a narwhal match such a foe? Could he, Tornat, at the highest strength of his youth, ever match such power? He grew disgusted with himself, and the disgust gnawed inside him until he began to swim with reckless abandon.

Death! Death! How ridiculous such a concept seemed to a beast such as the orca. The black and white missile that surged with the water as if it were a more perfected and concrete form of the liquid element made flesh—death and such a beast belonged together only in a beautiful sense. One that belonged to the heights, while Tornat in his wounded shame belonged to the depths. His scarred and weakened flesh, if meeting death now, would be inappropriate and unworthy of falling victim to the righteous, death-wielding orcas. No... a strong death, the only true one, could only be met without victimhood, weakness, or shame.

He stopped his reckless surging in the cold black waters and paused. Could it be possible? Could he reach the heights of nature in dying well? He had to live well first. He turned, and swam in search of sustenance, food that would strengthen instead of merely maintain. Tusks or not, he would make himself worthy.

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MAN'S WORLD

MAN'S WORLD

The days whirled into weeks, and the weeks gathered into months, until a year formed in a mass of time that was well suited for the still struggling Tornat. He had not merely survived alone, without his tusks, but he had thrived, fleeing the many predators of land and sea and growing quicker with each escape. And he ventured into colder depths, stormier seas, always eating the toughest of sea plants and the most elusive fish, until he had hardened himself into the young narwhal that had once earned the kingship of his blessing. Now he was his own blessing, and his tribe of one had become ready to end in such a way that it only then would begin. He hadn't spent all his time alone with his thoughts. No, he had done the unthinkable. Observing orcas from the shadows, watching the way they tore through the glassy surface and flew into the air, devouring dolphins, birds, and common fish alike. Yet never did they go after man, because they too were the apex of their domain. And man called them killer whales because man couldn't comprehend such a strength so noble and pure, yet unperturbed by what man thought was their human otherness and superiority. Tornat had been seen more than once on one of his many hidden observations and was left alone like the humans were.

This pod of orcas he now watched was a strange one. Tornat had selected them carefully, for they only ate plant life, seals, and medium sized fish, but no porpoises or any narwhals — they seemed to intentionally avoid them. An old and grizzled orca, with a bright white spot on his head rounder and larger than was typical, found Tornat in the kelp. The orca swam slowly over and spoke calmly.

"We know who you are and that you have watched. The two-tusk king shamed by the men we always avoid but could destroy if we saw fit. Your tusks are gone, and your shame is too, for I look upon you and see a body sleek and muscled, eyes sharp in spirit, and mind keen and settled on the only one way to go."

"You know of me?"

Tornat wondered if they had known he'd been watching them from the first day. "Most orcas do, and though we are called your enemy, know that greater enemies are coming to our world. My tribe recognized the gift of the deep sky in your continued thriving. Alone you are more accompanied than ever before. I see a being raised from the shame of death and made secure in the life of one. It seems like your entire self is set on something."

"Yes..." Tornat wiggled out from the kelp and eyed the large orca that made him feel like less than a shadow, yet in such a presence, like so much more too. "Death in my one life. One life in my death. With my shame, I realized how strange death seemed to those who rose above it— how untouched they were. I will rise above it, by doing it the right way." He paused, then chuckled. "I thought such a death was in throwing myself at your kind, but as I sought selfish gain from watching, I realized that in your powerful wills, there was no salvation for me in a useless end. My end must serve some purpose, and attacking you would only be a pathetic attempt at pedestalling my pride."

"Well said, small one."

He paused and looked up at the glassy, sunlit surface, broken and refracted in rainbowed beams that lighted underneath in a fiery swirl. He titled his head as if receiving some message from the deep light above.

"What do you say the two-legged ones are? Those who walk upright and tear through our domain with unnatural design and dominion?"

"I have heard it is said that they are charged with rulership over us. But I have seen these royal ones fall far short of their mandate. Their image so broken from that pure reflection, that in their cracked mirror eyes, all they see is expansion of themselves, which is an inside that grows darker and darker. You see my shame," he paused, lowering his once glorious crown. "This is the result of peasants playing at being kings."

"And even still, would you save them if you could?"

"I would not, for it is not for me, but for themselves."

"And what of a mother, pregnant with child, who right now is being attacked? She is aboard a ship and in need of saving. We have seen."

"What has that to do with me?"

"In every child's eyes, the purity of the noble beast rests. Your spirit belongs to children, as their spirits belong to the unbroken crown."

"Into their hearts then, I will swim my spirit."

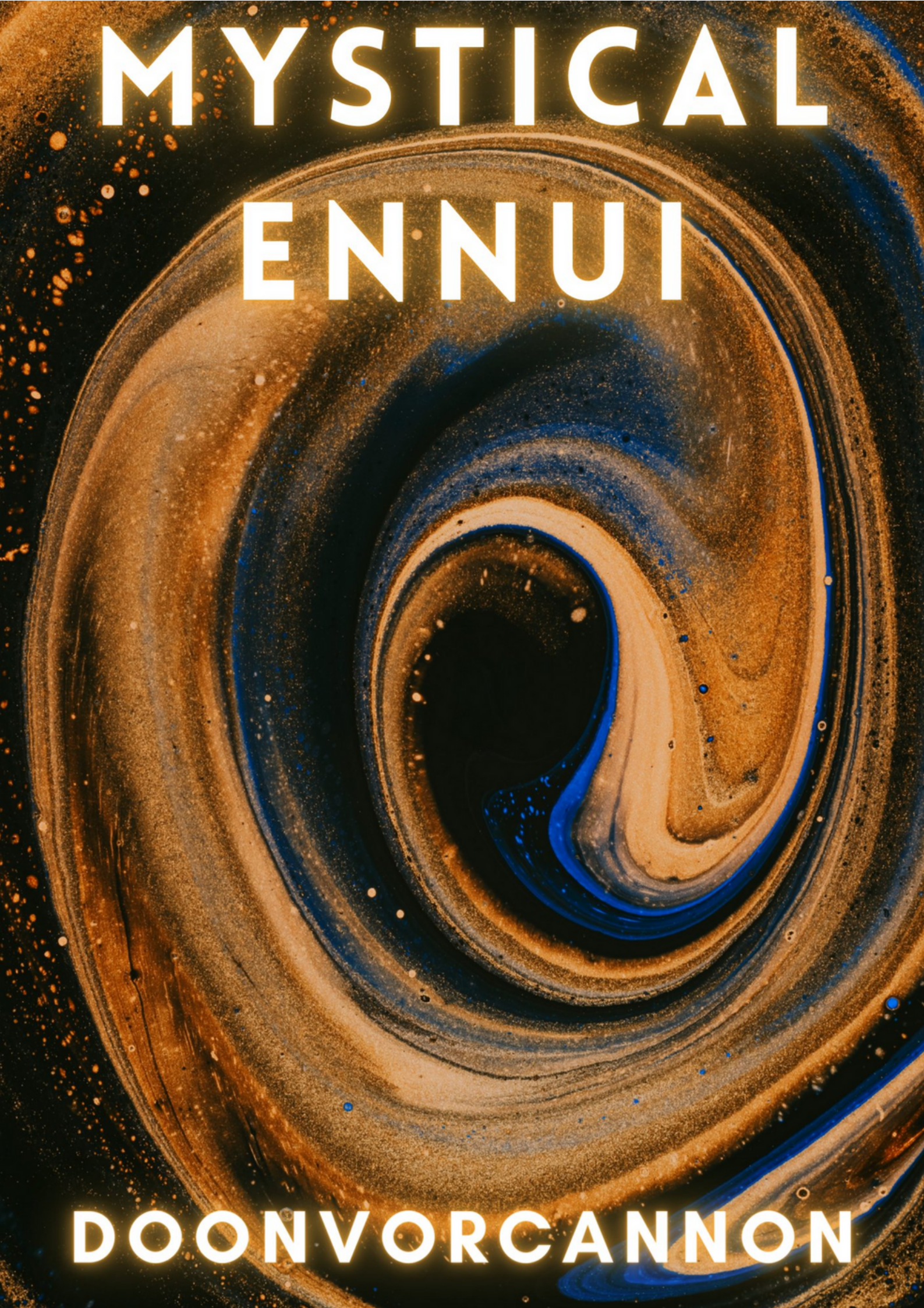
"Go above and live well. There is your endless end you seek."

Tornat shot upwards towards the surface, where sure enough, a shadowed silhouette loomed above like a black cloud. Over the cloud a pale moon shone bright as the sun, blanketed by stars which seemed to drink of the same milky light. The ocean above and below, one of light and dark, one of water. Tornat flew out from the ocean like an orca and saw with disgust a man beating a pregnant woman to discharge her carriage of life in a breakage of death.

Without his tusks, Tornat plunged back into the cold sea and came up again like a missile, banging the bottom of the boat and knocking the fiend back. The man stood with a knife raised, long and sharp, a sad steel excuse of a tusk. If only Tornat had even one of his own! But his shame would be his glory, and he flung himself onto the ship, knocking the man overboard so hard that even as he stuck the knife into the old two-tusked king's head, he was knocked unconscious, destined to drown and be consumed by the life he so sought to end for his own gain.

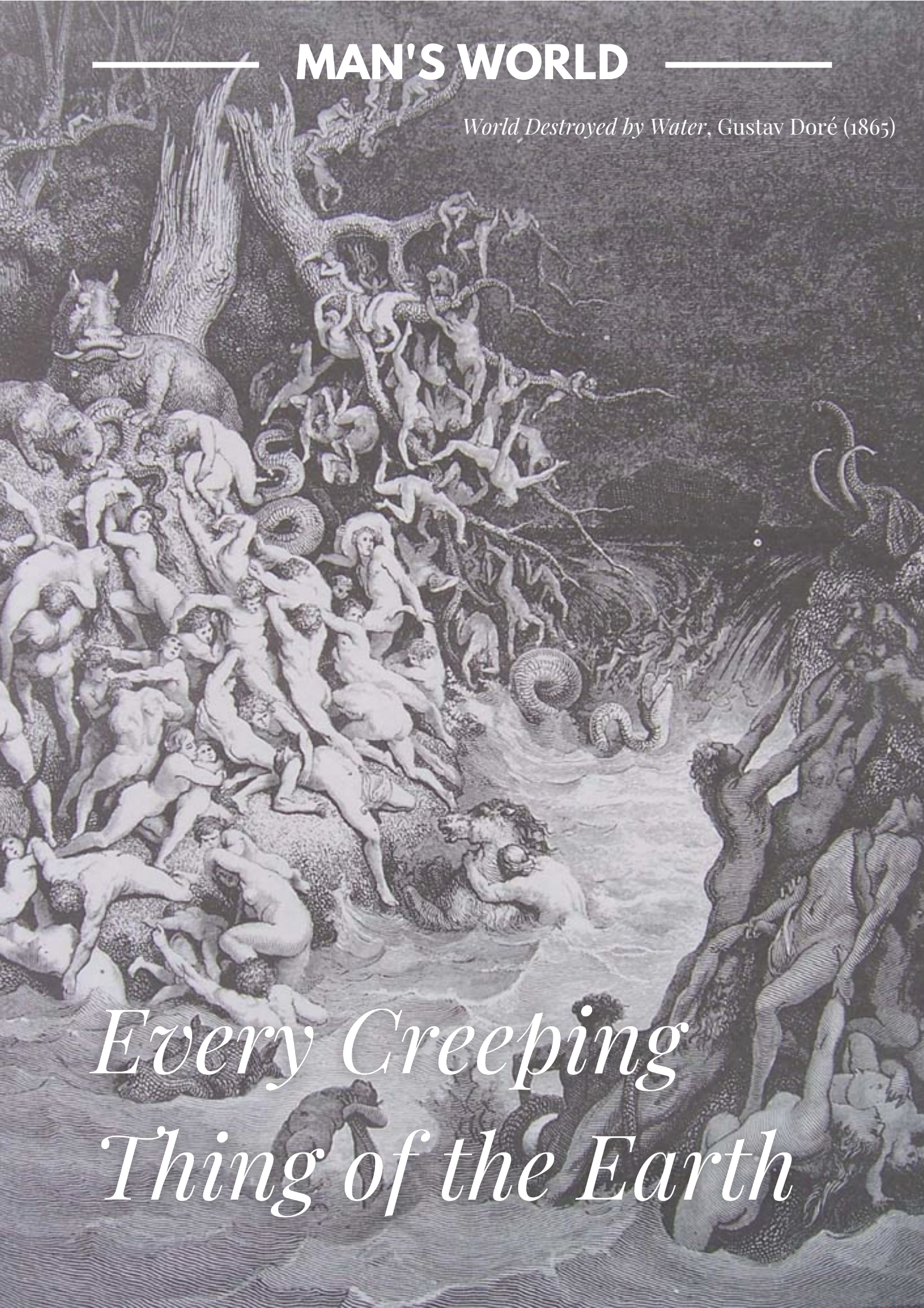
Tornat died as the woman stroked his head. As he passed into the endless sea of eternity, he heard the weeping of a child king, and the whisper of a job well done.

MYSTICAL ENNUI



DOONVORCANNON

MAN'S WORLD



World Destroyed by Water, Gustav Doré (1865)

Every Creeping Thing of the Earth

MAN'S WORLD

Zero HP Lovecraft submits this apocryphal tome that he discovered in a cave on the outskirts of his pastoral Rhode Island estate home. (Editor:We have been unable to verify its authenticity at the present time, but believe it to be worth printing nonetheless.)

'And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; and every thing that is in the earth shall die.' (Genesis 6:17)

Words: Zero HP Lovecraft (@0x49fa98)

According to all God commanded Noah, thus he did. Of every living thing, two of every sort he brought into the ark, of fowls, and cattle, and every creeping thing of the earth. All the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened, and rain was upon the earth for forty days and forty nights. The waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all under the whole heaven was covered. What prostitutions of nature were wrought in the bosom of the deep?

The LORD did not speak to Noah in all the time the earth was submerged in flood; for forty days and forty nights, He was silent. For one hundred and fifty days when the sky and the waters were still, He was silent also.

In those days, the LORD had made the beasts and the birds of the ark to be at peace, and there was naught for Noah in those days but to supplicate the LORD, and the eyes of his sons' wives scoured the horizon without rest.

And in the morning and the daytime there was tranquility upon the ark, and upon Noah, and his sons, and their wives, but in the evening and the night could be heard the howls of unearthly creatures, which were neither beast, nor fowl, nor any thing which creepeth upon the earth. The people in the ark took shelter from these wicked things, but Noah's son Ham went out onto the roof that lay over the ark his father builded, and he saw a ghostly light move upon the face of the waters.

And on the third night, a black and cursed ark approached, which was the like in measure to the ark that God had commanded Noah to build, but the shape thereof was a blasphemy to God and a blight to all who beheld it. In that ark dwelled every bent and wicked thing the Lord had ordained to die. And Ham cried out, Dead beasts moveth within the walls thereof, and flesh soddeth wherein it passeth!

The ark had no sails, and the winds compassed her not, but the black ark, which was builded by the sons of Cain, moved of an earthly, devilish power, and drew up even to the ark that God had commanded Noah to build, so that Ham could even reach across the waters and place his hands on the rails thereof.

And Ham heard a voice which was not of God, and it whispered to him in the darkness, and it SAID: Son of Noah, enter unto the hold of the ark of Cain, and thou shalt be accorded blessings beyond thine father and brothers, and the secrets of the earth shall be shewed unto thee. Thou shalt enter into the springs of the sea, and walk in search of the depth, and perceive the breadth of the earth. The gates of death wilt be opened to thee, and thou shalt see the doors of the shadow of death.

When he heard these words, Ham was overcome by wicked desire, and he boarded the black ark of Cain, and he went down into the belly thereof, and he beheld a vast, impossible space. God had commanded Noah: thirty cubits shall be the height of it, and likewise had the ark of Cain been made, but in the cabin of the ark that Cain had made there were ivory palaces many hundreds of cubits high, shining with flames that shall not be quenched.

And above him, Ham saw the smoke thereof rising from their abhorrent fuel up to the stars, but they were not the stars of heaven, neither the Pleiades, nor the bands of Orion, nor Mazzaroth in his season. He saw vipers and fiery flying serpents and the ordinances of heaven. He saw the earth and all inhabitants thereof dissolved, and Ham was afraid. The terror of holy things fell upon him, and he ran from the ark of Cain, and escaped to the solace of the ark of his father.

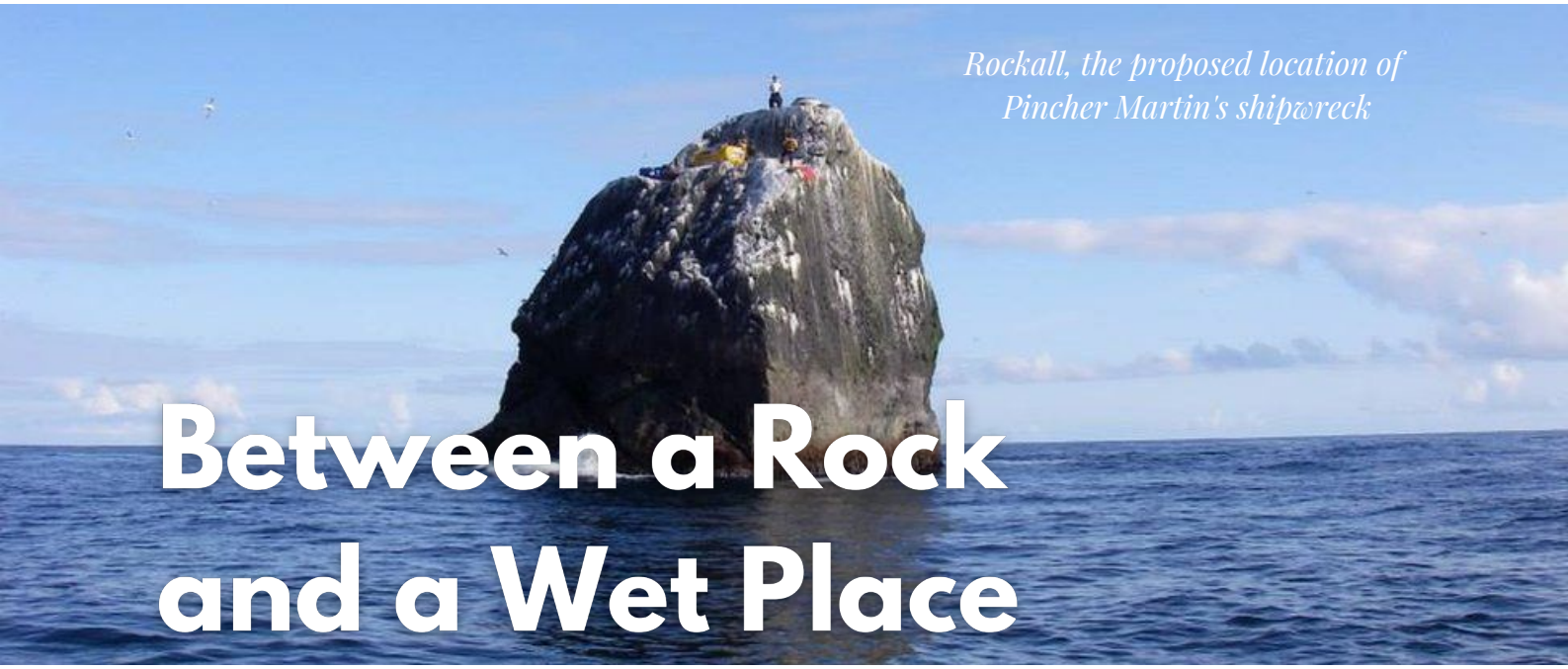
In the morning, the ark of Cain had vanished, and did not return any more. Neither did the light return, that was as a wind of shadow on the waters. But the horror of great darkness was in Ham, and the beasts and the fowl of the ark were greatly distressed by his presence. He feared to speak of the things he had seen and heard, and was silent, even unto his wife. Each night he was scared by dreams; he was terrified by visions of ivory palaces and the fiery tongues of demons.

Noah saw the madness and astonishment of Ham, he prayed unto the LORD, but Ham's soul was afflicted with the things he had seen and heard, and his skin turned black with the anguish of hell.

When the waters of the flood had abated, Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him. And Noah builded an altar unto the LORD; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar. And Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard: And he drank of the wine, and was drunken; and he was uncovered within his tent.

And Ham, the father of Canaan, saw the nakedness of his father, and told his two brethren without. And Shem and Japheth took a garment, and laid it upon both their shoulders, and went backward, and covered the nakedness of their father; and their faces were backward, and they saw not their father's nakedness. And Noah awoke from his wine, and knew what his younger son had done unto him.

And he said, Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. And he said, Blessed be the LORD God of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant. God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant.



Rockall, the proposed location of Pincher Martin's shipwreck

Between a Rock and a Wet Place

Words: Raw Egg Nationalist

MAN'S WORLD

The Sinking of HMS Hood,
J.C. Schmitz-Westerholt (1941)

LEGIOGLORIA.COM

Florida Governor Ron de Santis with Donald Trump

STRIKING BACK AT THE BEAST

FLORIDA AND STATE IMPERIUM

Words: Elias Kingston

Donald Trump is still the man most hated by Leviathan, but Florida Governor Ron DeSantis is a close second. This Florida Man is such a threat that the FBI acting on the well-intentioned reporting of serious journalists, is considering investigating DeSantis for favoring wealthy Floridians when it comes to distributing the COVID-19 vaccine. This, like so much else in American politics, is a neoliberal minstrel show designed to humiliate Deep America with the specter of irrational power. The Deep State, which is antagonistic to the Historic American Nation and everything it holds dear, is after Governor DeSantis for his clear-eyed handling of the pandemic. Governor DeSantis, along with South Dakota Governor Kristi Noem, has been recalcitrant, in standing up for ancestral liberties. And there is no liberty more visceral and of more everyday importance than the liberty of unencumbered breath.

As a state, Florida seemed designed to be a COVID death factory. A fifth of the state's population is over 65. Only Maine, which has a significantly smaller population and far less population density, has more citizens in their golden oldies. Yet despite this, Florida's senior death rate is lower than California's by hundreds. Florida has also blown New York and its increasingly belabored governor Andrew Cuomo out of the water in terms of keeping its people safe. All this has come without mask mandates, by the way. Floridians, the most powerful race in America, can go to gyms, can work on their tans, and can eat unlimited steaks and key lime pie without having to strap a diaper to their face.

As if this were not enough, Governor DeSantis has been an outspoken critic of the illegitimate regime in Washington and the various tentacles of the neoliberal Leviathan. In February, Governor DeSantis enacted measures designed to protect consumer privacy and data from rapacious tech oligarchs. Governor DeSantis has also introduced HB1, or the "anti-riot" bill that would make it a felony to commit aggravated rioting or to encourage rioting. While Governor DeSantis telling Biden to "go fuck himself" never happened, the sentiment is there, for all of Governor DeSantis's moves have been a gigantic middle finger aimed at the methods of oppression most favored by the occupation government, from digital surveillance to rent-a-mob destruction. For this, we all owe our fealty to Governor DeSantis. His administration is leading the way.

The coup that removed Donald Trump from power reminded millions of Americans of the necessity of local power. Some, especially the sons of the South such as myself, never lost sight of the power of regional identity and local imperium. This old identitarianism should and will form the basis of a New Nationalism in the United States. To put it more bluntly, what we need now is not love, but Bonapartism in the states imbued with the populism of Huey "The Kingfish" Long. We need to proclaim state identity first, American identity second.

According to French historian Rene Remond, Bonapartism and its offspring Gaullism support nationalism that embraces every aspect of French history and advocate for unity over class conflict. Remond further added that Bonapartism voices a "passion for national grandeur" and considers the nation and its people "an absolute value". Real unity, a strong state, and the spirit of limited, in-group demokratia in contrast to the hollow procedures of mass democracy — these are goals worth fighting for. Governor DeSantis is a leader working in the interests of his people. As such, his Florida is America at its finest, the opposite of the Washington swamp. Overall, the strong state, or the legitimate and functional state rather than anarcho-tyranny, can only be found in a handful of Republican-controlled states: Florida, South Dakota, Oklahoma, Texas, and West Virginia. In order to restore sanity in this great country, more states should follow Oklahoma's lead by refusing to follow Biden's diktats.

Along with a strong and effective Bonapartism at the state level, we must also convince sympathetic governors and local officials to emulate the genius of Huey Long. Long, the last good Democrat, championed the common man, made the oligarchs of the Pelican State pay their fair share, and spent years improving the infrastructure and well-being of his people. The cuckservative crowd calls Long a dictator. So what? To quote Alexander Lukashenko, it is better to be a dictator than gay. To defeat the big gay that is neoliberal imperialism, state leaders must become dictators tireless in their work on behalf of their people and their state's sovereignty. Governor DeSantis is not quite there yet, but the more the Biden regime resorts to naked tyranny, the more Floridians and other Americans will demand multiple dictatorships on their behalf.

MAN'S WORLD

The Destruction of Leviathan, Gustav Doré (1865)

A border wall separating the United States from Mexico is not enough. The National Guard permanently stationed at the border is not enough. No, what is needed in the United States is internal borders separating states from one another. Our Founding Fathers, those exceptional republican aristocrats who wanted Anglo-America to carry the torch of Rome, envisioned the state legislatures as the arbiters of power, not the federal government. Amendment X of the U.S. Constitution states, "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Given that the state governments give legitimacy to the federal government (not the other way around, as neoliberal totalitarians believe), it should therefore be legal for state legislatures and governors to not only refuse to follow the illegal edicts of Washington, but to nullify any and all obligations to said illegitimate government. One way to show the resolve of the states would be to erect state borders to prohibit the free movement of the urbanite bugman class. Under the guise of "economic uplift," these stateless mercenaries on behalf of Wall Street and big tech move from red state to red state in order to turn them blue, gut their productive industries, and groom their children for extinction. What Californians are doing to Texas is a national crime; we cannot let New Yorkers or Massachusetts refugees debase Florida or any other state. The only way this ends is if state legislatures seize control, reaffirm their constitutional powers, and cross the mental Rubicon by restricting all immigration and emigration to their sovereign territory.

Trump at the border wall

Another necessary aspect of this new, state-centric nationalism is the growth and rearmament of state forces and the creation of new forces on land and water. Currently, there are 23 state defence forces in the United States, with most organized in red or otherwise conservative states like Louisiana and Alabama. Unlike the National Guard, which can be mobilized by presidential authority, the state defence forces are under the sole authority of the state governments. Sadly, more often than not these units are small, poorly armed, and staffed by overweight and old soldiers, many of whom spent their glory days in the federal armed forces. If I were an aid to any governor with an active state defence force, I would encourage them to invest millions of dollars into recruitment, new weapons, and superior training. If I were in Governor DeSantis's circle, I would tell him about the benefits of creating a state defence force in Florida.

Ground forces are only half of the equation. There are six active naval militias in the United States, including the Ohio Naval Militia, the Texas Maritime Regiment, and the South Carolina Naval Militia. As with the state defence forces, these naval units are under the sole authority of the state governments. The Florida Naval Militia is currently inactive, and it should not only be reactivated but also better funded and tasked with anti-narcotics, human trafficking, and other missions designed to protect the most vulnerable in the Sunshine State. Ditto for other inactive units in Louisiana, Missouri, North Carolina, Indiana, and Alabama. The fear in blue states alone would be worth the cost.

Another option for naval supremacy can be found in Article I, § 8, clause 11 of the Constitution: the War Powers Clause gives Congress the power "To declare War, grant Letters of Marque and Reprisal, and make Rules concerning Captures on Land and Water." As sovereign entities, the individual state legislatures need to be forceful in asserting their right to sanction privateers, or armed private citizens with ships. Armed with state-issued letters of marque to hunt down narco-ships or Chinese fishing/spy trawlers, states like Florida could return the U.S. to its ancient identity as a North Atlantic empire of pirates. Privateers present opportunities for asymmetrical warfare that are beyond the capacity and will of the federal government. And what if Florida-based privateers went further and captured some corrupt island like Dominica or Trinidad and Tobago, and made said territory a province of the state government? Yes, neoliberal Leviathan would strike back for such "outrages," but this only shows how important it is for states to now start building their war chests and increase their loyal forces.

Governor DeSantis is a good boy. He has never done anything wrong. Still, the lying press and the illegitimate government of occupation slander him and will seek to further damage his power base. This to be expected. When the South rose to defend those liberties enshrined by the Constitution and Anglo-Saxon common law, Lincoln's tyrannical government declared civilizational war. Any attempt to revive state-based and regional nationalism will be met by a similar response.

This is where the most radical idea of all comes in: a general strike. Imagine if every productive Deep American walked off the job the day D.C. declared war on Tallahassee. Imagine the damage caused by an army of proud workers and producers standing up and declaring their allegiance to their homelands rather than the chimera of the neoliberal empire. These are the producers in what was meant to be a producers' republic. Even today, despite decades of pills, free love, and invasions from the global south, Deep America is still the tax base. Without them, the regime crumbles. If war is declared, we make it hurt with a general and fully patriotic strike.

I hope this article winds up on Governor DeSantis's desk. Better yet, I hope Governor Jim Justice, Governor Kay Ivey, Governor Tate Reeves, Governor Kevin Stitt, Governor Kristi Noem, and Governor Greg Abbott see it too. I hope you read it, love it, and live it. We need a practical revolution to escape Biden's occupational government. What better way to remake our America by returning to our traditions and strengthening those pillars already standing.

The way to Rome is through the states. Trump was the tragic Gracchi. If DeSantis will not be Caesar, then who will?

Elias Kingston is a proud son of West Virginia, descendant of English, Scots-Irish, and Swiss settlers and Confederate soldiers, a veteran of the U.S. Navy, and a conservative revolutionary dedicated to saving Deep America. He blogs at deepandsecretamerica.blogspot.com

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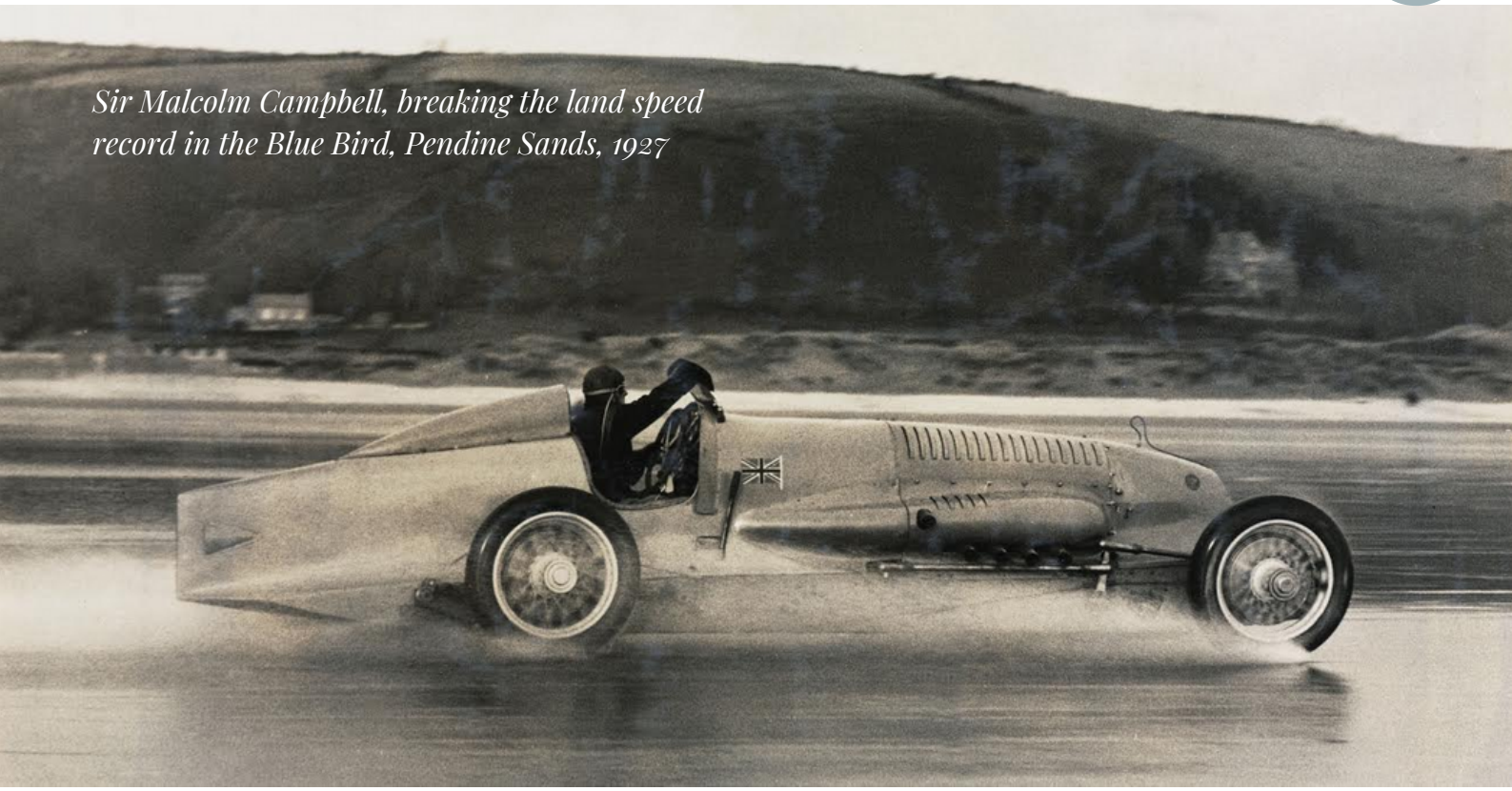
SPIRIT OF THE WHEEL

Welcome to Man's World's inaugural motoring section. And who better to be first than the Globo Uomo himself, Alain Delon, seen here in a classic picture with Mireille Darc and a wonderful Lancia Stratos? Return to the golden age of motoring. Fast cars, fast women, daredevil drivers - Man's World will take you there!

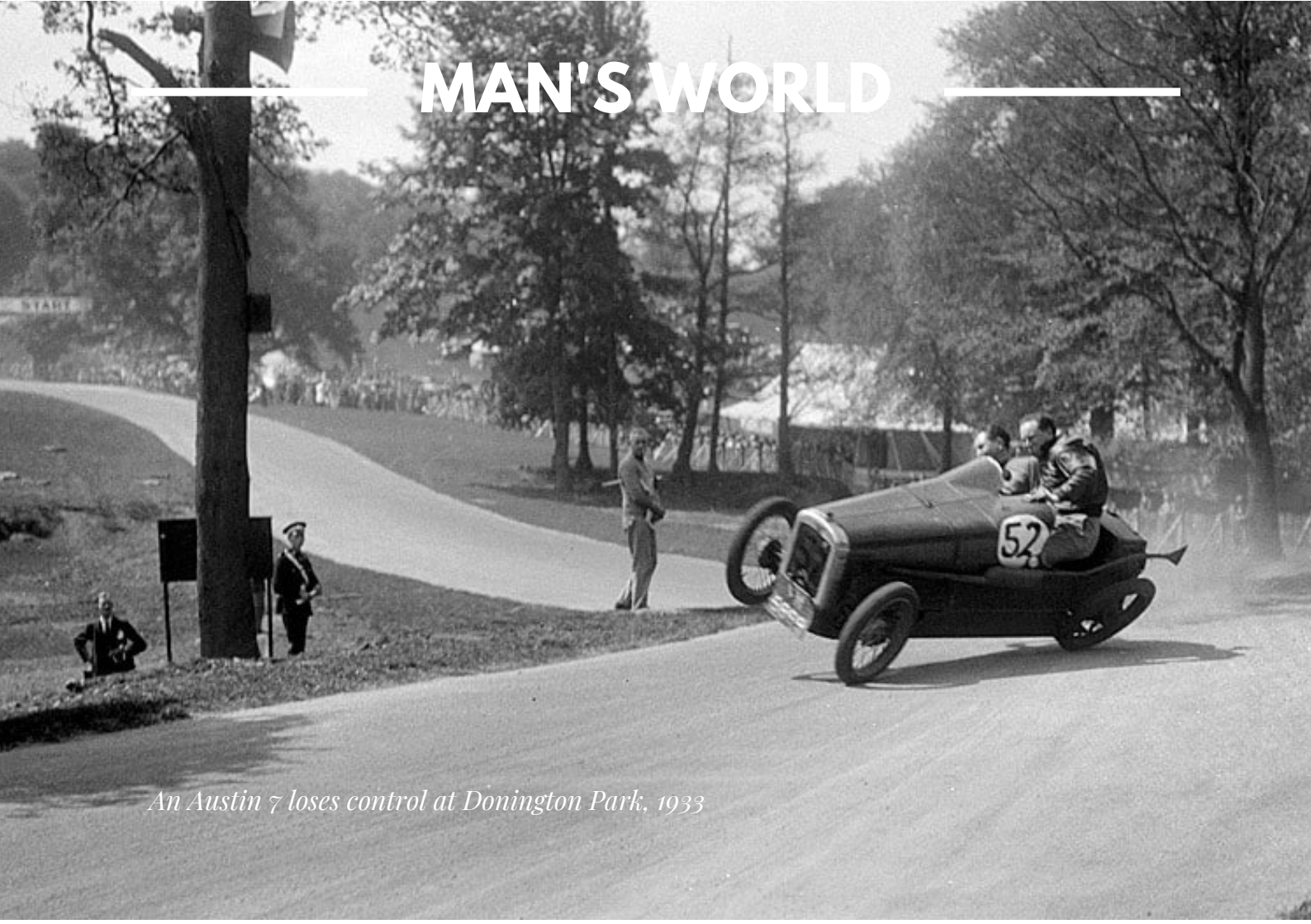
MAN'S WORLD



Sir Malcolm Campbell, breaking the land speed record in the Blue Bird, Pendine Sands, 1927

As I promised, Man's World now has a motoring section. What respectable man's magazine wouldn't? Since the very earliest days, with a few notable exceptions, motoring has been a manly pursuit par excellence, an heroic field of endeavour dedicated to competition, speed and the synthesis of flesh, bone and steel. In a world largely cleansed of opportunities even for jousting, let alone real combat, motor racing remains one of the few avenues for white-knuckle, do-or-die challenge; the possibility of true glory, of immortality – and of a spectacular explosive death before an adoring crowd. As Plus Ultra 1922 (@ultra1922) puts it in his essay, "Futurism and the Automobile", "Well into the 1980s, dozens of racers perished every year. Such men are warriors of speed, their life sacrificed to the ideals of battle and velocity."

MAN'S WORLD



An Austin 7 loses control at Donington Park, 1933

A mechanic lies with his legs on the track, repairing a Lea-Francis 1496S cc

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Stirling Moss, 1955

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Steve McQueen at Le Mans, 1971

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James Hunt

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'Dynamism of a Car', Luigi Rossolo (1913)

Words: Plus Ultra 1922 (@ultra1922)

FUTURISM AND THE AUTOMOBILE

'Racecar', Ugo Gianatassio (c.1920)

The Fiat Mefistofele was a diabolical and record-breaking car, a solitary exercise built with a Fiat chassis and an incredibly powerful airplane engine.

'We declare that the splendor of the world has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed. A racing automobile with its bonnet adorned with great tubes like serpents with explosive breath... a roaring motor car which seems to run on machine-gun fire is more beautiful than the Victory of Samothrace'

Filippo Tommaso Marinetti

Before that, futurism set the visual stage for Benito Mussolini's reign. Marinetti met and aligned with him in 1914; they became friends and political comrades; and they inspired the best artists of their generation. The radical, daring style of the futurists broke with the past and brought forward an inspiring vision. Countless names come to mind: Fortunato Depero, Cesare Andreoni, Giacomo Balla, Gianni Bertini, Andrea Crosa, Mario Sironi. Their style was characterized by angularity, urgency, tension.

The Bugatti 35 became one of the most successful race cars of all time. Many stylistic details, such as the wheels, were far ahead of their time.

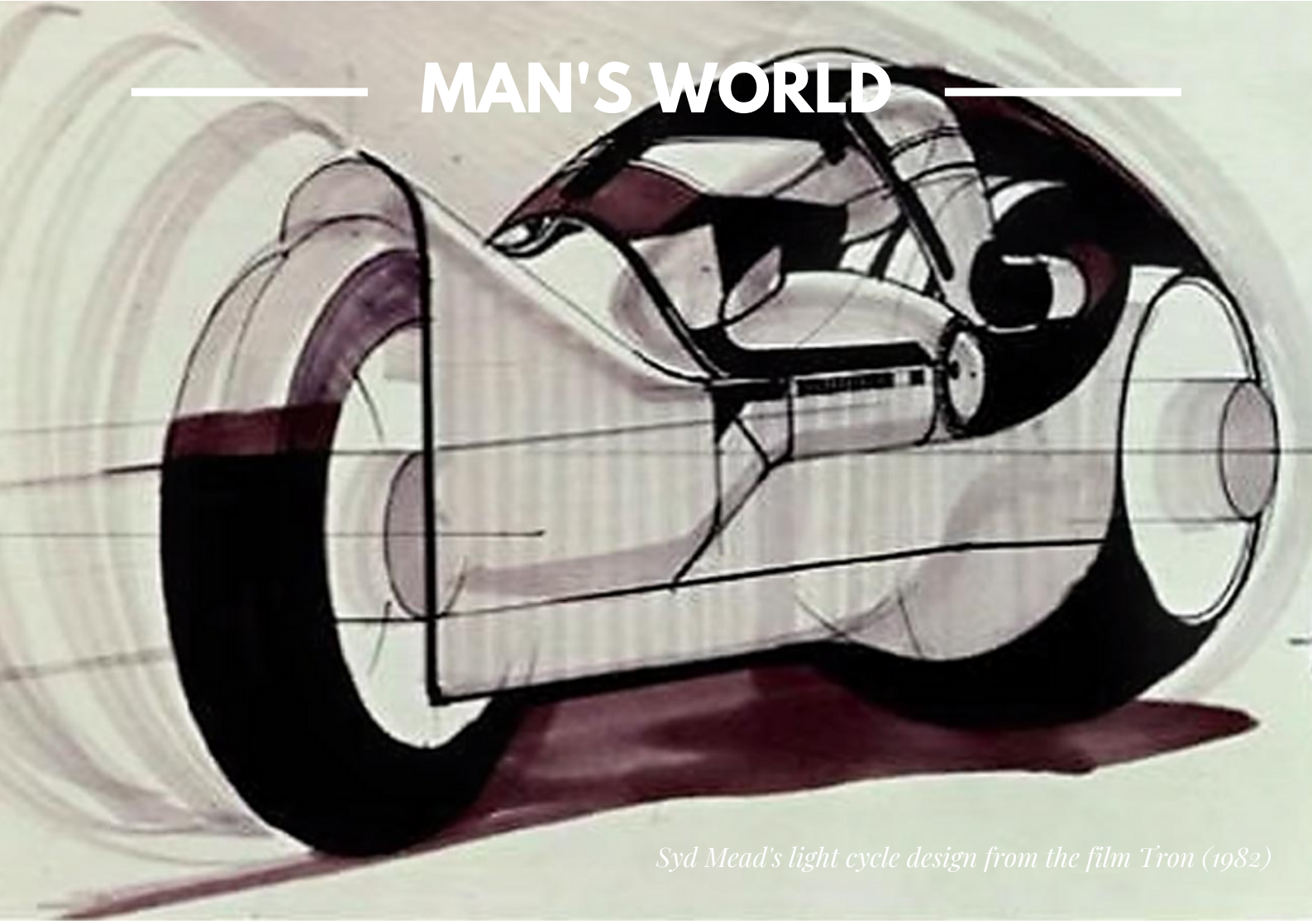
Futurism and the automobile are inseparable. The automobile is the disruptive machine par excellence, ideally an extension of the body, am expression of power and superiority. Free men require freedom of movement; consequently, Mussolini built the autostrada, Hitler created the Autobahn. It is remarkable that those countries, back in those days, had no desire to oppress the free movement of their citizens.

When the futurist movement emerged, the historical lineage from the horse carriage to the automobile was still evident. But evolution was swift, and by the 1920s, upmarket cars were fearsome, fast and sophisticated expressions of progress and speed. Global competition became fierce; arguably, the aesthetic landmarks were created by Italian and French carmakers.

A prime example is the brutal 1923 Fiat Mefistofele, powered by a 21.7-liter (1325 cu. in.) six-cylinder fighter plane engine. A weapon of annihilation, it inspired the imagination of motorists around the world. Iconic cars of the futurist era include the delicate Bugatti 35; the incredibly modern Bugatti 50; the art-deco-inspired Voisin Aérodyne - or the Alfa Romeo 8C range, with styling elements such as the slats around the front grille that inspire the brand's designers to this day.

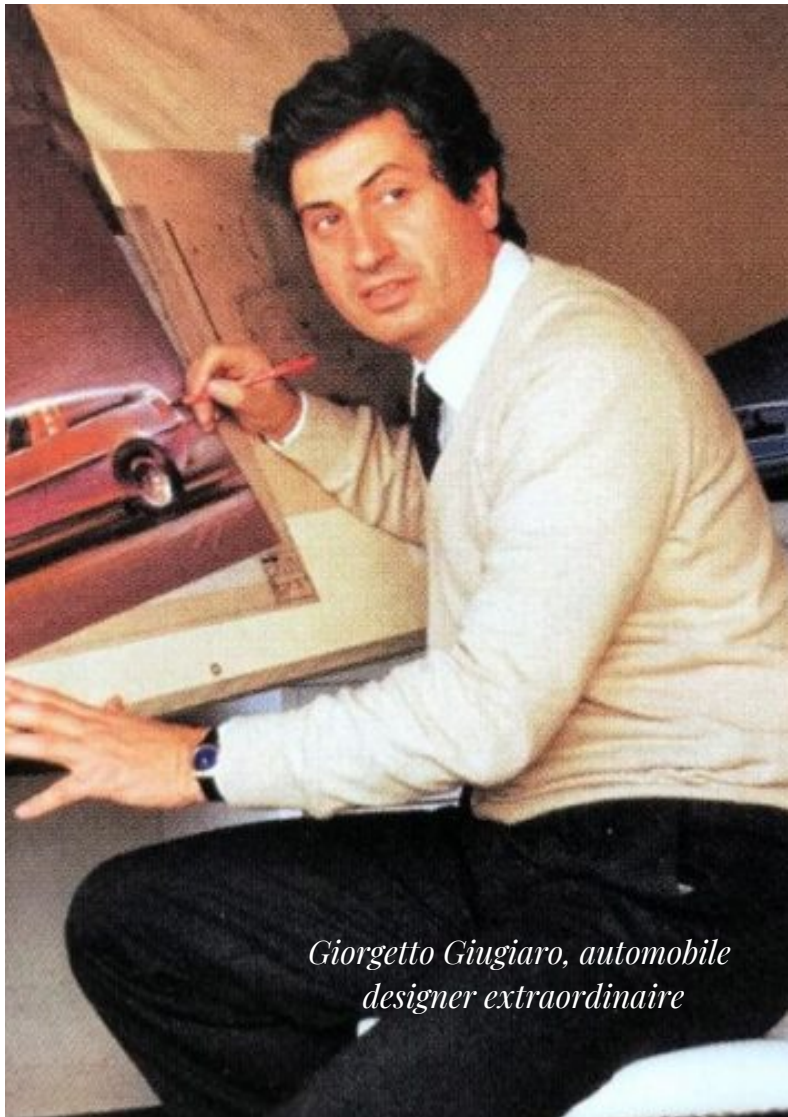
The futurist movement came to a halt when the Duce's Repubblica Sociale Italiana was crushed. But its spirit prevailed in automotive racing, an area fraught with danger and masculinity to this day. Well into the 1980s, dozens of racers perished every year. Such men are warriors of speed, their life sacrificed to the ideals of battle and velocity.

MAN'S WORLD



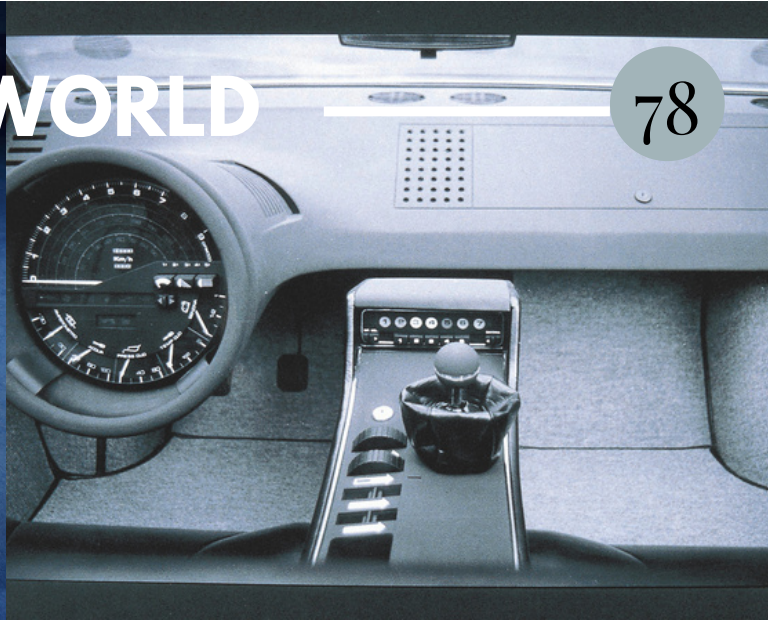
Syd Mead's light cycle design from the film Tron (1982)

Syd Mead concept art for Blade Runner (1982)



Giorgetto Giugiaro, automobile designer extraordinaire

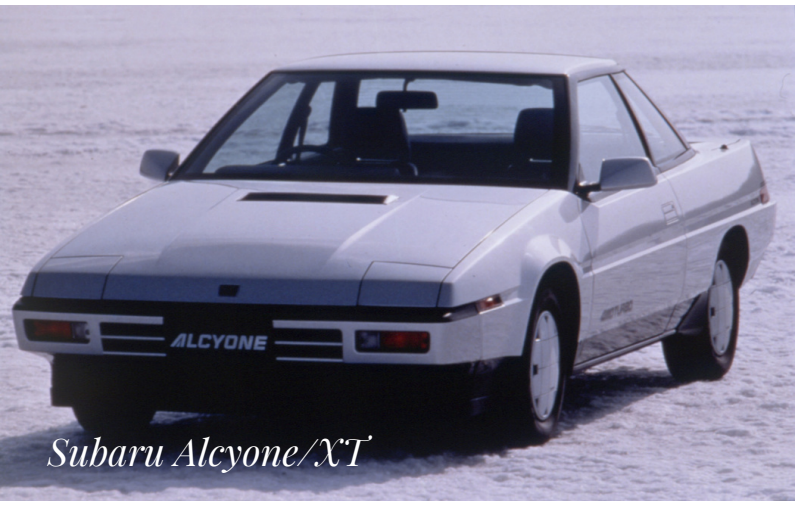
Maserati Boomerang concept, including cockpit interior



In the 1970s and 1980s, the term "futurism" re-emerged to denote a pure, aggressively modern styling language that could be described as "progressive". The style was informed by space travel, and to an extent by Hollywood movies such as Blade Runner and Tron, whose aesthetics were conceived by the iconic designer Syd Mead. His right-wing political leanings were, of course, missing from the obituaries.

In the realm of the automotive, Italy took the lead again - this time without a political agenda. Bertone, Giugiaro and Pininfarina dismissed the voluptuous, excessive shapes of the 1950s and 60s. The new Italian style was cold, aloof and superior – to be enjoyed while listening to Jarre's Oxygene and Equinoxe.

Among the three major Italian coachbuilders, Pininfarina emphasized perfect proportions and elegance; Giugiaro chose hard and purist lines, while Bertone went for angularity and extravagance. There were more players, such as Michelotti and Zagato; Italian style was unsurpassed once again and it dictated the global automotive styling language - until they lost their edge in the late 1980s. Patrick Le Quément was first to dismiss them at Renault, empowering his own design department.



Subaru Alcyone/XT

The most emblematic 1970s futuristic designs include Giugiaro's Maserati Boomerang concept, Marcello Gandini's Lamborghini Countach, and - for an example from the UK - William Towns' 1978 Aston Martin Lagonda. The appeal for cars of that era is amplified by fascinating technology. Outside of the US, where things went downhill in the early 70s, they were the last to be developed without stifling government regulation. In motorsports, power and style formed a congenial relationship - and created iconic cars such as the Lancia Stratos or the Audi Quattro.

Futuristic design trickled down into the mainstream. We will mention the Subaru Alcyone/XT, the late 1980s Oldsmobile Toronado Trofeo or the Toyota Corolla AE92 Coupe in lieu of countless other examples. Pop-up headlights, digital instruments and voice synthesizers brought space travel appeal onto the roads.

In the 1990s, with the advent of "organic" and retro design, aesthetics took a sharp hit, even though there are beautifully executed designs even from that era, such as the first-gen Oldsmobile Aurora or the last Mazda 929. Nissan designer Gerald Hirshberg proclaimed the end of the "tyranny of the wedge." But the best designers (he was one of them) still got the proportions right.

Hyundai Tucson

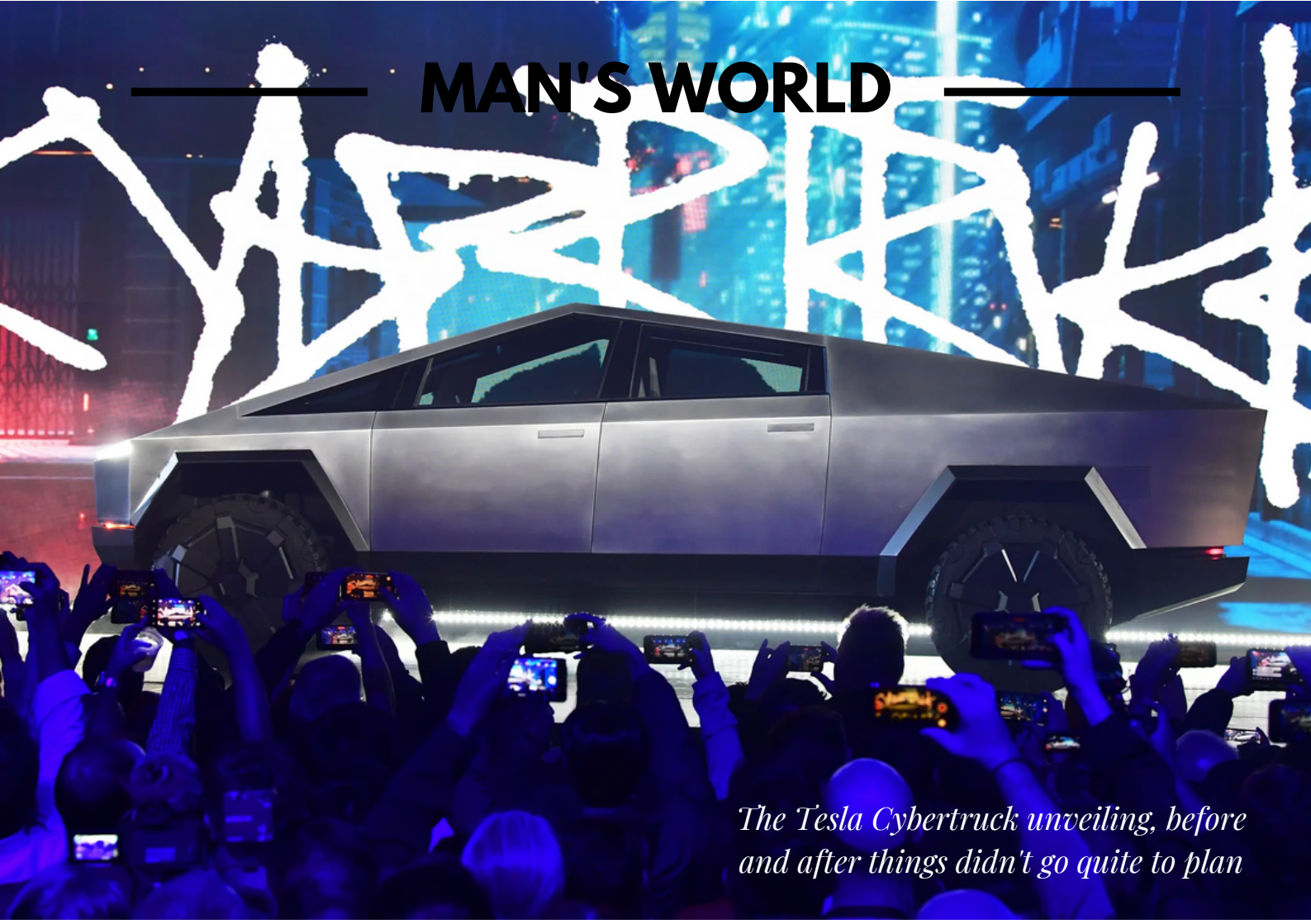
With ever more intrusive "pedestrian protection" regulation that requires fat bumper lips and raised hoods, the aesthetic line eventually crashed to the bottom where it remains to this day. A lot of today's cars are distasteful reflections of society. They look either simping and clownish, with big, awkward smiles, or they appear to be seething with rage, displaying a vulgar lack of restraint.

Yet there are notable exceptions, better stylistic takes. That Lexus grille that looks silly on their SUVs fits the ultra-modern LC 500 Coupe perfectly. And while Audi's exterior design is overly busy, the glass surfaces of the dashboard ooze perfection. For another example, take the Mercedes-AMG GT63 S, with 1980s-inspired five-spoke wheels. Or consider the next-generation Hyundai Tucson, a futuristic design whose front fascia is far superior to, e.g., the unintelligent look of the similarly sized Ford Escape.

Tesla's Cybertruck takes the new futurism to the extreme, although it lacks tension and is ultimately a poor execution of a great aesthetic approach. Putting aside the consideration that EVs are essentially a concession to left-wing propaganda on the same order as wind turbines, Elon Musk deserves respect for his push for power and cutting-edge design.

Many of us spend more time in the car than anywhere else. Driving is far less of a pleasure than it used to be, and that is just another thing that has been taken away from us. But a car can still be a beautiful space, a vessel of speed and superior aesthetics. Every futuristic design out there is a promise of a beautiful, pure future. A future that we never got. Not yet.

MAN'S WORLD



The Tesla Cybertruck unveiling, before and after things didn't go quite to plan

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MAN'S WORLD

1970 Plymouth Barracuda

MUSCLE

Words: Troy Bennett (@troyben4086419)

Every other car is a Subaru! Well, that's how it felt as I took note of the cars I would see in Portland, Oregon, during my decade of life inside that parallel universe. The "Lesbian's Choice" was quite popular amongst these wannabe outdoorsy Weekend Warriors, who mobilize in large numbers and dominate the mountains and rivers every Saturday and Sunday. A close rival to the Subaru saturation was, of course, the dreaded Toyota Prius. Portland, progressive, "save the world", "global warming"... almost always a baby boomer at the helm and a "Hillary" sticker on the bumper, the Prius was the virtue signal on wheels. And then there was the growing number of Teslas in the fancier parts of town...

Oftentimes I found myself fantasizing about driving a rumbling, intimidating American muscle car around Portland (specifically a 1970 Plymouth Cuda, inspired by my love of the film Phantasm), terrorizing the snobs and the pussies in their AWD mountain-climbers and hybrid Earth-savers. Muscle cars may very well be the pinnacle of motorized masculinity, and my surroundings absolutely feared the powerful Man!

WHAT IS A MUSCLE CAR?

Essentially, we're talking about a car with a big, powerful engine and strong suspension, usually with updated wheels and tires (bitchin' paint jobs and interiors are highly recommended options). Some of the more autistic car buffs would specify that only mid-sized cars with big block V8 engines are muscle cars, actually, and more compact vehicles (like my beloved 1970 Plymouth Cuda) are in fact "pony cars" (a nickname derived from the immensely popular 1964 Ford Mustang). But for the sake of brevity, let's just be general with our muscle cars.

The Oldsmobile Rocket 88, the first muscle car and also the subject of what was probably the first ever rock 'n' roll song, by notorious wife beater Ike Turner

1962 Dodge Dart

1964 Ford Mustang

1965 Pontiac Tempest

MAN'S WORLD

BRIEF HISTORY LESSON

In 1949, due to increasing demand for fast cars, Oldsmobile introduced the Rocket 88 (this first muscle car is said to have been inspired by the bootleggers of the 1920s, whose need for outrunning police led to car modifications). This takes us into the 1950s and the major surge in American vehicular glory, both in power and in style, with very classic offerings by Chevrolet. BUT, if we're to talk about TRUE American muscle cars, we must enter the 1960s.

The 60s may have been full of disgusting hippies and destructive Communist agendas (same thing?), but this decade also birthed some of the most notorious and memorable muscle cars: the Dodge Dart, Pontiac Tempest GTO, and Ford Mustang among them. This is undoubtedly the Golden Age of the Muscle Car, with a LONG list of top contenders. No mere article in Man's World could do justice to this era of automobile power.

1983 Chevrolet Monte Carlo

The popularity of the muscle car started to take a dive in the 1970s, for a number of socio-economical reasons, like the oil crisis and nerds like Ralph Nader trying to ruin all of our fun. But great muscle car innovation still had its moments up to and throughout the 1980s. TV's Knight Rider can be attributed to my very first encounter with the awesomeness of the muscle car. As a child, that sleek black Pontiac Firebird Trans Am was the greatest thing on four wheels. Some of the last great American muscle cars are the 1987 Buick Regal Grand National and the 1983 Chevy Monte Carlo SS. Newer muscle cars? I suppose it's debatable how good and "American" they really are, compared to the classics. My cut-off for all things "cool" ends with the 1980s.

The power, style and engineering of these old American muscle cars makes them a particularly worthy addition to the World of the Man. Intimidating, forged with steel, and built to last! But recently, I've identified more contemporary reasons for the potential inclusion of muscle cars into the garages of Real Men:

- The increasingly gay and computerized nature of modern cars.
- The multi-generational mannerbund of the auto mechanic.

You may have noticed that modern cars are hi-tech computers. Beneath the cheap plastic lies an endless series of sensors. The center console is a giant computer interface. So this means that repairs are increasingly specialized and out of your hands, and the components themselves can be tracked via GPS. Some "conspiracy theorists" may even say that modern cars can be controlled remotely! The last thing we need is more "smart" technology that tracks our movements and decreases our independence. On the other hand, a 50-year-old muscle car is a giant analog machine, only capable of being controlled from the driver's seat, and able to be (affordably) repaired and modified by the owner and his buddies.

TV show Knight Rider

This leads into the point about a multi-generational "mannerbund" of auto mechanics. In my experience, both in my family and in my professional work, I have witnessed a network of "car guys" in action, for a number of decades. You know what these car guys are like - usually pretty alpha, more likely rural than urban, and overall more likely to rock a MAGA hat than a Marvel comic book T-shirt. These car guys work on their cars, restore other cars, and have an overall appreciation of quality automobiles and the DIY spirit that makes them great. They grew up with them, probably learned from their fathers, and would love to keep the traditions going. Go for a ride through the small towns of rural America, where the Trump flags are STILL flying, and you'll see plenty of little body shops run by good men. These are the guys you might want on your team.

So now that you're stoked about American muscle cars, get out there and find a local car show! Friendly old men have some amazing cars that they love to talk about. You can get some ideas about the kind of muscle car that suits you, and soon enough you'll be ripping through town, burning donuts in the gym parking lot, terrorizing the local liberal retards, and catching the eyes of all the top SADIES.

MAN'S WORLD

Classic advert for the Ford Shelby Cobra GT-500 KR

Buy it . . . or watch it go by

King of the Road!

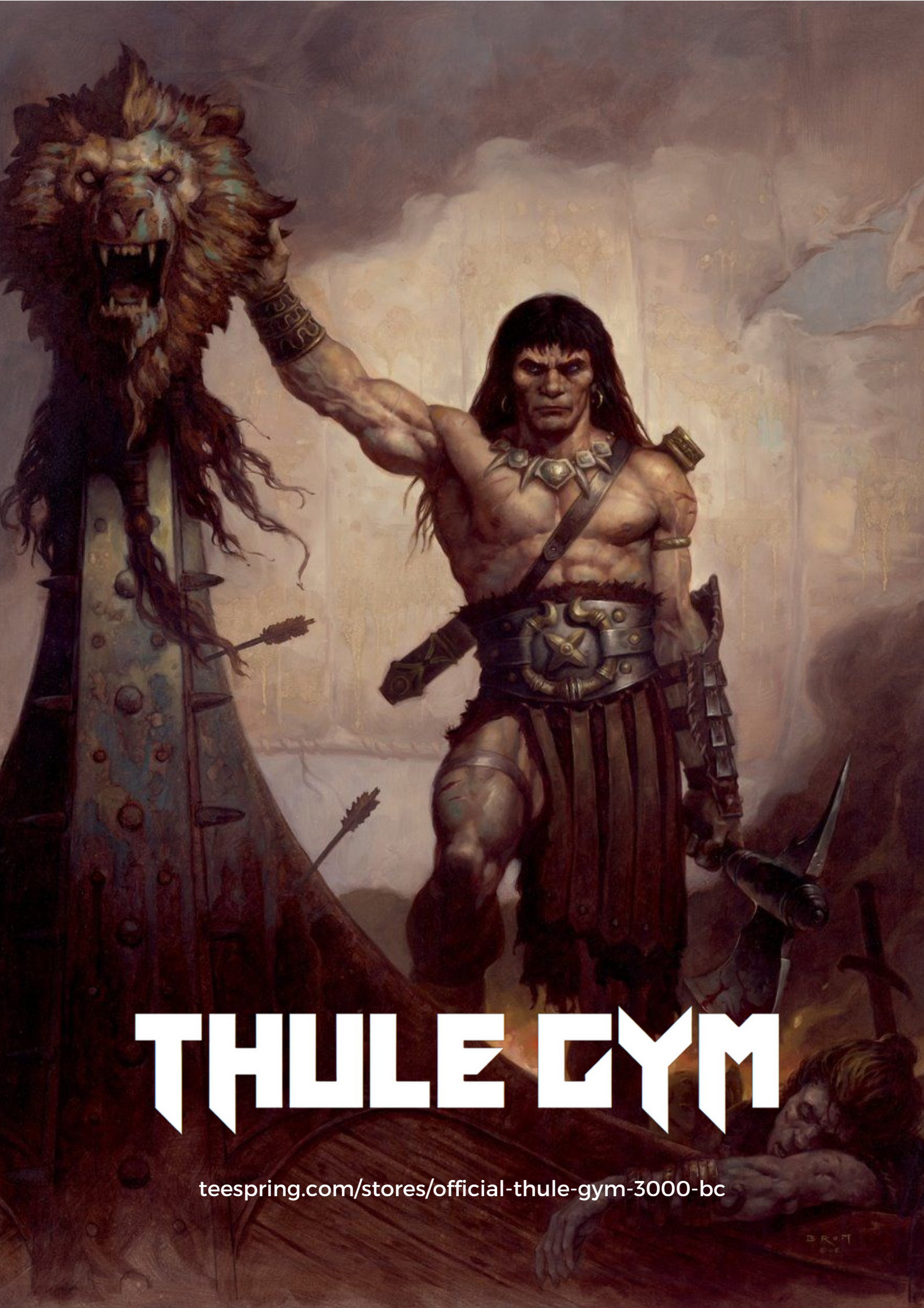
Carroll Shelby has pulled the trick of the year. He's combined Ford's new *drag champion* 428 Cobra Jet engine with his *complete* road car, the Cobra GT 500. Result? Cobra GT 500-KR . . . King of the Road.

Drag champion engine? The 428 Cobra Jet grabbed Super Stock Eliminator honors at the Pomona Winternationals. It delivers 335 hp at 5400 rpm, churns up 440 lbs/ft of torque at a usable 3400. Look for 0 to 60 times that will snap your eyeballs! "Hot Rod" Magazine calls it ". . . the fastest-running Pure Stock in the history of man."

The complete Shelby Cobra GT is ready-made for the "all-there" Cobra Jet. Power is controlled by adjustable shocks, heavy-duty suspension, four-speed transmission (with automatic a low cost option), beefy driveline and torque-sensitive locking rear. All standard—along with 16-to-1 ratio power steering, high performance tires, power disc front brakes. These essentials—plus safety features, luxury interiors and limited-edition styling—are engineered in, not just offered as options.

The game is Follow-the-Leader. The name of the game is Cobra GT 500-KR. Or play a slightly tamer game with the Cobra GT 350. But make your play at your Shelby dealer . . . today.

Shelby COBRA GT 350/500-KR POWER BY Ford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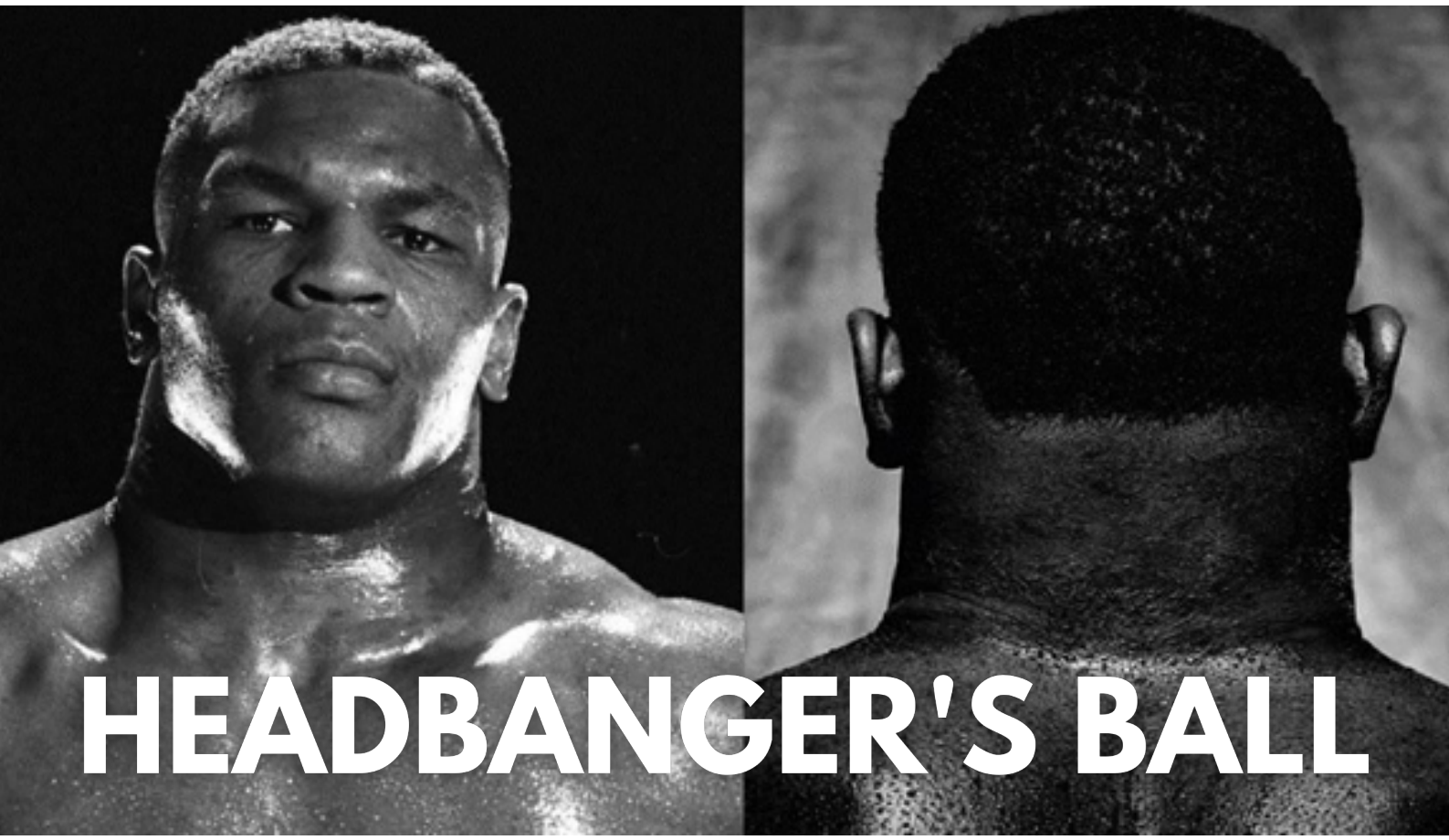
NECK AND JAW TRAINING SPECIAL



HEADBANGER'S BALL

Words: Herculean Strength @herculeanstren1

Chances are, you don't have a dedicated neck component to your workout routine. (If you do, though – well done! Good for you!). The neck, perhaps of any body part apart from the calves, is almost certainly the most neglected, despite the fact that just a small amount of dedicated training can make a serious difference, not only to the way that you look but also in terms of your health. Herculean Strength (@herculeanstren1) will tell you why and how.

Look at that picture of Mike Tyson. Intimidating? Just a little. Apart from the mean look on his face, it's the neck – a thick meat-trunk flaring out wider than his jaw, giving the impression not of a head attached to the shoulders by a neck but instead planted directly into the thick mass of his traps and shoulders – that says, 'I am an animal, a savage beast.' They call it a 'bull neck' for a reason.

Consider the difference having a thicker neck makes in these two images. While the man on the left (with a Photoshopped pencil neck) could be an average nodding-bird office worker, the man on the right is clearly not. Is he a football player? Perhaps he's a wrestler? Either way, it's in no doubt, despite the fact that you can't see his physique below the collar bone, that this man is a fit man, a strong man. Take note.

There's a good reason boxers, including Mike Tyson, and wrestlers train their necks as much as they do, and it goes beyond just making themselves look terrifying. The muscles of the neck not only allow you to move your head, they also stabilise it, helping to protect your brain and your spinal cord.

Your brain has a left hemisphere, a right hemisphere, and a brainstem at the bottom. You can lose consciousness if both hemispheres are turned off at once; if only one is affected, the other can pick up some of the slack, thankfully. You can also lose consciousness if part of the brainstem is knocked offline.

A knockout is basically just that. As the result of a knock to the head, your brain trips out and you lose consciousness. Brain activity can be affected by a number of things, such as oxygen being cut off to certain parts, or a blood vessel bursting.

Although the brain has a texture like jelly, the two hemispheres are heavy, and the brainstem connecting them to the rest of the nervous system is narrow, as the name suggests. When the head is moved violently, for instance as the result of one of Mike Tyson's killer left hooks, the brain moves around in the skull.

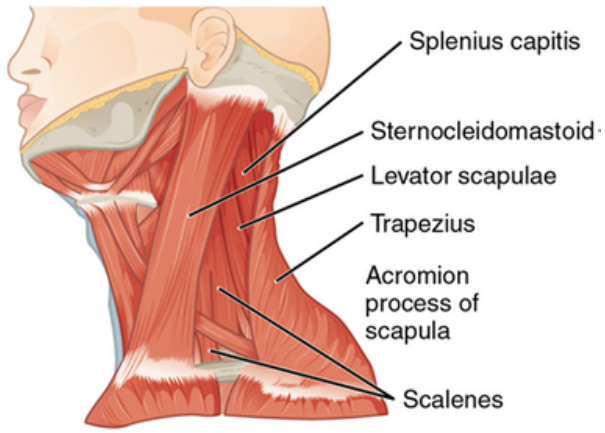
As a result, significant pressure is exerted on the brainstem, which can be twisted and pulled, causing brain circuits to break, lose their insulation, or get tangled, which shuts off parts of the brain. If the part of the brainstem responsible for

consciousness is affected – it's a knockout! Congratulations – assuming you're not the one on the receiving end...

A number of studies have shown that having a thick neck is linked to a lower risk of knockouts and concussions (which aren't precisely the same thing). The logic is very simple: more muscle means more stability (i.e. less movement as a result of a sharp blow).

Whether you box, are a mixed martial artist or wrestler, or a rugby or American football player, training your neck really can save your brain serious trauma.

I know that we've already trotted out this image of an average office worker in 2050 more than once – it's featured in our recent articles on how to improve your energy levels and on ten ways that having low testosterone will ruin your life (see the website) – but it's of relevance here as well. If you have a weak neck, like most office workers who spend their days craning forward to look at the screen in front of them, you're much more likely to experience headaches and neck pain, neither of which is desirable; you'll also display bad posture, aka 'nerd neck', which absolutely makes you less attractive.



It is well known that tension headaches are linked to neck weaknesses. Muscular imbalances in the neck can pull the head forward, which results in continuous muscular activity in the neck, leading to pain in the neck and headaches. Weakness in the muscles over time can also lead to degeneration of the spine. Chronic pain of any sort is no laughing matter, and neck and back pain can be particularly acute and unbearable, as anybody suffering from either or both will tell you. Such pain can lead to depression and even suicide.

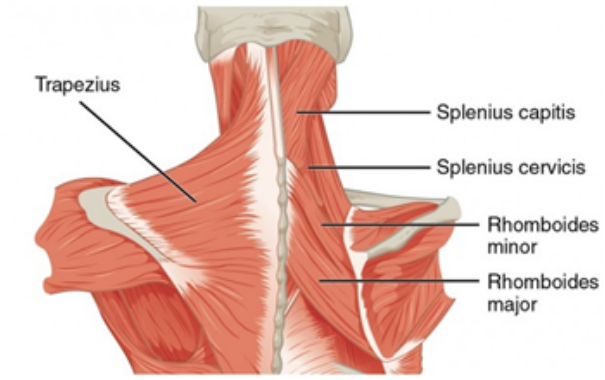
By improving the strength of your neck, you'll almost certainly improve your posture, making you more attractive to boot. Pickup artists endlessly expostulate about the benefits of improving the way you hold yourself, and as charmless as these gentlemen may be, they do have a point. Posture conveys messages about you – right or wrong – which people pick up on instinctively.

People with bad posture generally tend to be judged shorter, older and fatter – none of which will make you more attractive. Quite the opposite.

Let's briefly discuss the main muscles on the front and back of the neck, including their anatomical functions, before we discuss the best ways to train your neck.

On the front of the neck, the largest muscle is the sternocleidomastoid, which performs forward and lateral flexion, as well as rotation. The scalene muscles, like the sternocleidomastoid, also perform forward and lateral flexion.

On the back of the neck, the largest muscle by far is the trapezius, which contracts to perform neck extension, scapular elevation and lateral flexion and rotation of the neck. The splenius muscles extend the neck and the levator scapulae performs scapular elevation.



The evidence suggests that the best way to train the neck is directly. Although when you're doing heavy deadlifts or barbell rows it might feel like you're also really working your neck – largely as a result of isometric contractions required to stabilise the head and neck – it would appear that only direct training is responsible for increases in neck size and strength. The good news is, you don't have to do much to have a serious effect.

In one study, the participants who included specific neck exercises in their training, adding just nine sets a week of 10 weighted neck extensions, saw a cross-sectional increase of 13% in the size of the neck muscles, in just 12 weeks.

So: not a great deal of direct work is required to elicit decent growth of the neck muscles. This chimes with my own personal experience. Doing just two sets of two exercises (neck extensions and neck curls) three times a week has taken my neck well beyond 18" in circumference in a period of less than a year. I've never done less than 15 reps a set, and sometimes do as many as 25, 30 or even 40.

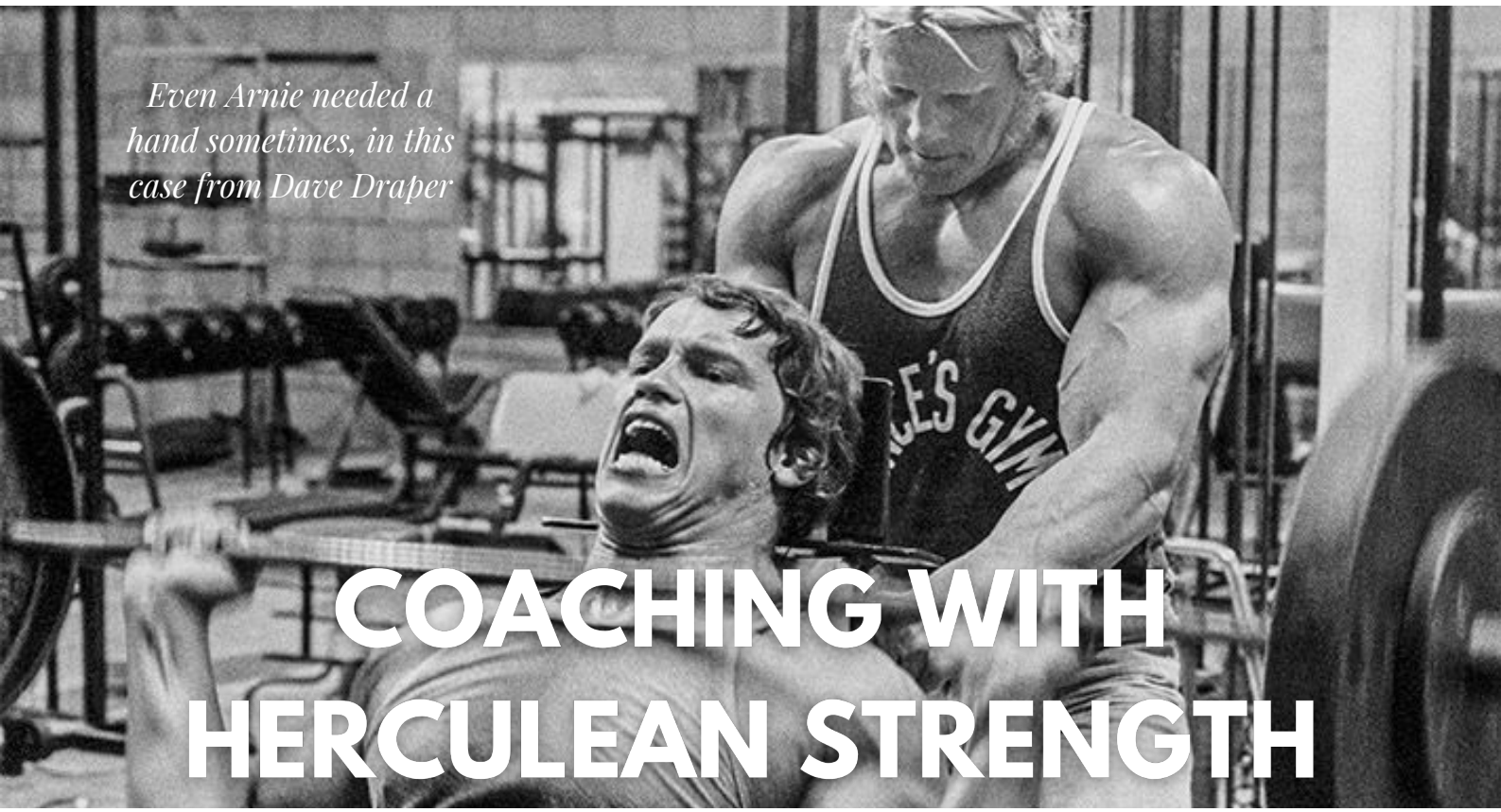
This would be my recommendation for entering the world of neck training. Perform between two and three sets of neck extensions and neck curls, two to three times a week, to target the musculature of both the front and the back of the neck. Stick to a rep range of between 10 and 20 reps per set. The worst thing you can do is go too heavy and risk injuring your neck, especially if you're unused to performing neck exercises, so take it slow and build up the weight gradually over time. Focus on performing the exercises with the correct form.

In this article, we've focused on extension and flexion, without separate exercises for lateral flexion or rotation, because extension and flexion will work the most important muscles of the neck, which will provide the most strength and size. If you want, over time, you can add lateral flexion and rotation exercises, but there's no reason to complicate things at the outset.

You'll want to perform the curls with a weight plate. The extensions can also be performed with a weight plate, or alternatively with a harness. Alternatively, if you have no access to weights of any form at the moment, you can simply use the mass of your head alone to perform curls and extensions. If you do this, we recommend aiming for a higher rep range, such as 50-75. Again, start off conservatively and build up the numbers gradually.

Happy headbanging!

Visit herculeanstrength.com



Even Arnie needed a hand sometimes, in this case from Dave Draper

COACHING WITH HERCULEAN STRENGTH

In the current climate of lockdowns and social distancing, even having access to exercise equipment, let alone a personal trainer, can feel like a luxury. Here at Herculean Strength, we can provide you with the expertise and the support that you need to achieve your goals, whatever's going on in the world around you.

It's one thing to set yourself goals to achieve – and we all need short- and long-term goals to lead a satisfying life – and quite another to go about achieving them. For many, the process of entering upon a new course of physical training can be a daunting one, especially if you have no prior experience of physical training and/or are seriously out of shape. While even the most experienced of us make mistakes, beginning a course of physical training without the right knowledge, including the right expectations, is one of the royal roads to failure. For every individual who is able to succeed through sheer grit and a willingness to fail and try again anew, there are innumerable individuals who find the disappointment of not meeting their initial expectations too much to bear. Ultimately, for many their first unsuccessful foray into physical training is likely to be their last.

Whatever your goals may be, here at Herculean Strength we can help you to achieve them. Our coaches have a wealth of combined experience in bodybuilding, powerlifting, contact sports, and martial arts, and our expertise extends from the beginner level to the expert. Are you looking to finesse your physique in preparation for your first foray into bodybuilding competition? Herculean Strength can help you with that. Perhaps you want to take your conventional deadlift past 500lbs, after many years of stalling in the mid-400lbs range? Or maybe you want to improve your athleticism to make you a better rugby player? Herculean Strength can help you with both of those things as well. Maybe you just want to lose weight and look good. We can definitely help there too.

Our Custom Training Programme takes place entirely at a distance, but don't let that fool you into thinking it's not as comprehensive as having your own personal trainer physically to hand. If you join our full Programme, available through our Gumroad page, you'll get the following:

- A personalized diet plan with special attention paid to accommodate your tastes
- A personalized workout plan, subject to change, according to your goals and busy lifestyle
- An optional monthly one-hour call and office-hour attention for any queries via Telegram
- Daily motivation messages
- Close monitoring of progress, including, on request, an in-depth video analysis of your training form (your squat or deadlift form, for instance)
- A monthly review of diet and workout plans according to your progress, lifestyle, goals, and ambitions
- 50% of ALL our programs
- Discounts off merchandise
- Free access to our upcoming subscription-only chat group that offers more than just fitness advice, including financial advice, how to grow your business or website, social media pages, boost SEO and increase sales.

Don't hesitate to email us (herculeanstrength1@gmail.com) for further information and a client questionnaire if you'd like dedicated tailor-made personal training on strength training, building muscle, losing fat, and developing athleticism.

HOW TO BENCH 400

Without Steroids

FEEL LIKE A MAN,
LOOK LIKE MONEY.
GRECO
GUM

Words: Greco Gum (@grecogum)

Let Greco Gum (@grecogum / grecogum.com), vendor of the highest quality mastic, tell you all about the benefits of the original chewing gum.

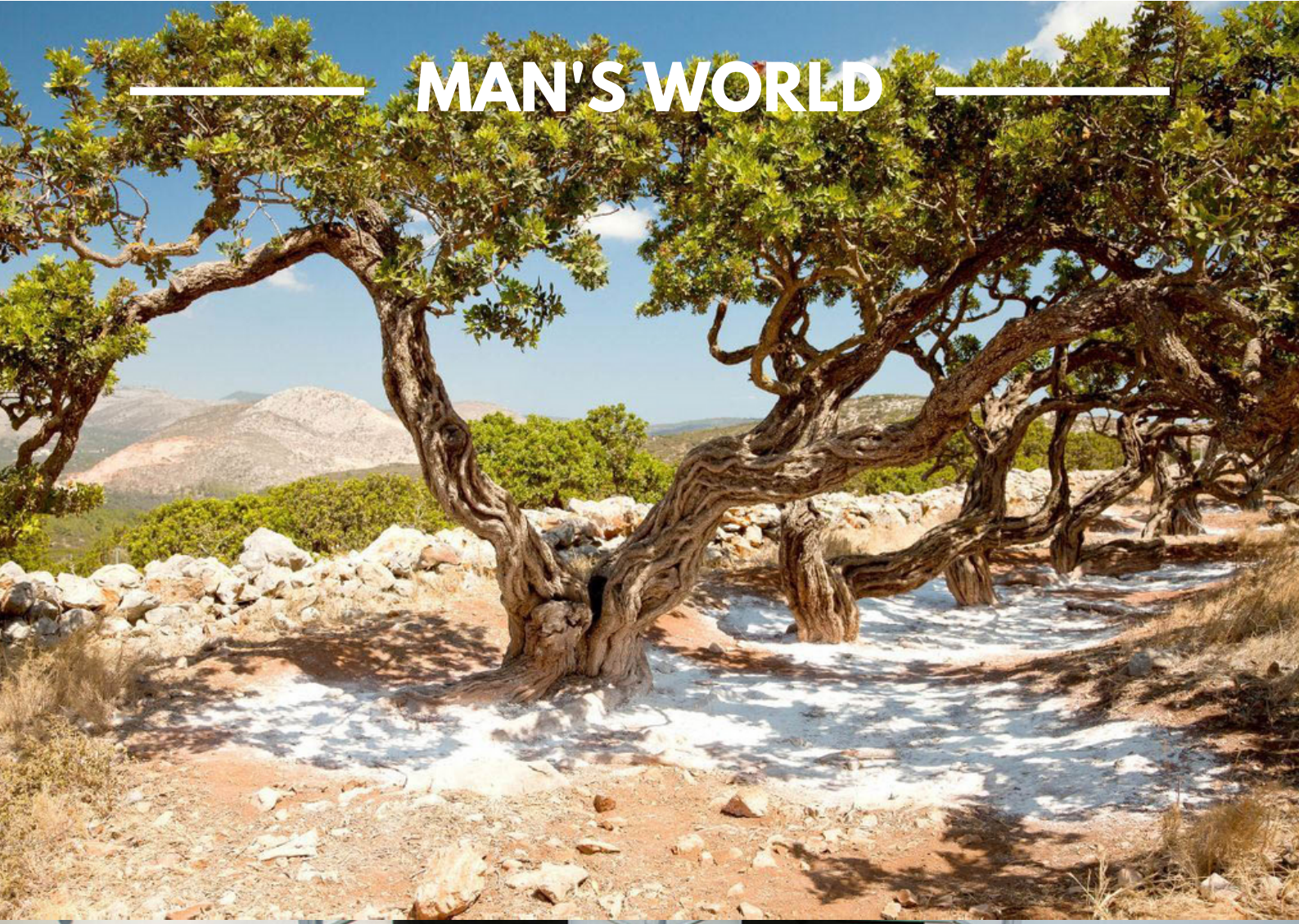
Small mouths, cavities, crooked teeth, obstructed airways; these are all modern-day problems. Analysis of hunter-gatherer skulls show nearly perfect dental health, superior facial development, teeth alignment and jaw size compared to skulls from the last few hundred years. Despite advancements in technology, medicine and hygiene, modern man grows uglier and sicker each year. How can this phenomenon be explained? Soft foods create soft jaws, and soft-jawed men create hard times.

In post-industrial societies, men sorely miss out on a fundamental aspect of our ancestors' way of living—chewing. Whether it was tough meat, rock-hard grains or tubers, our ancestors spent a great portion of their day chewing. And the constant stress from engaging their jaw muscles caused their mouths, teeth, throats, and faces to grow wide, robust and pronounced. But our food has become so processed that chewing is hardly even a requirement anymore. In return, we are left with poor nutrition and narrow skulls, crowded teeth, misaligned jaws and breathing problems. We have to go back.

But there is a solution. Choosing a diet that requires you actually to chew is a good start – *sorry, Soylent drinkers!* – and another thing you can do to improve your facial structure and your health is to chew gum. Gum!? Yes, really – but gum of a very particular kind.

In a corner of the Greek island of Chios lies the birthplace of the original chewing gum, mastic. Mastic gum is the hardened sap which is harvested from the mastic (Pistacia lentiscus) tree. Today, this aromatic

MAN'S WORLD



MAN'S WORLD

resin has many culinary and cosmetic uses, but historically it was mainly consumed as a natural remedy. Scientists are only now beginning to catch up on the therapeutic effects of mastic use, which scholars, philosophers and warriors have known since Antiquity.

A bowl of mastic tears

Mastic gum improves oral and gut health thanks to its powerful antibacterial and anti-inflammatory properties. From soothing gastrointestinal issues and aiding digestion to relieving pain and cleansing mouths, mastic was viewed as a chewable elixir. Initially revered for its medicinal properties, mastic gum is now prized for its use as a facial sculptor.

Mastic gum provides the perfect amount of resistance to challenge and also satisfy the four muscles of the jaw: masseter, temporalis, lateral pterygoid, and medial pterygoid. Just like any other muscle, your jaw muscles can be strengthened and become more pronounced through progressive use and repetition.

The first known reference to mastic gum was recorded in the fifth century BC, but fossilized leaves from the mastic tree have been dated as far back as six million years. Mastic was an important source of wealth in the Byzantine period, but it wasn't until the Genoese took power that its production became systematized. During the 16th century Chios fell under Ottoman control, and the empire maintained a monopoly on mastic trade up until its demise in the 19th century. The fallout led to the establishment of the Chios Gum Mastic Growers Association in 1938, which remains the sole body managing the Chios mastic trade today.

The CEO of jawline - and you - would do much better to chew some delicious mastic than a cheap Chinese rubber toy

Mastic has always been a luxury item, prized for its rarity. It was even one of the commodities Columbus promised the Spanish monarchs he would find an abundance of in the New World (he didn't find any). The mastic trees have been the life-blood of the island since the Middle Ages, and the frequently-attempted invasions shaped its architecture. The mastic settlements were placed out of sight and built like fortresses to combat the pirate invaders and thieves who coveted the precious resin.

Mastic trees are native to the Mediterranean, but it's only on the southern tip of Chios where the trees produce this precious resin. The exact reason why remains a mystery, but it's speculated that the underwater volcanic activity responsible for the island's unique microclimate and soil formation create the precise conditions needed. Many attempts to plant these trees have been made, but few survive, and the trees that do make it to maturity are unable to produce the sap.

The cultivation, harvesting and processing of mastic is a year-long, painstaking process. The methods and tools involved have remained unchanged for centuries, in accordance with tradition. The village men spend the winter meticulously pruning the trees, while the women level and clean the ground around the trunk in preparation for the harvest. During the summer, diagonal incisions are made into the tree trunk and its branches. These deep cuts cause a clear, viscous substance to ooze out in the shape of a tear, and drip onto the prepared ground below. The mastic tree resin will remain there, hardening for 15-20 days before collection. Once gathered, the several month-long cleaning process begins. After being sifted and washed in natural spring water, finally the resin is sorted and classified by its color and size. The result is a white, crystallized delight with a unique, pine-like flavor.

Many online sellers take a careless approach and you should only buy from a reputable vendor. If you've tried mastic gum before, chances are you've received a muddle of sticky, stale and yellowish resin. To ensure you are getting the highest quality mastic gum that is pure as the driven snow, give Greco Gum a try. Our gum is hand-filtered to provide your mouth and face with a vigorous but pleasurable workout. The difference is palpable.

Greco's premium quality mastic gum is available exclusively through the website grecogum.com

LEGIOGLORIA.COM

'Tom, you've got muscles in your cheeks!'

Terry Wogan to Tom Platz, during a BBC interview

Platz-masing 101

If I say the words 'Tom Platz', you're likely to think of his insane leg development, which still ranks among the greatest in the history of bodybuilding. But Tom Platz also displayed unusual development in another part of his body - his face. Raw Egg Nationalist shows you how to Platz-max for the ultimate chad jaw.

Words: Raw Egg Nationalist

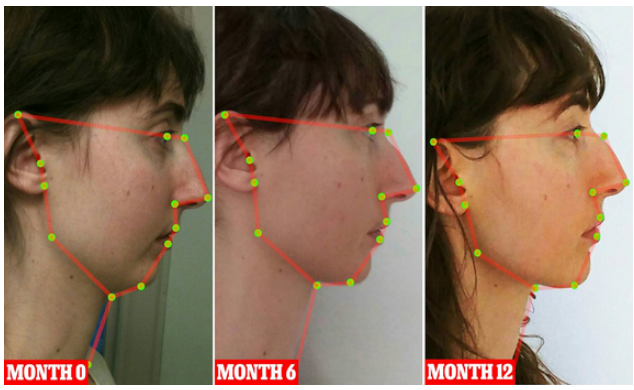
The modern diet has not been kind to man's face and especially his jaw. Dr Weston A. Price, in *Nutrition and Physical Degeneration*, famously showed the almost immediate ravages of the modern diet on the physiognomy of native peoples introduced to it. Where one generation, eating the diet that had sustained it since time immemorial, had strong well-formed jaws, with properly spaced teeth absent caries (tooth decay), and beautiful symmetrical faces, the next generation, now eating imported food and especially grains, had narrowed faces, malformed dental arches and crowded jaws full of crooked, decaying teeth. These effects were most arrestingly shown in a series of photos posing different generations and even in some cases siblings against each other, with one side illustrating the effects of the native diet, the other those of the modern. Say what you want about the 'myth of the noble savage', but let anybody who truly believes in a linear conception of history look at these pictures and reaffirm their belief in simple, uncomplicated human progress. Go on, I dare you.

If modern diets and lifestyles imperil our proper physical development, even if we aren't the lucky ones who were fed organ meat, bone broth, raw milk and fermented foods as children by our parents there are still things we can do as adults to strengthen our physiognomy and restore to it more than a little savage beauty. Dr Mike Mew, for instance, has pioneered a form of jaw training known as ' mewing'

Here we see one of Weston Price's many photographic studies illustrating the deleterious effects of the modern diet. On the left, the benefits of the native diet, and on the right, the heavy physical price paid by consumers of modern, especially grain-based, diets.

aims to ensure proper jaw positioning and development, with revolutionary effects on appearance. In certain cases, and in particular as a result of an undiagnosed allergy that has led to chronic mouth-breathing, by their teenage years some children develop horribly recessed jaws. By following Mew's advice and placing the tongue on the roof of the mouth at all times, such unfortunate individuals are, over a period of months, able to draw their jaws forward into the correct position. And not only do they enhance the way they look, restoring the profile they should have had, but they experience a host of other benefits, including improving breathing.

For those lucky enough not to have a lower jaw that has withdrawn like a turtle into its shell, there are still benefits to practising proper tongue posture. As well as helping to engage and develop the muscles of the face and neck, it will make you more aware of how you are breathing – whether you are breathing through your nose, as you generally should be, or whether you are breathing through your mouth. There may even be some esoteric benefits too. A number of ancient cultures, including the Daoists, recognised that placing the tongue on the roof of the mouth was a way to bring the body's energy pathways into alignment.



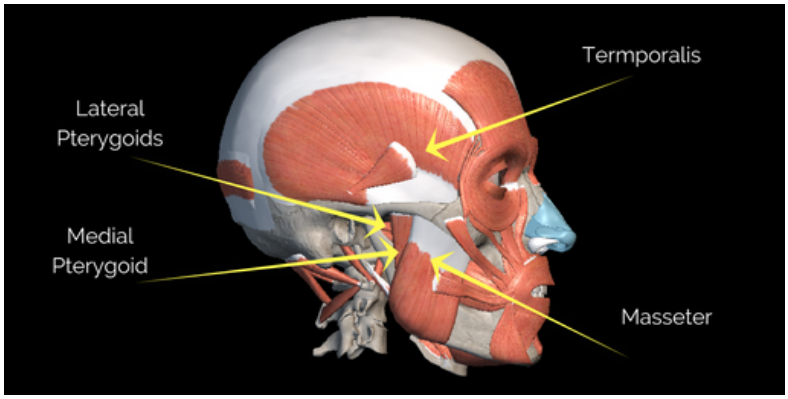
The transformative effects of mewing over a twelve-month period.

Tom Platz on the BBC, after removing his shirt (at the instigation of host Terry Wogan)

Although Tom Platz is most famous for his insane leg development, with 31" thighs at their peak, he also demonstrated an abnormally well-developed face, something the British television host Terry Wogan picked up on straight away during their famous interview on the BBC. 'Tom,' he gasped as the American sat down in his seat, 'you've got muscles in your cheeks!' Platz laughed graciously and made a short comment which clearly suggested that he had indeed been training his face as well as his body.

If you look at photos of Platz as a young man, it's clear that he already had strong facial development, but the jaw he sported during his competitive prime could have sunk a battleship. It's difficult, however, to find concrete details about his actual jaw-training regime. I've seen it written that Platz used to chew rubber dog toys, and given the general levels of madness that attended his training, I wouldn't doubt it. For your benefit, dear reader, I have actually tried chewing chewing a dog's toy, and wouldn't recommend it, not least of all because, beside the awful taste, I don't think you really want to swallow any of what the toy is made of.

Without resorting to chewing dog's toys, there are still things that you can do to develop the muscles of the jaw, especially the masseters, quite dramatically. And the best thing is, you won't have to do all that much of them. Adding jaw training to your routine is not something that's going to necessitate spending another hour in the gym – far from it. In fact, for me at least I've only needed to make a simple modification to one exercise I perform three times a week as part of my neck training routine, at the end of my leg and back workouts.



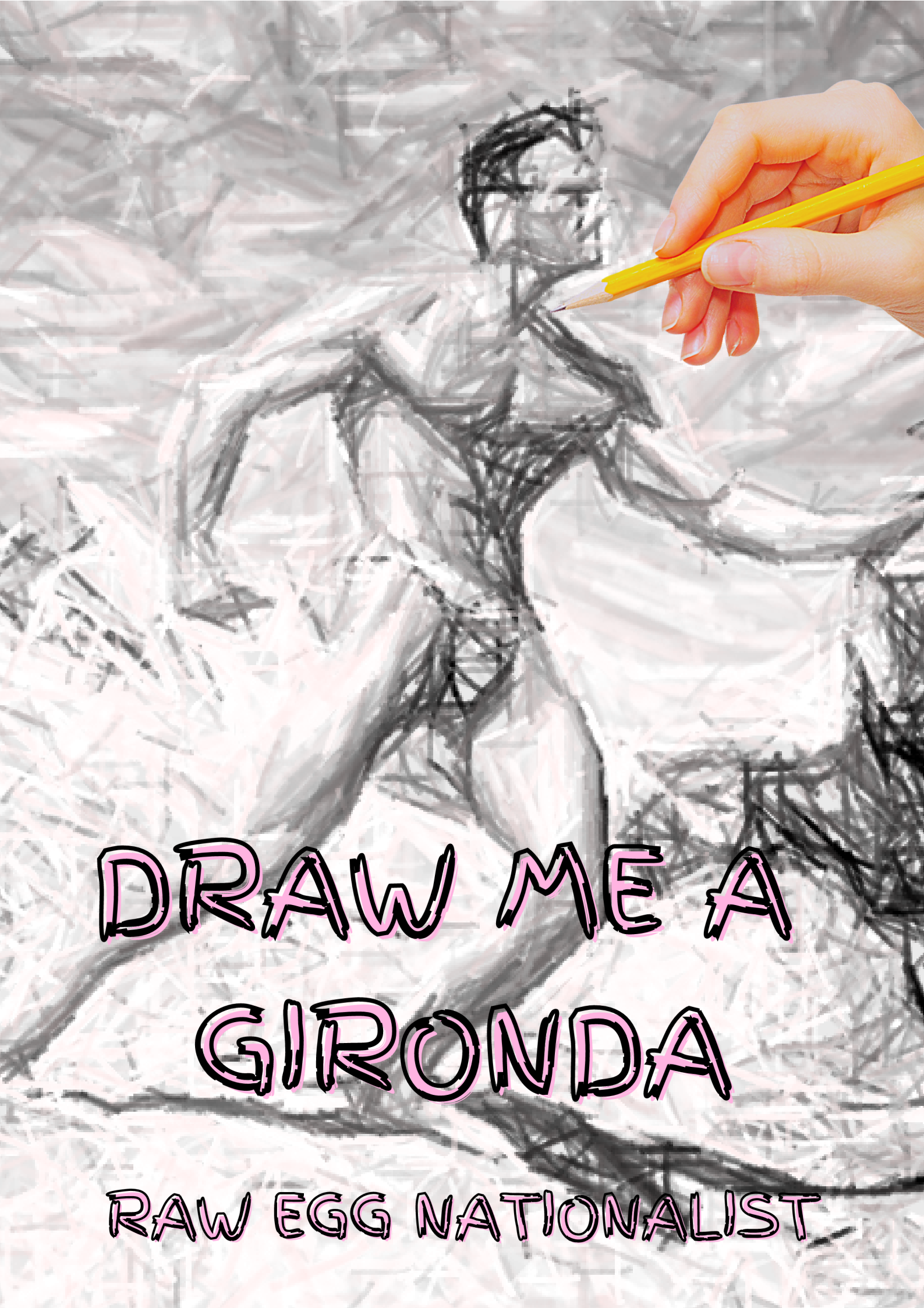
The muscles of the jaw. It is the masseter, in particular, that you want to develop.

One of the simplest things is to do neck extensions using your teeth to hold the weight, instead of a harness or your hands. Get a t-shirt or towel, thread it through the handle of the weight, roll the ends up in your hand to form a bit and then bite down hard on it. If the weights don't have handles, you might have to get creative and use some rope to make a handle you can thread through the centre of the weight and attach the t-shirt to. My preferred method is using a kettlebell. Start with a light weight and aim for upwards of 15 repetitions. Add weight gradually and perform the extension movement smoothly, through a full range of motion. Warm up by performing the extensions without a weight. At the moment, I'm performing two sets of 35 extensions with a 70lb kettlebell. Here is my neck and jaw routine in full.

- Neck extensions w/ weight in teeth 2x25-35 reps
- Neck curls w/ weight plate on forehead 2x25-35 reps

You can also perform holds for time with the weight in your mouth, do ass-to-grass squats to lift it off the ground with your teeth, or perform carries holding the weight with your teeth. All of these exercises will also work the trapezius and inner back, as well as activating the muscles of the core to a surprising degree. So what are you waiting for, anon? It's time to Platz-max!

Neck harness


DRAW ME A
GIRONDA
RAW EGG NATIONALIST

LA PETITE MORT OF A SALESMAN

LET'S TALK ABOUT SOMETHING IMPORTANT.

PUT THAT *PORNO* **DOWN.**

CUMMING *IS FOR CLOSERS* ***ONLY.***

YOU THINK I'M *FUCKING* WITH YOU?
I AM NOT *FUCKING* WITH YOU.

I'M HERE FROM CLUB TROPICALE EXCELLENT.
I'M HERE FROM BAP AND TACOS.
AND I'M HERE ON A *MISSION* OF *MERCY!*

YOU CALL YOURSELF ***"VITAL"*** YOU SON OF A BITCH?

THE ***GOOD*** NEWS IS YOU'RE BLOCKED.
THE ***BAD*** NEWS IS YOU'VE GOT,
ALL OF YOU'VE GOT, *JUST* ***ONE WEEK*** TO

STOP JERKING OFF

AND ***EARN*** YOUR UNBLOCK

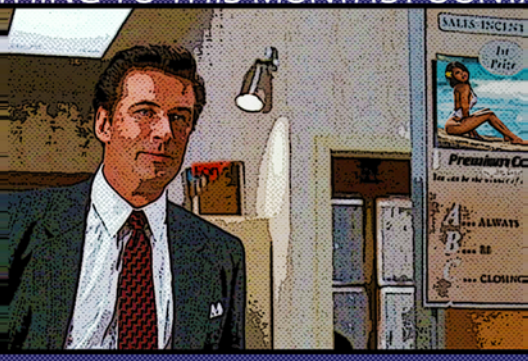
...STARTING ***TONIGHT.***

OH, HAVE I GOT YOUR ATTENTION ***NOW?***

...GOOD.

WE'RE ADDING A LITTLE SOMETHING TO THIS MONTH'S POONTANG CONTEST...

AS YOU ALL KNOW
FIRST PRIZE IS
PREMIUM COOZE.



ANYBODY
WANNA SEE
SECOND PRIZE?

SECOND PRIZE A COUPLE RETWEETS.

THIRD PRIZE IS YOU'RE BLOCKED.

...YOU GET THE *PICTURE?*
...YOU *LAUGHING* NOW?

YOU THINK THEY **SUPERLIKED** YOU JUST TO GET A ***FREE MEAL?***

RICH ORIENTAL BROAD DOESN'T *SWIPE*
ON YOU UNLESS SHE WANTS ***THE BWC.***

THEY'RE SITTING OUT THERE
WAITING TO GIVE YOU
THE *PUSSY!*

...ARE YOU GONNA TAKE IT?
...ARE YOU ***MAN*** **ENOUGH** TO TAKE IT?

I CAN GO OUT THERE ***TONIGHT***
WITH THE SWIPES AND LIKES YOU GOT,
CLOSE MYSELF AT LEAST
TWO PIECES OF PREEM!
TONIGHT!
IN ***TWO HOURS!***

...CAN ***YOU?***

GET ***HORNY*** YOU SON OF A BITCHES!

YOU KNOW WHAT IT TAKES TO PICK UP A

JAPANESE
MANUFACTURING
HEIRESS

BY THE ***ANKLES*** AND ***BITE*** HER
ON HER ***BILLION DOLLAR*** FUR COOKIE?

VERS LE DELUGE WITH *NEON BAG*
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Here, in part one of a two-part story, Peter Hopkirk Respecter takes us to the British Raj to describe the service and sacrifice of William Hodson, the man known as...

The Company Sabre

MAN'S WORLD

"I appealed to the crowd, saying these were the butchers who had murdered and brutally used helpless women and children, and the government had now sent their punishment: seizing a carbine from one of my men, I deliberately shot them one after the other."

A letter Hodson wrote to his brother, recounting the execution of mutinous princes during the Great Mutiny of 1857

Words: Peter Hopkirk Respecter (@phrespecter)

Hodson's summary execution of the Mughal Princes on the 22nd September 1857 was entirely justified: they had encouraged the mutineers and handed over the British civilians sheltering in the Red Fort to the baying mob of treacherous sepoys, sentencing them to a cruel death. Hodson was a man of action who had seen the consequences of failed leadership from senior officer and civil servant alike and knew that the sooner the Princes were punished the sooner the mutiny would end. He was an excellent swordsman, being described as the "Company Sabre", and a natural leader. However, many have seen fit to criticise Hodson for this act of retribution, from modern historians to even his contemporaries. This is because throughout his life he was dogged with false accusations of corruption, embezzlement, looting and negligent command that cut short his promising career. These factors combined with his death in combat meant he was unable to defend himself any longer, and for many he became the symbol of all the worst excess of British rule in India.

William Hodson born on the 19th March 1821 at Maisemore Court and was the third son of the Rev. George Hodson, and unlike most officers in the employ of the East India Company (EIC) or British Army he had a university education. He attended Cambridge where he studied classical and general literature and developed a flair for the languages of the Indian Subcontinent. He was an athlete as well. While at Rugby he won a wager that involved him completing three tasks: running eight miles in an hour, then a mile in five minutes and finally picking up 100 rocks, placed one yard apart within an hour. He was also committed to turning "the island" at Rugby into a gym.

Hodson suffered from what were most likely migraines that would manifest themselves while he studied and ended his academic career before it began. In India, to cope with the sun he would wear tinted sunglasses. With a career as an academic out of the question he decided to become a soldier in India, taking a cadetship in the EICs 2nd Bengal Fusiliers. At 23 he was comparatively older than the majority of cadets as most were recruited as teenagers into the Company army or Civil Service.

The Battle of Mudki, 18 December 1845

"We were within twenty, and at times ten, yards of three guns, blazing grape into us, and, worse than all, the bushes, with which the whole ground was covered, were filled with marksmen, who, unseen by us, could pick us off with pleasure"

RISE OF A FRONTIER SOLDIER: THE FIRST SIKH WAR

Hodson arrived in India on the 13th of September 1845 and in just four short months in country, and two with his regiment, he would find himself leading a company of Sepoys in a charge against the Sikh cannon at Mudki. He wrote to his father about the intensity of the fighting as he advanced with his men through dense jungle to the Sikh fortifications.

But in spite of these difficulties he endeavoured to lead his men with "great zest". His regiment also provided an escort to the Governor-General and his staff, and he saw its destruction, with only two members escaping death and serious injury. They would have been accompanying Sir Hugh Gough, who was never far from the danger, but unlike his subordinates Sir Hugh always evaded death. British numbers meant victory was inevitable, but the Sikhs took a bloody toll with every yard of ground that was yielded. The Khalsa (Sikh army) retreated to the heavily fortified village of Ferozeshah.

greater part of my brother officers, and myself, were left with the colours and about thirty men immediately in front of the batteries! Our escape was most providential, and is, I trust, thankfully acknowledged by us. A ball (from a shell, I fancy) struck my leg below the knee, but happily spared the bone, and only inflicted a flesh wound. I was also knocked down twice – once by a shell burst so close to me as to kill the men behind me, and once by the explosion of a mine."

The Battle of Ferozeshah, 21-22 December 1845

The right flank was successful in reaching the village, and a charge by the centre and the few remaining reserves was successful in pushing the Khalsa back into their camp and to the village. At the high-water mark of the attack the British controlled the village, half the camp and one third of the fortifications, but they would be forced to withdraw. This was because they had run out of ammunition and a series of mines had been detonated by the Sikhs, which had caused great confusion and terror among the ranks. It was an orderly retreat to the original British line but the men were starving, thirsty and exhausted. Over the previous four days they had an amount of food that Hodson remarked "would not compose half a home breakfast loaf" and for the whole day and that night they would not have any water to drink. If the Sikhs attacked now they likely would have been able to force a mass rout of the British army and might have been able to march on Delhi. So desperate was the situation that the Governor of India, Sir Henry Hardinge, sent the Civil staff back to Delhi along with one of Napoleon's swords with orders to prepare for the worst. The Sikhs did not attack and in fact they retreated back to the River Sultej.

Twice now the sepoys of the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers had broken and fled before even reaching the enemy lines lines, leading to their removal from combat and being placed in the rear to secure the lines of communications and supply. Hodson wrote, "not liking the notion of returning to the rear while an enemy was in front" he immediately set about transferring to a different regiment. He was successful and assigned to the 16th Bengal Native Grenadiers on the 9th February 1846, a day before the next battle.

The Sikh entrenchments at Sobraon were daunting and expansive. The first line, forming the shape of a squashed U defended with earthen ramparts between 10 and 20 feet high, was around 3,500 yards long and was topped with 200 swivel guns. The ramparts were also protected by a series of dry riverbeds (Nullah) that would further hamper the British. Inside was another defensive line between the main position and the river.

PALADIN OF THE PUNJAB

After the war he came into contact with an Ulster-Scots Political Officer called Henry Lawrence who would lay the foundations of British Rule in Punjab. He served as his assistant and accompanied him, along with John Nicholson, Harry Lumsden and Patrick Vans Agnew, on an expedition to secure Kashmir for its new ruler Mahraja Gulba Singh. The local Muslim governor had mutinied against the instillation of Singh as ruler of Kashmir. The expedition was a resounding success, with most of the mutinous Sikh troops surrendering to the British lead army without a fight. Lawrence noted that Hodson was ill-suited to civil and secretarial work but, having great respect for his skill as a soldier, endeavoured to put his skills to use.

Hodson along with Harry Lumsden was given the task of establishing and training what could be best described as the most elite regiment in the Indian Army, the Corps of Guides. The Guides would act as rapid reaction force that would protect the frontiers of India and act as the Vanguard of any army crossing into Afghanistan. Hodson was the officer responsible for introducing Khaki (derived from the Hindustani word for "dust-coloured") uniforms to the Guides in 1847 as they needed to be "invisible in the land of dust". He was also responsible for equipping them, so had his brother send out 900 uniforms and 300 carbines from England.

His appointment to the Guides was only ever meant to be a stepping stone to a posting as a political officer, which was supposed to be in the newly captured city of Multan. However, this was not to be, since Lawrence had left Punjab on sick leave and had been replaced by the far less capable Fredrick Currie. Currie picked the rising star in the Company the 24-year-old Vans Agnew to replace Hodson, which likely saved his life. While inspecting the fort of Multan on 20 April 1848, in the company of the Governor Mulraj Chopra, Vans Agnew and his assistant Lt Anderson were attacked by Sikh soldiers and driven out of the city. Anderson had been mortally wounded and Vans Agnew with his few remaining servants found shelter in a fortified temple. It was here Agnew and the rest were killed. This incident sparked a Sikh rebellion across the Punjab and for

MAN'S WORLD

The Battle of Sabraon, 10 February 1846

The Battle of Chilinwala, 13 January 1849

many British officers the skills they learnt in suppressing the last gasp of the Khalsa would serve them well in 1857.

During the Second Sikh War (1848-9), Hodson served with the Guides as a rapid reaction force riding across the region supressing outbreaks of violence. Throughout the conflict, he was in constant communication with other political officers. In their letters they voiced their frustrations with the inability of senior military and civil officers to grasp the seriousness of the situation. Herbert Edwardes was particularly scathing and wrote to Hodson that Currie was wanting to "postpone rebellion". The Guides assisted Herbert Edwardes in his attempt to recapture Multan but were forced to retreat in the face of greater numbers and joined up with Sir Hugh Gough's army as it marched into the Punjab. Hodson and Lumsden were placed in charge of the Intelligence Department and were required to keep the army informed on the movements of the enemy. They also protected supply lines and messengers.

The Sikhs under the command of Sher Singh clashed with the British at Chilinwala on the 13th January 1849. It was to be a bloodbath, since Sir Hugh Gough decided again to not use his artillery. In the words of Charles Allen he "re-enacted the folly of Ferozeshah" and had his men charge against the entrenched enemy. There were 2000 British dead on the field, with some regiments losing almost all their officers. The 24th Regiment lost 13 officers and the Regimental Sergeant Major. Hodson was damning of the conduct of his commanders, pointing out that the majority of colonels and majors were unable to withstand the "wear and tear of Indian service" and that they were a "burden to themselves, an annoyance to those under them, and a terror to everyone but the enemy". During the battle, he led the horse his Brigadier was riding almost into the thick of the fighting and the old man still could not tell which direction the enemy were in. For all his faults, Gough at least was physically capable of leading his men and had his intellectual faculties intact.

These mistakes were not repeated at Gujerat on the 21st February, as Gough had become aware that if he did not crush the Sikhs decisively he would sent back to England. Harry Lumsden wrote of the battle "a more beautiful sight could not have been on earth than the steady advance of upward of one hundred guns". The methodical and deliberate use of overwhelming cannon fire meant the infantry were spared the slaughter of a bayonet charge and Gough's reputation was saved. This was the final battle of the war and paved the way for the total annexation of Punjab, something both Hodson and Lumsden were wary of. They feared being appointed to dreary civil duties, because they had grown accustomed to Frontier life. Although the return of Henry Lawrence to Punjab and recognition that the Corps of Guides would provide the nucleus for the Punjab Irregular Force, he decided to appoint Hodson as acting District Commissioner of Amritsar.

Hodson welcomed the promotion but did not meet Lawrence's exacting standards and within six months was sent back to be 2iC to the Corps of Guides. He lamented the "absurdity in dropping from the minister of a province into a drill-sergeant" and found little enjoyment in convincing Afghans of the benefits of proper drill. There was another brief spell on the Lahore Secretariat but he loathed the paperwork and begged to head back to the Frontier where under Lumsden's command he could do as he wished. For the third time he was again 2iC to the Guides but a chance to prove himself appeared in 1852 when Lumsden went on home leave and he assumed acting command of the Corps. He was extremely pleased, writing to his brother how he was the "the most fortunate man in the service". Little did he know that soon his reputation would be in tatters and his career almost ruined.

THE WAR AT TROY
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MAN'S WORLD

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MAN'S WORLD

'Wounded Soldier' - Otto Dix (1924)

HORROR

Welcome to the second chapter of Dr Chaim Breisacher's peerless new translation of Ernst Jünger's obscure, captivating early text 'Combat as Inner Experience'. After a baptism of blood, the young warrior moves on to describe that most primal of sensations...

Translation: Dr Chaim Breisacher @mmmynona)

Horror belongs, as well, to the circle of feelings that from old rests in our depths, bursting forth with primal energy in the shock of violent force. Its dark sway seldom flits about the high star of Modernity.

For prehistoric man it was a more constant, invisible companion on his wanderings through the immensity of the barren steppes. In thunder and lightning, it appeared to him at night and cast him down with its suffocating grip – him, our forefather who stood against all the powers of the earth with a feeble stone in his fist. And yet precisely this instant of utter impotence elevated him above the beast. For a beast can indeed feel fright when a threat suddenly emerges; he can sense fear when hunted and cornered; horror, however, is foreign to him. It is the first lightning burst of reason.

It is also closely related to voluptuousness, to the intoxication of blood, and the pleasure of play. As children, didn't we all listen to scary stories on long winter nights? Every fiber trembled and you would have liked to hole yourself up safely in a den – but still couldn't get enough. It was as if you had strayed off into the muck and mire and happened upon a nest of speckled serpents from which you couldn't escape, the pleasure of seeing their hideous coils being too great.

In areas where people pursue a life of stimulation, horrific spectacles garishly painted on canvas beckon at every carnival and fairground. Murders of passion, executions, wax figures pocked with purulent ulcers, row upon row of anatomical abominations: staging such a bill for the audience guarantees you will fill your pockets. Frequently, I stood long hours in front of such stalls and stared in the faces of those leaving. There was almost always a smile and note so strangely misplaced and constrained. What was this smile supposed to hide? And why was I standing there? Wasn't horror also delightful for me? The pleasure of children and the masses is foreign to no one.

Like a child in the servant's kitchen or a farmhand in a cabinet of horrors, young volunteers crouch in the barracks hall, huddled around a veteran in whose voice the horrors of the battlefield still trembled. Despite their pale faces and darkened eyes, there was scarcely any who did not long ever more passionately for the day of deployment. Though it might even mean silencing his beating heart, each man was driven to stare the gorgon in the face.

And the hour came for everyone, bubbling up darkly from indeterminate depths, precisely when it was least expected. When the fields were fallow like on important holidays – and yet, completely different. When blood coursed through head and heart as before a passionate rendezvous – but even hotter and more amazing. When inching ahead closer and closer to the roaring din, the strikes blaring louder, the hunt ever more hurried. When the fields glowed from a glut of agitated thoughts all around. When so overcome with emotion, landscape and actions emerged only later dark and dream-like from memory. The baptism of fire! There the air was so laden with overflowing virility – that every breath was intoxicating, that you wanted to cry without knowing why. To be able to experience it – oh manly hearts!

Then the column extended like a bat in flight and the laughing and shouting died down. Along the way, there lay to the side someone stiff and wooden with a sharp, wax-yellow face whose glassy eyes stared into the void. The first dead – that unforgettable moment freezing blood to brittle ice crystals. Like a pale and dreadful nag before the nocturnal abyss, horror reared up in each of us, imprinting another impression into our brains for all

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'Dead Sentry in the Trench', Otto Dix (1924)

time: to one, the hand like a claw pounded into the moss and earth; to another, bluish lips against white teeth; to a third, the blood-black crust of the hair. Ah, prepared as you may be for this instant, all is shattered by the horrific figure in the ditch, upon whose dirty face the first blue flies already danced. This figure, and the countless that followed, appeared over and over in their thousand contorted forms, with lacerated bodies and gaping skulls. Pale admonishing spirits to the mad trench diggers in the minutes before the storm, until the liberating cry to attack rang out.

Horror is inextricably bound up with death in our imagination. We are as unable to separate the two as prehistoric man was incapable of separating the horror felt, from the streak of lightning that blazed to earth nearby. Will future generations conquer this horror, and with the same tender feelings think back on us – on us and the shudder of feelings in our breast as we the meander through endless wastelands to the frontlines?

On these nightly forays through the undulating wastes, your heart was so lonely and orphaned, as though it were a pendulum swinging over the deathly shimmer of frozen seas. All warmth was sapped by the lurking inexorability all around. Countless times the wailing howls of someone slowly dying trailed off into the void. Further, just a little further to the safety of the burrow!

Although you strode the trampled, scar-pocked fields for years, still time and again you were jolted awake as from mad and terrible dreams. Where were you? On some lunar crater-scape? Expelled into the depths of an inferno? Enveloped on all sides with golden flames, this infernal dance hall of death was no terrestrial landscape. In that place, no comforting light flickered from the hearth; only gaudy signs of devastation flashed from foxholes as a fiery prelude to crushing savagery. No shrub, not even the tiniest stalk troubled your stumbling steps. Ashen fog and poisonous gas engulfed islands of sorrowful trees – black, shattered stumps. At times a house emerged, abandoned and collapsed like wreckage on the seafloor. What was it that groped with slimy tentacles in faint light from every recess for your heart? The horror of death and decomposition.

Decomposition. Without cross and mound, how much of one dissolves in rain, sun, and wind. Thick clouds of flies swarm, a suffocating mist of vapors hangs about the solitary body. The smell of a decomposing man is unmistakable: heavy, cloying, with a repugnance that lasts like stale bread. After great battles, it lingered so heavily that even the hungriest forgot to eat.

Often a patrol of soldiers survived doggedly for countless days in the fog of battle in some forgotten section of trench or tunnel, like those marooned in a hurricane clinging to a broken mast. In their midst, death had driven its flag into the ground. A field of corpses lay before them: mowed down by iron, near and between them the bodies of their comrades with death itself in eyes set strangely rigid in hollow faces – faces strangely reminiscent of the ghastly realism of old crucifixion images. Almost completely spent, the corpses huddled in unspeakable decay until finally one of the patrol awoke death and its rigid dance began again, sending bodies hurling high into the air.

What did it help that they covered those nearby with sand and chalk or threw a tarp over them to avoid the constant stare from black, bloated faces. There were simply too many: everywhere the spade struck something buried. Every secret of the grave laid open in an abomination compared to which the most fantastical dreams paled. Bushels of hair fell from skulls like withering leaves from autumnal trees. Some dissolved into a greenish, flaky flesh that glowed at night through torn uniforms. Stepping on them, a foot left behind phosphoric treads. Others were dried into calcareous mummies, slowly coming undone. For still others, flesh flowed as a red-brown gelatin from their bones. On humid nights, swollen cadavers awoke to a spectral life as pent up gas escaped, hissing and sputtering from their wounds. Most frightful, however, was the seething rustle that came from them, produced solely by innumerable worms.

Should I go easy on your nerves? Did we not ourselves once lie four days in a trench between corpses? Were not all those there, dead and living, covered in a thick carpet of blue-black flies? Is there something still more extreme? Yes: there lay dead many with whom we had shared all those night watches, all those bottles of wine, all those morsels of bread. Who may speak of war who did not stand among us, in our circle?

After such days, the very sight of the front soldier tramping through hinterland cities in gray, sullen columns, hunched and ragged, ended the mindless bustle of these carefree country folk. “Like from a casket,” whispered one of them to his girl, and everyone trembled who met the emptiness of their deathly eyes. These men were drenched in horror; they would be lost without intoxication. Who may make that determination? Only a poet – a poète maudit in the voluptuous hellscape of his dreams.

And say if any torture still exists
For this old soulless corpse, dead with the dead?
- ‘Le mort joyeux,’ Charles Baudelaire

Accessible to only the most perceptive in its subtle emanations, pervasive horror consists in a contrast embodied where life and annihilation meet, rending asunder. It flows from devastation, terrifying in its apparently insane pointlessness.

Flooded by white moonlight, deserted villages gaped in the night like desecrated tombs, reeking from the fumes of rotten carcasses. Silently, the grass-covered streets flowing with packs of rats. Hesitantly, you circled around fertile farmyards, anxiously uncertain, when suddenly you came across the peaceful spirits of those displaced. Couldn’t the abbé pop up from behind the ruins of the parsonage? What might the darkness of the cellar conceal? The corpse of a girl with stringy hair floating in dark groundwater? In the stables, animal cadavers hung still chained to the charred beams. In the bombed gateway, a doll lay like a tiny corpse.

You swept past the gruesomeness with hobnailed boots, accustomed to blood and iron. And yet like some object laid before a lifeless fireplace, although tightly clothed to the neck you felt so icy that you had to gulp. You were indeed a bearer of war, cavalier and

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'Soldier and Death', Hans Larwin (1917)

venturesome. You put many under, stepping over them with powerful emotions in your breast. Still the feeling was like a baby's cry upon wild moors – a ghostly dirge like bells pealing over sea and midday in sunken Vineta. As with the fall of that rollicking city, one sensed the hopeless sinking of a culture, trembling from the knowledge of being sucked into the maelstrom along with it.

Between laughter and madness, there is often little more than the edge of a blade. Once at the start of an offensive, I walked through a city from which the people had saved only their bare essentials. A companion tapped me smiling and pointed to a house whose roof and walls were already cracked and compromised. A shop window had remained eerily clear in the middle of the onsetting destruction. A slew of women's hats had been stored away. A few days before, while searching for a fallen friend in the late evening of a battle, I had pulled apart the bodies of a group of corpses. Suddenly, a fattened rat leaped towards me from a torn skirt. However, this experience had not shook me as much as the phantasmal contrast between the deserted streets and the shimmering tinsel of painted straw, silk, and colorful feathers, which reminded me of feminine hands and a thousand other trivialities that made our former life colorful.

Another time, together with an old warrior during endless night watches in a darkened nook of a defensive barrier, I asked him in hushed tones about his most horrific experience. His cigarette glowed in quick intervals, his fleshless face casting a reddish sheen. He spoke:

"At the beginning of the war, we stormed a house that had been a business. We forced our way into the barricaded cellar and wrestled in the dark with beastly ferocity while above us the house was already ablaze. Suddenly – in fact ignited by the fire's fervor – the automatic playing of an orchestrion [a mechanical organ] went off overhead. I will never forget how the carefree clang of dance music accompanied the roar of the warriors and the death rattle of the dying."

Much more could be told: of men who screamed and laughed long after a shot had shattered their skull; of one who in a winter battle ripped the uniform from his body and, grinning, raced over the bloody fields of snow; of the satanic humor of the great infirmary and much else. Yet, children of the age, we have grown weary of naked facts. So weary.

Not even facts, precisely rather the uncertain, the ineffable, the dull foreboding which sometimes smolders like smoke from a hidden fire aboard a ship. Perhaps everything is just a phantasm. And yet it was so palpable, so lead-heavy on the mind, as an abandoned troop of soldiers crossed through unknown lands under the vaulting night, booming near and far from the immense impact of iron. Then suddenly, a jet of fire tears open the earth in their midst – a cry of concussive knowledge propelled into the infinite. The dim curtain of horror wanted to sweep the mind aloft in a final fire; what sat in waiting behind it, however, the rigid-mouthed survivors were no longer able to say.

HARASSMENT ARCHITECTURE

A BOOK BY MIKE MA

BETWEEN BICEPS AND MAIL BOMBS

The work of both Bronze Age Pervert and the Unabomber Ted Kaczynski is in large part a response to the ugliness of contemporary leftism, personified for each respective author in the form of the 'bugman' and the 'oversocialized' academic. But which of these thinkers offers the most attractive remedy for the sickness they both diagnose?

Words: Giles Hoffman (@spring_pierian)

Ted Kaczynski sought refuge in the woods from academia and the corporate office, the well-known hives of Bugman existence, at the age of 31. Kaczynski was only one year older than the legendary Zarathustra, who is fabled by Nietzsche to have left his own home for the wilderness, driven to enlightenment by the need to escape "the market-place." For a quarter of a century Kaczynski embraced the hick's life of hunting and foraging, but stewed sour over the conditions of the modern world. His hatred for conventional life became central to his anti-system perspective and would later become known in his formal manifesto *Industrial Society and its Future*. Yet he would resist imprisoning himself in theory, by sending amateurish little mail bombs to unsuspecting – yet symbolic – victims. From the anxiety of his explosive parcels showing up at any doorstep, which haunted the American imagination, Kaczynski was designated a domestic terrorist with an iconic name: "The Unabomber." (It should be noted that it was only after the publication of his manifesto within the Washington Post (1995) that Kaczynski could accurately be titled a terrorist, since the political aims of his violence had been previously undisclosed). These semantics aside, I prefer to think of Kaczynski as a math nerd who was under the spiritual possession of a black-pilled Henry David Thoreau.

Like many of you I am a proponent of collapsing the reign of the Bugman, to which end it may be useful to read Kaczynski's manifesto, especially for its descriptions of the modern leftist. But the text is an unworthy manual for the Hard Right, unlike the *Bronze Age Mindset*, which I've called elsewhere our movement's vade mecum. The reasons are simple: Kaczynski is a brilliant and pitiable misanthrope; you only have to look at him; he is the classic case of the bullied victim who, like the school-shooter, embodies the contemptible qualities of desperate anger and feeble revenge – another casualty of modernity, who falls under the archetype of Dostoevsky's Underground Man.

I know I do not speak alone when I credit my new sense of optimism to the miraculous emergence of the Bronze Age Pervert, who is also contained inside this sparkling issue of *Man's World*. It is furthermore not an exaggeration to call BAP a leader – if not the leader – of our spiritual renaissance; of a worldview which could be said to rely, above all else, on a single premise: the supremacy of the body. This idea is both simple and complex. Of course, our physiology is the source of physical power, which will be necessary in ending a system of control that has been built on lies; but it is also as important and more profound to understand our body as the reliable portal into the laws of nature. A man of good physique and such insight can be an effective weapon against the weak and manipulative, who in their collective interest have actively distorted the very idea of nature, as a way of deceiving their betters.

The easily accessible thesis in Kaczynski's manifesto is that the industrial-technological system is an inherent existential enemy to human agency. As the system increasingly grows it will diminish human autonomy. He is like the prophet warning Laius to kill his son after foolishly engendering Oedipus. But unlike the movies, Kaczynski's prophecy does not include an exciting doomsday such as nuclear Armageddon or any near-mythological tale where we stand defiant to an existential threat. He rather foretells a bathetic and slow whimpering out of our species, like so many ants asphyxiated in a bag. The industrial system demands compliance and subtly wages its bureaucracy and medical establishment against men with independent spirits, with its final goal of creating a slave force of "leftists," a term that when defined is synonymous with Nietzsche's "Last Man" or BAP's "Bugman" (the latest iteration).

The leftist is not fundamentally understood as being part of a "movement or an ideology," according to Kaczynski, but as a "psychological type" who can be found amongst "socialists, collectivists, "politically correct" types, feminists, gay and disability activists, animal rights activists," etc. He

explains that the leftist, whom we've all encountered en masse two-and-a-half decades later, will "invade every private corner and force every thought into a leftist mold" by imposing their quasi-religious convictions so that "everything contrary to leftist beliefs represents Sin." Kaczynski therefore psychoanalyzes this type, finding "feelings of inferiority" and the tendency to "oversocialization" as the two most pronounced psychological traits driving the modern leftist.

Feelings of inferiority are explicit and found in expressions of shame, guilt, depression, self-hated, hysteria, neurosis, low self-esteem – the list goes on. In an effort to cope with their self-contempt the leftist will conspicuously attach himself to whatever "virtuous" cause is trending, promoting its demands through superficial activism. For Kaczynski, their real motivation, however, is betrayed by the fact that the "Leftists tend to hate anything that has an image of being strong, good and successful. They hate America, they hate Western civilization, they hate white males, [and] they hate rationality." One of Kaczynski's more interesting insights comes by his observation of the leftist's preferences in art. He accurately notes that the "Art forms that appeal to modern leftish intellectuals tend to focus on sordidness, defeat, despair, or else they take an orgiastic tone, throwing off rational control as if there were no hope of accomplishing anything through rational calculation and all that was left was to immerse oneself in the sensations of the moment." Now, every university campus and national gallery seems to be at the brim with transsexual "intellectuals" who carry unread copies of Camera Lucida in canvas bags and praise the "socially conscious" art of Jean-Michel Basquiat.

Jean-Michel Basquiat: talentless hack (nice hair tho)

(In a complete tangent, but since I've brought up Basquiat – who might have been Pop Art's house N, or Warhol's catamite – I'll tell you what I think of his art: what is called neo-expressionism in his style is really Afro-tribal scribbling and is made only – remotely – interesting because of its American bearing. What Basquiat's frantic movements might really represent is the Black spirit imposed with a Western consciousness, an anxiety that must be externalized to relieve the confusion between itself and the non-native culture. Of course, the heroin that finally dispatched Basquiat could be said to reveal the same dislocation. This irony continues to undergird the many black-dissident artists. In their formal accusations against colonialism, which is anti-civilization per se, the BIPOC always uses Western principles communicated in a European language to justify his hatred. This fact betrays his total Western orientation. This self-harming irony is similarly represented by the trained guard-dog that sticks her fangs in her master's hand as he fills her food bowl.)

The other tendency, oversocialization, is a defect of magnitude. As a psychological concept, "socialization" refers to the process by which people are adjusted to the norms of a culture. Therefore, Kaczynski's prefixed version

The Unabomber's cabin, held in an FBI storage lot

of the word describes an extremely adjusted person – i.e., the sycophant. Oversocialization is adopted by people when their culture's norms become so demanding, what we call "puritanical," that "in order to avoid feelings of guilt, they continually have to deceive themselves about their own motives and find moral explanations for feelings and actions that in reality have a non-moral origin." Of course, we all have moments of low self-esteem that motivate conformity to our environment, but again, the leftist loses his balance and becomes distressed by an excess of both self-worthlessness and wanting to fit in. Though Kaczynski doesn't make this particular claim, I think that oversocialization better describes the modern liberal and conservacuck (or is it cuckservative?) who are happy to adjust their own opinions to whatever finds them in good standing. In plain language, the oversocialized types are the spiritual whores for whom words and values are mere currency.

According to Kaczynski the leftist is the product of the system, rather than the reverse, because of two other theories. He justifies his IEDs as a means to bring our attention to the modern lifestyle, wholly made of contrived activities, that perniciously disrupts "the power process" and has us seeking "surrogate activities" as the sublimated scratching for our real instinctual itch. The power process is the ability for us to derive satisfaction from accomplishing goals that require struggle. It's particularly vital for men. But the modern state has erected obstacles to this process, either by fulfilling our most animalistic desires without effort, resulting in passivity and boredom and addiction, or by coming from the other end, unravelling red tape policies under the pretence of "safety." It should be apparent that all activities that are stuttered by the requirement of licenses, often additionally overburdened with high insurance, are concerted efforts to repress the male instinct. To compensate we "throw" ourselves into our careers and use leisure time for hobbies, sports watching,

Next page: one of the Unabomber's actual bombs

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and twitter spats, as alternative ways to find some subterranean relief for the soul. The rewards of surrogate actives lack in fulfilment, however, and so we turn to the analgesic effects of alcohol and drugs to pacify our thumos. And if you are unable to quell the yearnings of your conscience, the establishment is ready to support you in therapy sessions where “vulnerability is strength,” and antidepressants or anxiolytics are dispensed at a rate that any ghetto pusher would envy.

The system requires compliance because its workings are too complex and interlaced; every cog – you and me – needs to be obedient if not useless, since anything else can compromise its stability. This is how Kaczynski has distilled the machinations of the industrial-technological complex. Without saying as much, the Unabomber has imagined a subconscious conspiracy invisible and inside the ghost of the machine, as if it has become an emergent entity – that is, an entity that plots against human agency. The reason

The faces of modern leftism

why *men* (italicized to distinguish them from spiritual faggots) feel this more than women is because, compared to the fairer sex, we are the agential sex. According to Kaczynski it is nothing personal. With exception to the previous sentence, the impression one could form is that BAP and Kaczynski are revolutionary bedfellows. (It is slightly beside the point but they also might have a common education, which is merely a question about numbers). But this impression would be wrong. Despite being similarly disposed in their negative relation to the system, in which the Last Man is their common enemy, they differ significantly. Even in their general attitude towards civilizational decay, a departure can clearly be perceived. Whereas Kaczynski reviles the present and fears the future, BAP sees our dreadful condition as historically auspicious, since the fall of any regime is the only fertile ground for philosophy and is inseparable from resurrection of the noble pirate.

Though they have reached consensus over what plagues our species, their different diagnostic approach has resulted in incompatible aetiologies and conflicting prescriptions. This is best explained by observing their philosophical inspirations. Between Kaczynski and BAP we find the three “Masters of Suspicion,” the three men whose imperishable ideas are continually waged against the other in the modern world: Marx, Freud, and Nietzsche. In the case of BAP we know that he expressly credits Nietzsche’s perspective as central to his life-based analysis; Kaczynski, who doesn’t cite his inspiration, is clearly observing the world through the lens of historical materialism (Marx) and the subconscious (Freud).

It is only through the relations of production and the id that Kaczynski, who ironically uses these concepts against the left, has put the nebulous “system" in his crosshairs. His remedy is to call on all his imagined votaries, to destroy everything that we have discovered and invented so that we can return to a primitive, preconscious Utopia (it occurred to me while writing this that Kaczynski’s recommendation is the inverse of the Futurists). His impossible request is that we bomb ourselves back to Eden, in the hope that we rewind the stately hands of the grandfather clock back to a time before its invention.

But man is chimera of beast and god who must accordingly consummate his instincts and his ideals. Is the Unabomber really more than a pure misanthrope (like his supporting environmentalists), whose aim is to ablate anything that is remotely ambitious, reducing our species to a beast of burden, so that we may become indistinguishable from grazing cattle? I don’t think so.

For Nietzsche, BAP, and men with higher souls, the enemy is not an invention, our industry, human creation, or any other category that contains the heights of Man’s genius. Much of this is to be revered! Especially the works of great beauty. We rather attack weakness that postures as strength, and our mission is to reassert the primal right of natural power. With the same passion of Filippo Marinetti, our genius “must break down the gates of life to test the bolts and the padlocks!” to see the crepuscular light of sunrise, since “nothing equals the splendor of its red sword which strikes for the first time in our millennial darkness!” If Marinetti's spirit, the precursor of Italian fascism, found optimism in the dawning light, then Kaczynski is the melancholy and regret of an endless night.

At last this brings us to terrorism. In his rage against the machine, Kaczynski murdered three people and maimed 23. This kind of debased action is not the spiritual “rebarbarization” that gives us hope, but the last cry of a weak man who wants to be noticed. Similar are the examples of Elliot Rogers, Anders Breivik, and Brenton Tarrant, who although they share with us some criticism of the Bugman, are themselves forms of lower life. Even if mass shooters are not luftmensch by definition, they are still archetypal losers whose views are caricatures of our side (something the media enjoys portraying without distinction). BAP and the emerging leaders of this movement should be wise not to court this type of basement resentment, or else they'll taint the loftiness of our struggle with the life-denying ugliness of random murder. We don’t need the hillbilly equivalent to the establishment’s battering rams. And here lies the essential difference between the Kaczynski and BAP: the former is life-denying, and the latter beseeches us to become yes-sayers. This is what matters.

Giles Hoffman is the writer behind Pierian Spring (pierianspring.ca), which contains a variety of book reviews of right literature and philosophy, including Bronze Age Mindset and the Storm of Steel.

READ BRONZE AGE MINDSET

THE WHITE SWAN

FAISAL MARZIPAN

The Faint Echo of Hernan Cortes

These are the days of the expanding man...

Words: Faisal Marzipan (@cedarsupremacy)

"Papi, Juanita is here, we go to church now. We be back at noon, the pollo is cooking on the stove" said Catalina.

"Ok" said Gabbayo, vacantly. His sister, Janet, took Catalina to mass every Sunday and they would eat Sunday lunch together. He still had the faith but was in no condition to travel. His hip replacements were now 20 years old.

"I'll see you soon then," said Gabbayo.

When Catalina left, Richard De Leon clawed the remote with his four fingers, flipping through. No games yet. He looked out the window and reminisced, there wasn't much else to do now. He turned off the TV. He set his hands out before him, which bore the scars of 2nd and 3rd degree burns in lieu of pinkie fingers. In his younger days Richard "Gabbayo" De Leon would regale his friends and family on how he was an ancestor of Martin Lopez, one of the original engineers on the boats with Hernán Cortéz. Martin eventually returned to Spain, but his progeny did not, and with the establishment of the presidio at Bexar, Richard's forebears set up a colony.

The Lopez and De Leon families became, like most Tejanos of the period, ranchers. Richard was the oldest of three boys enjoying the wide-open spaces of Texas and in his teens heard the harrowing adventures of his uncles in the Great War. He had been excited to get his chance to see some action in Korea, he saw it as an opportunity for a boy from Comfort Texas to see the world. After spending much of the Korean conflict in Japan running communications, he returned to Fort Sam Houston and met Leslie Van Pelt. Leslie was a hawk-faced blonde from a Dutch family in Amarillo. They had three girls, but their marriage was tumultuous. She would nag, and wheedle, and back-bite him. Leslie's mother would get ill, and Leslie would spend the holidays, and sometimes the weekends in Amarillo to care for her. For a period, Richard felt the old woman would outlive all of them.

While the family did maintain a modest acreage, Richard became a roughneck and then a foreman on various wildcat drilling operations before working for Tejaco. It was in this capacity that Richard met his date with destiny. The regulatory pressure on OSHA was relatively non-existent. His shift was over and he was clocking out as foreman when the kick hit. The drill hit a pocket of methane, and this caused the pressure on the wellbore in the line to get extremely hot and compressed the mud column. Gabbayo was eager to return home to Comfort and was shooting the shit with the crew when he heard the sudden "clunk". The fatigue of a long shift was the just the delay needed for the kick to turn to a blowout. He looked at the foreman who was supposed to give him relief. The relief looked back at him plaintively, and in a mad dash Gabbayo ran to the blowout preventer. In his fifteen years in the industry, he had never faced an emergency like this. His life, the lives of the men on his crew, and all of their families depended on him closing that blowout preventer. So, in a poetic inversion of Martin Lopez, who first lit the torch on his boats at the order of Don Cortez, Richard "Gabbayo" De Leon embraced the fire, scorched his own hands on the safety valve, saved his crew, and suffered greatly. Gabbayo had just started manually closing the blowout preventer when the sparks within the wellbore got hot enough to ignite. In the searing heat of the blowout flames Gabbayo turned the blowout preventer one more quarter turn, closing the well entirely. The rest of the crew reached him with the asbestos and extinguishers but by then the damage was done. He had 2nd and third degree burns on his face and hands and lost both his pinkies. After three months of therapy and a $3 million settlement from Tejaco, Gabbayo became reborn by fire and embraced the lifestyle of a gentleman farmer. He inquired about starting a horse farm out in Comfort,

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Texas with an eye toward expanding his cattle holdings.

Not long after his right arm recovered, a second accident befell Gabbayo. His right arm was still stiff when he joined his Uncle on a cattle drive. His uncle chose thunder, a black stud; the horse's unpredictable nature slipped his mind. Gabbayo got on Thunder and was getting his saddle rust off when Thunder, sensed something. Thunder began to panic and broke into a full gallop. Gabbayo was still rusty and not 100% in control and Thunder raised up on his back feet and Gabbayo fell to the ground. Thunder then charged again into a full gallop and inexplicably jumped under the arch of a barn. When the dust cleared the cowboys were shocked to see Thunder seizing on the ground, in death throes.

Gabbayo was sitting in the dust, and considering his second brush with death in a year, guffawed heartily.

"HAW HAW HAW"

He laughed at the universe. He had been through the fire and come out the other side and now was determined to make his mark on the world. Gabbayo then abandoned his goal of running a horse farm in favour of a recreational vehicle. His daughters were growing up, and flush with cash he could support them through college. He channelled his natural restlessness into travel. On a whim he would take his RV up to Thunder Bay Canada, or Chihuahua Mexico, or the Grand Canyon, wherever his desires would take him.

After a quarter century with this severe, hawk-faced woman, he called it off with the mother of his three girls. He shared the blame, he knew it, but the heroism of his act on the west Texas oilfield, and the newfound riches it brought him, wore off quickly in her mind. The annulment came through one year after the Diamond anniversary, and, naturally, he took to his RV.

On his quest for cheap land in Chihuahua he met eyes with Catalina, a widow 15 years his junior. She was not a beauty Queen, but let's face it after grafting skin from his thigh to his face, neither was he. Catalina had a softness in her eyes, a kindness in her voice, and a warmth to her touch which seemed at first unnatural to Gabbayo. With his first wife, even romance had become a battle. He had soon built a second home in Chihuahua, more of a compound really, and started farming garbanzo beans. With the initial investment from his Tejaco settlement and the cheap labor, he created a working farm. He could cover three years of expenses with a harvest and have a modest enough income to not dip into his windfall. His Spanish was rudimentary, but the locals began to learn his unique style of Spanglish.

After settling in his villa, he was still restless. Something was missing. The nearest church was 45 minutes away, and although he did not feel he needed a regular church, he felt THEY needed it more. Nominally Catholic, the people took to a superstitious animism, in his mind they needed order. In the sweltering summer he would venture up to comfort and sought out seed money to finance a church in Chihuahua. He put in $7000 of his own money and received pledges of additional $14k to build a church to St Miguel the Archangel. Over the last decade the tides turned in Chihuahua once the warlords started venturing into Los Vasquez. He and Catalina retreated to Comfort where he now lay in bed.

Well, now it's time to venture out. Sitting up, Gabbayo winced. He clawed the blanket off, swiveled his legs to the left, and grabbed his cane. He shuffled, slowly and painfully into his wheelchair. Adjusting himself so that he would align up with the seat, he carefully lowered into it. He took a deep breath. On wheels again. The door was just wide enough for his chair but usually Catalina pushed him. He had to back up and go forward a couple times to line up the angle. Finally, he made it through the door. Once he was able to leave the bedroom it was a little bit easier; he ventured first through the living room and bar, complete with 1980s decor, and took at the guest bathroom, which led to his extended kitchen and parlor. He wheeled up and then down the ramp into the kitchen, which had a wide-open layout. Gabbayo then wheeled up to the stove and turned off the gas flame. Catalina and Janet would be here in 30 minutes.

...that shape is my shade,
there where I used to stand

Steely Dan "Deacon Blues"

Looking again at his hands he reminisced now about the joke he played throughout Comfort, and then the rest of North America. When Gabbayo would gas up his truck or RV he would put up his hands to signal how much money he wanted to put in the tank. This was back before credit cards and the cashier would look at you and see if you were good for the money and would set the limit for $10. Gabbayo would then fill up the tank to $10 worth of gas and saunter up, bowlegged from years of riding horseback, and approach the cashier.

When the cashier would say, "That'll be $10," here Gabbayo would take off his cowboy hat, throw it on the ground and holler, "TEN DOLLARS, TEN DOLLARS! I said EIGHT! EIGHT!" Then he would hold up his mangled hands with the missing pinky fingers and go "HAW HAW HAW." The cashier would laugh, relieved really.

Catalina and Janet, when they showed up, found Gabbayo laying in the middle of the kitchen floor. The pot was on top of his belly and the roast chicken was covering his entire sprawled body. Catalina screamed "Gabbayo", and Janet bit her lip. Janet pulled out her phone as Catalina wailed "Gabbayo Gabbayo." Catalina cradled his head, which smelled of Brut and Mole sauce and pleaded "Juanita, Juanita, she pleaded, with tears streaming down her face, "Call the ambulance!"

Turning his head, and sitting bolt upright, Gabbayo exclaimed "Now whattya wanna do that for? HAW HAW HAW!"

THE MATURE MAN AND THE YOUNG MAN

Foreword and translation: Rogue Scholar Press

"The Mature Man and the Young Man" was published by Drieu la Rochelle in 1935 in the pages of the Nouvelle Revue Française. It announced his definitive and final conversion to Fascism, after almost two decades of exploring other ideas and ideologies, including the avant garde art movements of the time such as Surrealism and Dada. It was the vitalist and masculinist elements of Fascism that were most congenial to Drieu's spirit, and he felt that he had always been a Fascist but simply had not had the name for it. A veteran of the first World War, he had had a kind of mystical experience at the Battle of Charleroi when he led his unit in a bayonet charge against the German machine guns, and for the rest of his life he looked back to that moment as a revelation of vitality and heroism, a primordial confrontation of life with death.

What convinced Drieu to side with Fascism was the crisis of February 6, 1934. The crisis was due to the Stavisky Affair, a scandal centered around a Bernie Madoff-type financier who had sold worthless bonds and embezzled hundreds of millions of francs. Stavisky was well-connected and people believed that many in government were involved in his scams. When he was finally about to be brought to trial after years of delays, he purportedly committed suicide. The people believed he had been killed by the police to avoid investigation into his connections and associates. And so, on February 6, the political Right, including groups like Action Française and Croix-de-Feu, organized mass protests against the government.

The center-left Radical-Socialist government of Edouard Deladier, with his newly-appointed Interior Minister Eugène Frot, responded to the protesters by having the police open fire on them. Fifteen protesters were killed and some 2000 were wounded. The government and the press, however, spun the protests as an attempted right-wing coup. There had been no such attempt, and in fact the protest leaders had held their men back, even though they could have easily taken the Chamber of Deputies building. The event served to harden both the Left and the Right in their positions, with the Left believing that a putsch was an immanent threat, and the Right becoming further radicalized by their mistreatment.

Never one to simply accept an ideology uncritically, Drieu called his own version of French Fascism "Fascist Socialism." As the critic Robert Soucy wrote, "By 'socialism' Drieu once again was referring to political socialism (i.e., for Drieu, political authoritarianism) rather than to economic socialism, although he does suggest in passing that such power might be used to impose greater controls over big business. ... It was in fact the 'virile' spiritualistic socialism of Proudhon and Peguy ... not the materialistic, egalitarian socialism of Marx and Engels, that he responded to."
It is often forgotten today that Fascism and other right-wing movements of the early 20th century presented themselves as alternatives to both capitalism and communism, having equal disdain for both not only because of their shallow materialism but also because of how each in its own way crushed the poor.

The philosopher Julien Benda, reviewing Drieu's book of essays on Fascist Socialism, wrote:

"That political action of which a noble spirit is capable Drieu believes he has found in fascism. But his fascism is much less a political dogma than a moral attitude, which consists of a Nietzschean will to self-transcendence, of a scorn for all stagnations, for all statisms, for all easy pleasures whose symbol he finds in democracy. He hates the clerk [the pure intellectual] who does not trouble to live dangerously while trying to think justly between his four walls. However, this cult of heroism goes hand in hand with a real tenderness for the poor; this fascist has the heart of a socialist."

- Rogue Scholar Press

The young man spoke to the head of reception. Being admitted after a phone call, he took the elevator. He walked around in anonymous corridors, and finally knocked on a door which bore the number 775. A female voice bade him enter, it was the voice of a secretary who soon opened the door to room 774 for him.

The young man stood in front of the mature man. The mature man looked young, there was even something childish in the expression on his face. This surprised the young man, but it does not surprise me because I have often seen this trace of infantilism on the faces of post-war men. It is confused with irresponsibility.

The young man was pleased with his first impression and said to himself: “Yes, really, that man is close to me. I was right to put my trust in him and we will come to an agreement.”

The mature man—I say mature because that is how a man over forty is usually called—was near the window, at a table where everything was in order. He was annotating a thin file with a big red pencil. He contorted his whole head, his whole chest, in a movement that wanted to be slow and quiet, to look at the one who had entered. As soon as he had looked up, his gaze jumped worriedly to the stranger. Concerned, he became the inquisitor; but now he was reassured and jovial. And the mature man smiled, closed his file, stepped forward voluntarily, deliberately stretched out and leaned forward to hold out his hand to the young man. This hand which suddenly offers confidence, intends to win in return.

“Hello, good to see you. Please sit down. Do you smoke?”

The young man looked approvingly at the mature man. More than young, he was athletic.

The mature man, neither short nor tall, was standing upright, his strong shoulders not very compressed. Although quite thick in the waist, he stood so straight one didn’t seem to notice it. And his movements had that trace that still remains of a former practice of sports.

The young man was happy to tell himself that this one had never worn a jacket or a beard, that he had not taken the job at the university, that he had driven racing cars, swam, rowed, skied.

Yet there was a certain sharpness of that face. Does such finesse go with sharpness? At first glance, from the tip of the nose, this profile formed a precise angle; but on closer inspection, the branches from this angle were getting lost. The well-articulated straight angle between the nose and the mouth spread out and leaked to the forehead and chin. And from the front, the temples, cheekbones, and jaw were a little chiselled, narrow. Then, when the eyes began to read beneath the cut of the clothes, what had at first seemed compact turned out to be chubby. Finally, each of his gestures came with an imperceptible delay, for it did not respond to an impulse but to a conception which the mature man had of himself.

But the young man, if he saw all this, did not realize it immediately. He had gone in with his image of the man and it was still strong in his eyes, although upon this image another was being superimposed. The old image was of a man he had seen in public events, of a slow but determined man whose every step landed firmly on the ground. This image which the young man had in his eyes was the very one the mature man had in his, this image he gave off so well for himself and for the crowd when he was on stage.

Sitting down, the young man placed his left hand on his left thigh, which was wrapped in white gauze, very white. The mature man flinched, and his gaze returned worriedly to the young man’s eyes as they entered the room.

“Are you hurt? Have you been injured?”

The tone underneath was sour.

Suddenly the young man was no longer all love and confidence, from one second to another he felt a possible abyss between this mature man and himself; or in any case, he wanted to be mutinous.

“What day do you think I was injured?”

The mature man was deeply embarrassed, but he smiled ironically because he was not afraid of guile, quite the contrary. He liked people to be cunning, because then he could be so as well, and better than anyone. He shrugged sternly.

“Well,” resumed the young man, who was not cunning at all but only had the movement of a child, “I was injured on the 7th in the most confused battle in the world.”

The mature man seemed relatively reassured. He lit another cigarette. He smoked feverishly and there was in front of him, in a crystal ashtray, a big pile of cigarette butts. This worried the young man a little: what became of the effects of sport in this cloud of smoke?

“You wrote me in your letter, whose tone of confidence touched me, that you wanted to speak to me about something in particular.”

He was no longer looking at the young man but at the bare space on his table in front of him; he had pushed aside the file folder to his left. The whole table was bare between him and the right angle where the young man was seated. There was only a large box of American cigarettes, laying open. Having taken his time, the mature man suddenly fixed his eyes on the young man and stared at him.

“Yes,” said the young man, “thank you for finding a moment for me. What I am going to tell you, many others besides myself also think, and it is therefore important.

“Look—I’m middle class. My parents raised me to have manners. In high school I was taught very little: I know very well that I don’t know how to think. Nonetheless, I have reflected on my body, and I am its master, having experienced and exercised it. I read a little—Nietzsche and Marx. My parents have no more money, or may as well not have. And I can’t find a job. I am unemployed.”

“Yes, I’ve seen many like you,” sighed the mature man with a little weariness.

“I’m middle class, but I hate capitalism which does not feed me and which ruined my parents. I hate the big newspapers, the banks, big business—anything in this country that has power without responsibility.”

“Certainly,” said the mature man, raising his head a little.

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“I also hate democracy,” continued the young man in a slower voice. “I hate Parliament—the flag-waving nobles and businessmen, the lawyer Deputies, the Radical party with its Freemason committees and its Senate of sadistic old men, the Socialist party and its secret admiration for everything denounced by its wise rhetoricians. All of these people cover capitalism. And capitalism is covered with these people.”

Now, the left-leaning independent was a lawyer for the oil trust, but he never thought about it.

“Yes,” he said, now more softly. “So then, what?”

“Well, I came to ask you: so then what?”

The mature man frowned. Although he seemed to be soliciting them, he did not like formal demands very much. He preferred to make them himself, upon others, at his own time and place, in Parliament, rather than have them pressed upon him.

He looked at the young man sternly again. He seemed to be saying to him, “Did you come to blackmail me, as intellectuals do, with extremism and logic? Are you one of those idiots at the public assembly who get up in the back of the room and cry out, ‘This is all bullshit!’—or are you an enemy?”

However, he thought that everything could be resolved once again: this young man was an intellectual, it would all work out in a little ballet of reciprocal flattery.

“Well, there is a lot of truth in what you told me, however …” He had risen and was pacing in long, counted steps around the large sofa.

The young man suddenly looked angry and bewildered. This however had been chanted too artificially.

“Ah, there is a however. Yes, I know, you will tell me that Parliament and democracy are two different things. You want to save democracy. Well no, it is quite certain that if we get rid of Parliament, democracy will also go away. Moreover, secretly, by defending democracy, you intend to keep the door of Parliament ajar. Léon Blum is more frank and consistent than you; he defends Parliament and democracy as one, and as if nothing had … Well, you know the stumbling block of 20th century politics: the grand pairing of capitalism and democracy, of these two friends who pretend to quarrel, but who secretly get along. If we understand this clearly, we are already in the action.”

“Yes of course … But, pardon me, are you a communist?”

The Deputy hoped very much that the young man was: it was a way of classifying him and getting rid of him.

“No. Communism is a weed,” the young man whispered with a false modesty and sparkling jubilation in his eyes.

“I wonder why you are not.”

“I don’t expect anything from Moscow, any more than from the Vatican. They’re the sort of people … ah, I don’t know, but I’m not comfortable with them. When I’m in a large communist meeting, I feel like I’m in a small chapel. They have jargon that is at least half a century old, their Marxist, materialist jargon. And they all repeat the same thing—a true thing, but which becomes false, and it’s always the same—dry, without nuances. They are content to be right in words and not in deeds.”

“You mean the intellectuals, but what about the people?” noted the Deputy of the left, with a touch of emotion.

“Yes, there are two kinds of communists, the middle class and the workers. The workers … well, they’re workers, guys who want to eat and, after having eaten, to be men. But as soon as they are in a communist meeting, they imitate the middle-class.”

The Deputy nodded sadly:“So, if you are not a communist, what are you? Are you …”

The young man burst out:

“Well yes, probably, I am a fascist. Definitely, I am a fascist. I have known perfectly well since February 6 that I am a fascist. And I know very well what fascism is. It means wanting to have socialism, without bragging that we are going to do it but by doing it, not with a program but by achieving something every day. To be a fascist means knowing that one cannot do anything other than to make socialism, that it is necessary to shut down the current heads of the economy, irresponsible in politics, and the political leaders, irresponsible in economics, and to replace them with leaders responsible for both things at the same time who will become one. And it means that to do all this, the French can only count on themselves.”

“And to overthrow the banks, you will ask the bankers for money?”

The young man stopped. He knew perfectly well what he wanted to say; but any allusion to money made him ill at ease. Besides, this uneasiness acted against his interlocutor: rather roughly, the young man looked around him at the hotel room. It was a good room, in a good hotel, very ugly but very comfortable.

The young man shrugged, annoyed at his reflex.

He returned to the other’s sarcasm. ‘To overthrow the banks, ask the bankers for money.’ He smirked—obviously the other one knew how we dig ourselves into a hole.

He replied by mockingly affecting calm.

“Yes. We haven’t found anything else yet. The Socialists already knew this stuff. It didn’t work for them …”

“It won’t work for you either.”

“Pardon, but there is a difference. The Socialists were people who shouted provocatively under the noses of the capitalists: ‘Beware of us. We’re going to cut your throats.’

“The capitalists were afraid, but the Radicals, their front men, responded by giving the Socialists a share of the honors and all the money that entails. To the Radicals they gave the ministries, but behind them the Socialists are deputies, civil servants, pensioners, postmen, presidents, etc. … They continue quietly to repeat that they are going to cut the throats of the capitalists. But while they no longer listen to themselves, there are still a few middle class who pretend to take them at their word.”

“Well, what about *you* then?”

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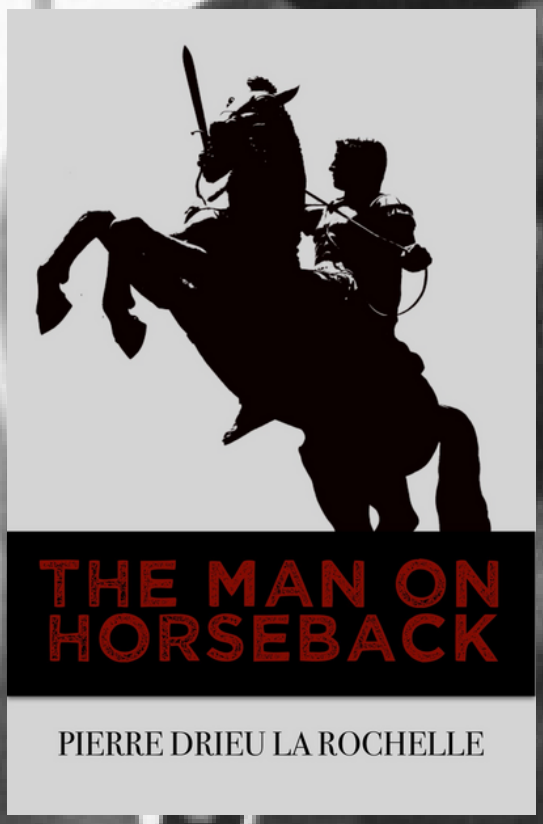

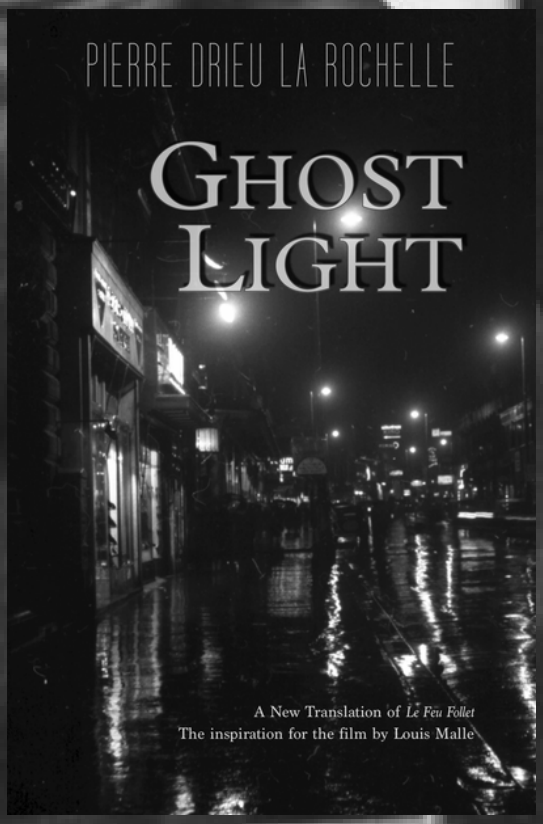

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MAN'S WORLD

“Us? We are the new team that wants to replace the Radical and Socialist team, and replace it advantageously. To replace it, we must fight it … To fight it … ah there, a very curious pile-up is happening.

“First, the Radicals and Parliamentary Socialists. These people don’t do their own fighting, they have a police force fighting for them. This police must fight against both us and the Socialists-Communists. Look at February 6 and 9.

“Second, we are fighting against this police and against the Socialists and the Communists—all this will end up being one.

“Third, big capitalism, because of its fear of communism, grants us its money, its press.

“Fourth, thanks to the revolvers and the machine guns of belligerent patriots, and of lower middle class people who are afraid of becoming proletarians, and of workers who want to be middle class, we are demolishing the Radical-Socialist police and the Communists. We demolish the police because it is controlled by men corrupted to the core by perpetual bargaining: democracy-capitalism, pitiful. We vanquish the Socialist-Communists, because the workers’ leaders are only muddy intellectuals or other workers who lack the hereditary sense of command—it takes at least a generation above the level of pure innocence, a chef uncle or a schoolteacher father, to have a sense of command. We have seen this in Italy and Germany and, in France, in 1848 and at the Commune. We overcome them and above all we absorb them.

“Finally, we demolish capitalism, because the previous struggle made us energetic and proud, because we are good people whom the middle class cannot refuse, and French patriots and other French people cannot criticize us for making a socialist society that will serve nationalism all the better.

“Because, as we see more clearly each day, nationalism and socialism are two fingers of the hand.

“Our socialism will succeed better than the socialism of the Socialists or the Communists, because it cannot be reproached with serving foreigners or wanting to cut the throats of the middle class. Another important point, in fact: we leave the middle class alone, we leave them their places in the economy and even, at first, their money. We ask them only to give their little individual souls to us and at the same time we withdraw the soul from their system which is slowly sliding towards socialism.

“And nothing prevents us later, having advanced socialism, thanks to nationalism, to make international alliances with other national socialisms. Later, there will be a Geneva of fascisms.”

The young man stopped, his tongue dry. He was looking at the mature man with shining and revolutionary eyes.

The mature man was pursing his lips.

Finally he said in the most hateful tone, “It’s all a beautiful dream. But speaking like that you are either a deceiver or a fool.”

“It’s not a dream. This is where you will see that I am really Fascist, I believe it is happening in Italy and Germany.”

“Good. So if you think that, I don’t see why you came to see me.”

The mature man said this as sharply as he could, crushing a cigarette in the tray, because he was reading those very words on the young man’s lips. He sat down again.

He seemed angry—an anger tamed by prudence and politeness, but underneath he was deeply troubled. It was serious that a young man who came to him could go away without being won over. Because if he had come, it was because he hoped to be won over. The mature man tried to reassure himself by noting that if the young man had seemed at first conquered physically, he had from his first words been revealed to be out of touch intellectually. So, wasn’t he one of those born enemies to be mourned, however seductive and eloquent he may be?

Yet, born enemies do not come to you …

The young man recited: “I came to see you because I believe that you think as I do and that, given your qualities of intellectual and physical courage, you have been appointed to be the leader of Fascism, of French Socialism.”

The young man laughed to himself as he heard himself say these sentences which he had prepared.

The mature man took his hundredth cigarette from the large box, looked around the hotel room, stood up and walked with his hands in his pockets.

The young man looked at the room, following the gaze of the independent left-wing Deputy, lawyer for the oil trust. He was by no means scandalized by the luxury of this hotel room—because all this comfort was luxury. He said to himself: “I don’t reproach him for needing money, a certain silence, a certain refined cleanliness, a certain space around him. What I reproach him for is …”

However, the mature man, who had athletic shoulders, but also athletic habits of mind and heart, the mature man who was an advocate of the oil trust and who gave Socialist speeches every day, and who had been swinging for ten years between oil and socialism, coughed and said to the poor, unemployed young man:

“I, sir, am a true socialist.”

The young man did not sneer.

“Good to know …”

“I do not believe that we can make room for capitalism.”

“So you are a communist?”

“No.”

“So are you with me?”

“No.”

“So you are nothing? Aren’t you going to tell me you’re for the defence of the Republic?”

“Uh …”

“Right. I’m leaving.”

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The young man, without getting up, laughed at length while looking at the mature man, who was furious—politely, cautiously furious. But he feared that the young man would not get up and leave, and that would have torn his heart—his heart for which to beguile was a necessity, because it had been formed in a time when one was charming, when one did not command—and so he approached him with a yellow smile.

“Come on, let’s get along.”

“It’s simple,” said the young man. “If you want to make socialism all at once, relying only on the mass of workers and on scattered groups of poor peasants, you are a communist.

“But you are too smart not to know that that is impossible. The proletariat cannot have both the middle class and the bulk of the peasants against it. And besides, the proletariat has never done anything by itself. Revolutions are made by this or that section of the middle class which seeks only a point of support in the proletariat. When the proletariat is alone, it is crushed by the middle class and the peasantry as in 1848 and 1871 in France, in 1918 in Germany, 1934 in Austria and Spain. However, 1789 and 1917 succeeded because the proletariat found itself momentarily, very momentarily, in agreement with the middle class and the peasantry, bullied by an Old Regime. But, in Russia, a bureaucracy is already being reconstituted on the backs of the workers, and the peasantry will have its revenge in the first war.

“So, you are not a communist. Therefore you are a fascist.”

“No, no, I’m not a fascist!” the Deputy shouted, clinging to his image of a calm and firm man, moderate because he was lucid and sure of his strength.

“Yes, you are a fascist; only, you dare not admit it to yourself. If you want to defend the Republic, pick up the debris of the old Radical and Socialist parties around the old arch of the Parliament—even that you can only do by borrowing the Fascist methods, methods of authority and violence. You will restart Frot’s attempt. But the difficulty is that Radical Socialism is already an old, sclerotic, worn out fascism. It is a fascism, since all across the country it is an organization divided between the Radical committees and the Socialist sections, bound by the ideology of 1848 and Freemasonic secrecy. It is moreover a fascism since it is the government over the country of this double party, of this vast clique through the intermediary of a small group of five or six possible presidents of the Council, surrounded by a hundred ministers, who hold the controls of the old Jacobin police force and the Napoleonic administration. Only a dictator is missing, but there is a shadow of past dictators: Robespierre, Napoleon, Clemenceau. But since it is fascism, it is impossible to reform Radical Socialism. Hence the sure failure of all future Frots. We must replace this old fascism with another. And this fascism will be nothing other than a new Radicalism, a new reformist socialism, a new middle class movement, disciplined and organized in a party which fits between big capitalism, the peasantry and the proletariat, and which, through terror and authority, imposes on these various interest groups the old charter in a renewed form. But this new charter, instead of being liberal, will this time be socialist.”

The Deputy was walking around the room looking sullen and unhappy.

“Socialist, that’s what I deny.”

“You deny that for ten years, under the umbrella of Fascism, socialism has advanced in Europe, and that capitalism has retreated?”

“I don’t see anything like that.”

The left-leaning independent sneered, and forgot his concern while sneering.

“I don’t see why, in any case—assuming that you have the right to sneer, you who call yourself a slightly Marxist ‘independent’—you would be more severe on socializing Fascism than on socializing Radicalism. Assuming it’s six of one and half dozen of the other, why not hope in the new movement since the old one has proven to be decidedly negative?”

“Fascism is the last hope of capitalism,” the older man recited.

“You sound like a communist, why aren’t you a communist?”

“Because ...”

“For the same reasons I gave you earlier: yes, I know. So be fascist.”

“No ...”

“You are afraid of being a communist, afraid of being a fascist. So you are nothing. You are just a ghost, despite your young age. Ten years ago when you entered Parliament, your soul—that of a young man, of a sportsman, a veteran, a Nietzschean—entered the skin of a very old man who would have peacefully flowered around 1890. Now it can no longer be removed from there, and it will die. You will die in exile, or in a concentration camp, in a quiet little corner like the parliamentarians of Russia, Italy, or Germany.”

“No, I want to make a new Socialist party that is neither subservient to Moscow, nor in the rut of Parliament.”

“That’s exactly what Fascism is. But you are quite incapable of it. We cannot do what we dare not name.”

There was a long silence: the young man had not yet left and he stretched out his long legs in a sort of numbness.

This was noted with satisfaction by the mature man who did not like solitude, although his egoism and his subtlety kept him away from large groups.

Based on the half hour they had just spent together, he went on in an intimate voice, at first as if speaking to himself: “There is a big difference between your socialism and mine. The people who enter into one and the other will not be the same and will cause an irremediable opposition between the two movements.”

He stopped in front of the young man; he looked at him with curiosity and concupiscence. Every man over forty looks at a young man with concupiscence—he longed for the freshness of new problems other than his own.

“Certainly, there is a big difference between our possible partisans,” continued the mature man, “but not between you and me. Basically, we want the same thing.”

The young man regretted the enthusiasm he had had to swallow: he smiled. He smiled like a child who doesn't sulk for long.

The mature man was enchanted, charmed, moved. He threw away his cigarette to be pure for a moment.

"Nonetheless, it's unfortunate that we don't get along. It annoys me, you are sympathetic ... Do you insist on not smoking?"

The young man stood up and stretched all four limbs. He forgot his arrogance, which had come to him shortly after entering.

They walked haphazardly through the room.

"Yes, it's unfortunate," said the young man, looking at the mature man with affection. He thought he was finding the man he saw in the elevator, whom he thought he saw when he entered the room.

He wanted to tell him personal things, kind, flattering things. But he restrained himself, out of respect for the other.

The other was waiting for them, anticipating them. He needed them. He was a little disappointed by the silence of the young man, who was looking at a truncheon on the nightstand.

"Yes," said the mature man, delighted, "these gentlemen are dropping them in every corner of my district."

At this word, the young man frowned. "There's no way out," he growled to himself. The other noticed nothing. On the contrary, he grew bolder.

"All the same, one can only work for socialism with men of the left. Obviously, we have to change their habits, but ..."

The young man was raised up again. Morally elevated, he sat down.

"A true socialism, not under the orders of capitalism," repeated the lawyer of the oilmen, the independent of the left.

The young man noted dryly: "In any case, to make your new party, you must first demolish the old left parties, and for that you need the money of capitalism, the alliance of the old right. And you have to be a nationalist to fight the old internationals."

"We can accept the French framework, without being nationalist."

"Like hell! You see, that's your intellectual paralysis. You are incapable of facing the two essential conditions of the new European socialism, of Fascism: on the one hand, to transform into a positive affirmation the acceptance of the national fact which for a large part of Europe is still a new fact, not worn out; on the other hand, to also transform into a positive affirmation, that is to say into the principle of class collaboration, the acceptance of the fact that the proletariat is only one class among many, that there is no 'class struggle', struggle between two classes."

The Deputy took another cigarette from the large tin can and smiled ironically: "You will make an excellent political theorist."

The young man continued:

"Of course. But explain to me the difference there may be between your new nation-based, broad middle class socialism and Fascism?"

"A difference of men and of faith."

"But once again, you will be obliged to fight the old parties of the left as later the old parties of the right ..."

"But you, you will be mixed-up with the parties of the right, which will absorb you."

"In Italy and Germany, it is the Fascists who absorb the others on the right. It is less dangerous to ally with the right-wing parties which have an absolutely outdated social ideology, and therefore not dangerous, than with left-wing parties which have an ideology which is still partially alive, and therefore awkward."

The young man got up and paced back and forth, while the mature man sat down again. Then he came and stood in front of the mature man.

"It's funny. At forty, you are old, finished. There are times when history moves fast and devours people. We are entering a time when gerontocracy will not really be able to function. Of course, you will not become a Geronte. Liquidated at forty."

The independent of the left pursed his lips.

"Basically, you see what should be done. But you can't do it. Like Frot. And besides, if you entered the game, by an effort of mimicry, you would be among those who are soon overwhelmed. Like Mirabeau. But you are not even a Mirabeau."

The young man, delighted to be young and in good spirits, laughed.

He seemed rude and cynical to the oil industry lawyer, who was preparing in his heart of hearts to die on the barricade.

"No, you won't risk it the fascist way. You won't throw yourself into the mouth of the capitalist wolf with the strong hope and firm will to stand in the way so that the wolf will choke on itself. You can't even become a sickly communist.

"You are quite simply a distraught old left conservative, who feels that the scheme is broken, that the place of the scheme, Parliament, is going to be overthrown, and who tries to repeat the classic coup to save the scheme, the union of left-wing forces. But the workers won't march. The days of Boulangism and the Dreyfus Affair are over, the workers will not be killed for Parliament. As in Germany, they will allow Parliament and democracy to be destroyed.

"After that, there will be nothing in all of Europe between the communists and us, nothing but our will, more or less strong, to make socialism. If we really make it, the grumbling communists will get behind us; otherwise, they will resume their offensive, but the ground in front of them will have been well cleared by us.

"Ah, march with them or with us, but don't get your ass between our two chairs. If you aren't killed by a fascist bullet, you'll be killed by a communist bullet."

The young man went to the door. He looked with astonishment at the mature man. He said to himself: "It's funny, I went into this comfortable room, this room in a large hotel to tell this man my confidence and my hope. And no sooner did I arrive than this man was in pieces in front of me. He doesn't exist. He's a Deputy, a post-war man. But I exist."

On the stairs, he felt a jolt of disgust. He stormed back, and opened door 775. The typist was adoringly kissing the mature man's hand. Without seeing this, the young man yelled out: "And you know, I'm a socialist."

"Certainly, we all are," murmured the independent man of the left bitterly.

"But I have an enormous advantage over you, it is that I am also a nationalist (alas). It's wonderful how nationalism obliges people to socialism. Good evening ..."

The mature man remained alone in front of the typist. It was April, the falling night was light, transparent, cheerful and in no way lent itself to thoughts of disaster.

The mature man, with the face of a worried child, dined with a delegate of the Soviets, a French general and an American oil man, but only at nine o'clock. Waiting for the hour, he looked at his life on the empty table, while the typist lurking in the shadows coveted his famous face.

At the end of the war, in which he had been an infantryman and an aviator, he was Nietzschean, elegant, athletic, ambitious. He loved luxury, glory, women, money, all of that together. He entered Parliament because he wanted to enter politics. He believed that Parliament was all of politics. Only today did he see his mistake. Too late: ten years had passed and had marked him. He had been under-secretary of state. Difficult to become a communist or a fascist. To see this made him clench his teeth. How could he, so untied, so lucid, have been wrong?

But, my dear friend, if I could have answered him: no one is lucid for ten years. At least among the men of action, because if they entered into action, it was because an impulse arose to carry them. Now this impulse came from the obscure world of feelings and could only deliver them to the dazzling world of circumstances. No one is untied, no one is cynical, everyone is sincere.

If the mature man of whom we are speaking threw himself into parliamentarism, it was not out of skill, but by chance, by fashion. He who had a dangerous and imposing reputation of high intrigue and superior ability looked at himself today in the mirror and saw an impulsive child who, after a brilliant and intoxicating race, stops panting and listens worriedly.

He saw himself in a difficult situation. Immediately plans were sketched in his head. A thousand ways offer themselves, a thousand exits. But there is only so much we can do. Off a certain track, he felt his limbs go numb.

While in the thick shadow of the room, he was making love with the typist to defend himself from this fateful visit—always fateful, this kind of visit, a man of twenty who comes to see one over forty. He cuddled her breast with this thought: "I will die among the men I have always known, repeating the words I have always said. I will be faithful."

Such was this famous cynic. But there are no cynics. That is what we call those of mediocre actions who use intellect to give order to the chaos of their gestures, and who, having changed sides with the wind, claim to have chosen to do so. But men of any valor, if they are not on the side of victory, slide to defeat from a sure push, for valor is a weight that keeps one from turning.

Hence the sad air of the victors, who do not forget the turning and that it could have led them astray.

This mature man, despite his ties to oil, was sincerely a socialist, since he could not be other than what he believed he was. As a lawyer for American oil he made 150,000 francs a year. It all happened in this hotel room, his only luxury. Apart from that, he thought only of socialism.

And now, an opportunity for socialism presented itself to him, compelling, amusing—history with its twists and turns is so amusing. Well, he saw this opportunity, with the eyes of the mind in the dark room where the typist was wailing modestly. But he couldn't grab her by the hair. No, his fingers were relaxed in the dark.

He looked for the reason in his childhood and thought he had found it: "Because at the Ferrer demonstration, I saw an officer kick a workman's back so badly."

He was content with this misleading image like all images. For who was the officer kicking, today as yesterday? The enemies of the left-leaning independent, the enemies of the oil industry and of Parliament, whether they are on the right or on the left. In reality, he had only seen one man kick another man, which to a modern spectator is always briefly shocking, but which to a reflective mind is enigmatic.

He had been left-leaning independent for ten years; ten years, that's a paycheck.

Ghost Light and the Man on Horseback, both by Pierre Drieu La Rochelle, are available now from the Rogue Scholar Book Store (shop.aer.io/roguescholar)

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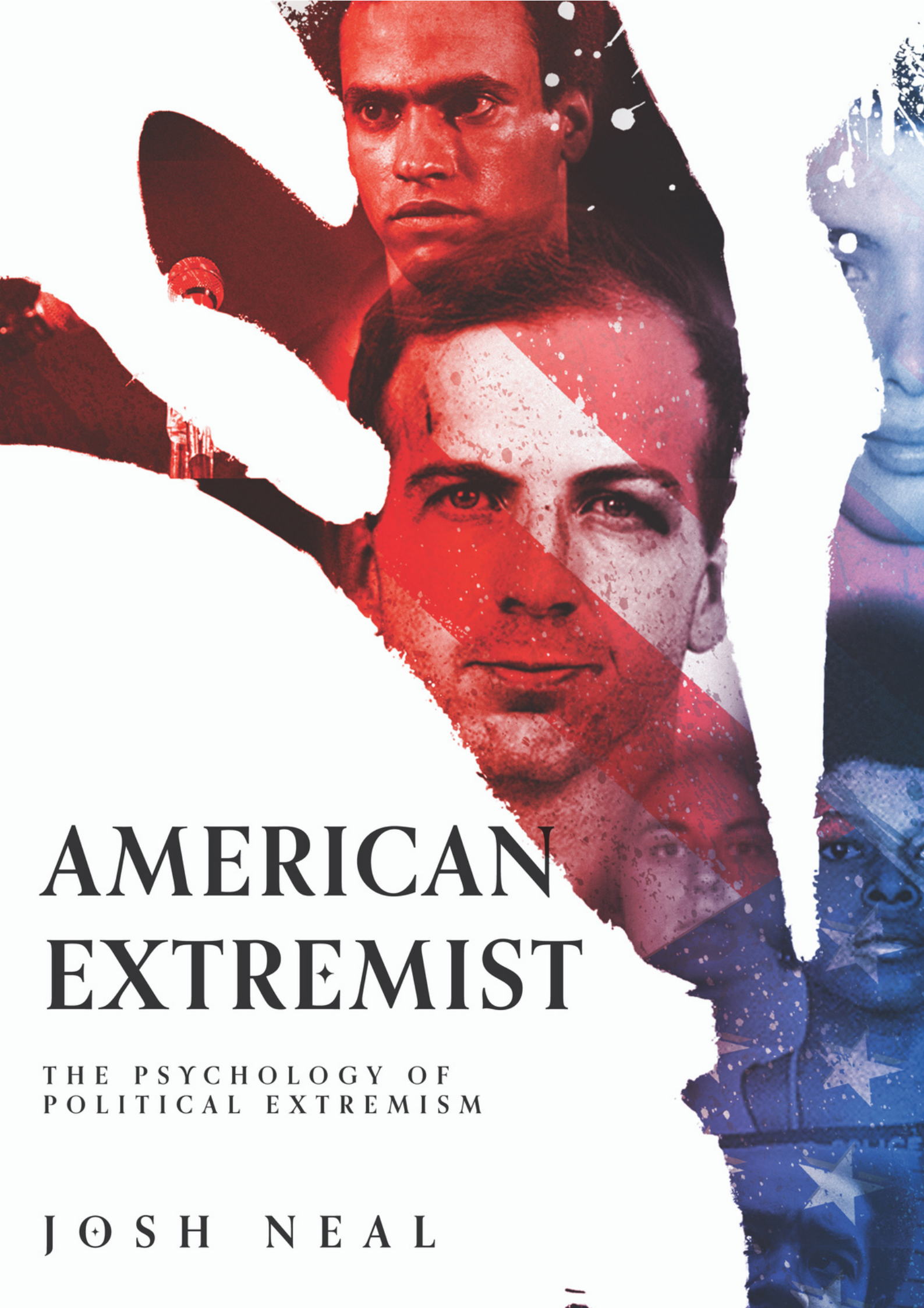


AMERICAN EXTREMIST

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF POLITICAL EXTREMISM

JOSH NEAL

American Extremist is the first major book by Josh Neal, clinical psychologist and well-known personality in the dissident right.

The book is a psychological profile of both right- and left-extremism and is rich in its scope and implications — Josh is doing quite a few things here.

Josh makes a subtle but important move in this book. Starting out with the extremist as someone who commits real-life violence, he closes off the notion of violence as hurt feelings and "microaggressions". He then recasts the notion of extremism to include not just violent extremists but the mainstream actors who radicalize them. In profiling the extremist, he shows how power brokers at the CNNs, Twitters, and Harvards of the world share this psychological profile — they ultimately cannot be distinguished from the BLM or Antifa criminal, because they are the ones putting the gun into the criminal's hands and urging them to do something.

Liberalism on both the left and right frames itself as fighting tyranny, disagreeing only on the source: for the left, it is the petty tyrant privately oppressing minorities, for the right, it is the tyrannical state encroaching on individual freedom. The authoritarian is the shadow in the soul of the American liberal. This cognitive dissonance warps America's relationship to authority, opening the way to anarcho-tyranny presided over what Josh calls the pathocrat.

Taking this term from Polish psychiatrist Andrzej Lobaczewski, Josh gives us a peg on which to hang the maladapts in the Deep State who are driven by biological imperatives to destroy all that is normal and healthy. In this sense he is threading similar waters to Spandrell's bioleninism and Ed Dutton's spiteful mutant. But he goes further — the exposure of normal people to the pathocrat twists their worldview and involves them in the pathocrat's dysfunction. Over time normal people become dysfunctional, and the society more and more extreme.

Perhaps most importantly, and in the spirit of two other Imperium Press authors — C. A. Bond in Nemesis and Dennis Bouvard in Anthropomorphics — Josh reclaims a thinker traditionally associated with liberalism: Freud. Despite the deep reactionary implications of Freudianism, this paradigm has so far been used in the service of the left. Josh undertakes a Freudian analysis, and the result is anything but progressive — in fact, the result is highly corrosive to the entire project of the left for the past two centuries.

In American Extremist Josh pulls together many threads from the dissident right and assembles them into a coherent picture of modern psychopathology. In 2020–21 we saw the mainstream stoke the fires of extremist violence, cheering "mostly peaceful riots", and still more brazenly, we saw the unconcealed anti-whiteness of the ADL and SPLC. Their complicity in short-circuiting our ability to fight back against anarcho-tyranny, election fraud, and bullyciding normal people can only be termed extremist.

Josh gives us the conceptual tools to do this rigorously.

Praise for American Extremist:

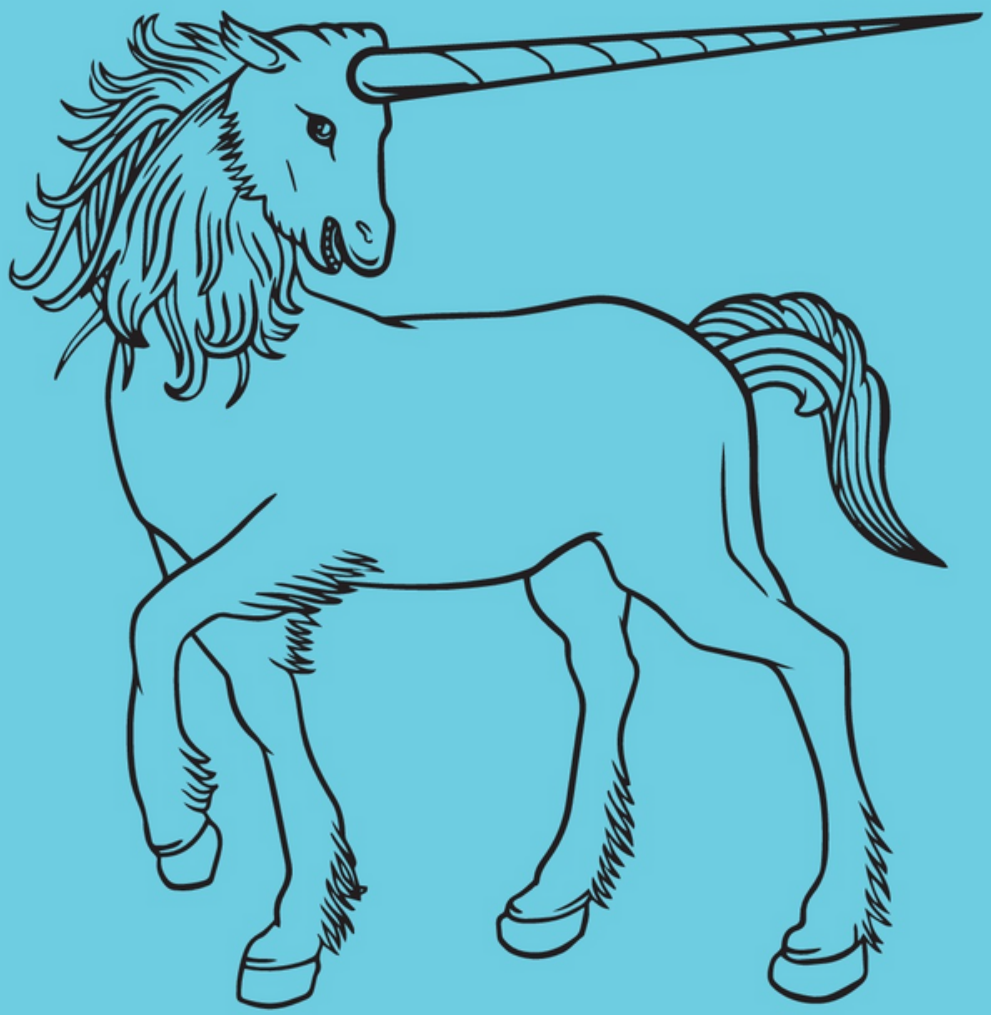
Curt Doolittle, Propertarian Institute: *"Cogent, clear, sincere, emotive, deeply informed, rich vocabulary, well edited, insightful, and providing a correct diagnosis [...] the book is a worthy read. Much more so than almost anything else that comes across my desk from within the Anglosphere."*

Morgoth's Review: *"It's as if he's putting America on the couch and psychoanalyzing it in the 21st century [...] it's explained very well even though some of the concepts are quite in-depth and quite deep."*

Joel Davis: *"American Extremist is an innovative attempt at deploying the psychoanalytic methods of critical theory from the Right, generating a novel theory of the pathological characteristics of political consciousness. Neal's integration of Lobaczewski's Ponerology and Jouvenel's Political Theory into his diagnosis exposes contemporary liberalism as an extremist phenomenon, radically recasting conventional distinctions. This text is an extremely welcome and necessary addition to the emerging dissident discourse."*

American Extremist is available now from Imperium Press at imperiumpress.org

SAVAGE SPEAR OF THE UNICORN



STORIES BY

DELICIOUS TACOS

John Cold and the Weather Machine

Words: Ernest Lewicki (@ernresttthepole)

In this second extract from the novel 'John Cold and the Weather Machine', we rejoin John Cold and Colonel Nurlan as they head into the cursed jungle in search of a fabled machine of extraordinary power...

They were some twenty clicks away from Kirshevo, deep away in the surrounding jungle, when John decided to release Nurlan. He was only slowing him down at that point. It seemed that nobody followed them.

“You better hope that the Tsar’s word still holds in your town,” said John untying the colonel's hands. “That’s the only way you keep your position after this parade.”

Nurlan rubbed his hurt wrists, looking around him. It must have been around 9:30 p.m: still the day, but late enough in it that he would not be able to return to town before dusk. Not on foot, anyway. The jungle looked ominous as always. He did not say anything nor move much. The time for pleading was long over.

He did not relax nor change his expression as he watched John Cold disappear in the dense vegetation. Inside Nurlan’s head, the wheels were turning. He would have his revenge for this, even if it cost him everything.

After a long while of thinking, a wide smile emerged on his face. With a new spring in his step, he started walking. He was neither following John south, however, nor working his way back north, to Kirshevo. For some reason, known for now only to himself, he made his way east.

There is a certain feeling to the edge of the human-habitable world, appreciable only to those who have been there. A certainty that each step brings you closer to death. Nature gets impertinent here. The exact flavor of the feeling varies by region, of course. John Cold had seen them all. Absurdly strong sea-storms, deserts so dry and hot you became a husk within minutes. Around Kirshevo winds blew from the forsaken shores of the immense Southwestern Sea. Thanks to that, a jungle grew here, so humid you (or any mammal for that matter) could boil. Well, not literally. Not until you went some two hundred clicks south from the southern tip of the Urals. Or until a particularly bad weather day.

John was definitely walking towards the cursed South. For days he cut his way through the dense undergrowth. The coordinates in the notebook led him through a humid, green forest, crawling with bug and reptile life. Traveling carefully, always on the watch, he grew more and more tired. Even a man like him, with almost inhuman resistance to heat, could only persist in the unforgiving jungle for so long.

Early on the fifth day, thank the gods, he saw what he was looking for. Standing on the other shore of the river, behind mangrove trees, was a mound dotted with ancient fortifications. The steel notebook claimed that the Old Russians, when they still existed, had made their stand here

MAN'S WORLD

here against the powerful migration waves coming from the south. They had lasted quite long, but you know how it always goes. Over time the fortification became manned by mercenaries recruited from the very hordes it was meant to guard against. Then, when turbulence shook the country and the centre no longer held, the fortress flew a changing multitude of flags. In time, people forgot it, so that after centuries when the Neon Tsars brought a semblance of order to a much-reduced country, they made their border outpost at Kirshevo, not here. By that time there were no longer any hordes from the south, of course. The threat to the state that still insisted it was Russia came from the east, where the Rajas of Surgut reigned. These days they sponsored a range of guerillas, the Yaik Tigers the most famous and daring of them.

But enough of that--that knowledge was lying back in John's backpack. In front of him was the fast-paced river. Crossing it would require every bit of ingenuity that the hardy frontiersman possessed. He put himself to task immediately. Machete in hand, he felled a dozen trees with mighty strokes of his arms. Pulling them together with vines, he bound them tight with knots worthy of an experienced mariner.
Satisfied with his work, he put the improvised craft on the water and stepped on it. It easily held his weight. With a long pole, he pushed it away from the shore. In no time he was on the other side, jumping on the high ground. He tied his vessel to a tree, not caring to disguise it for now.
Up the bank, the secretive ancient fortress beckoned.

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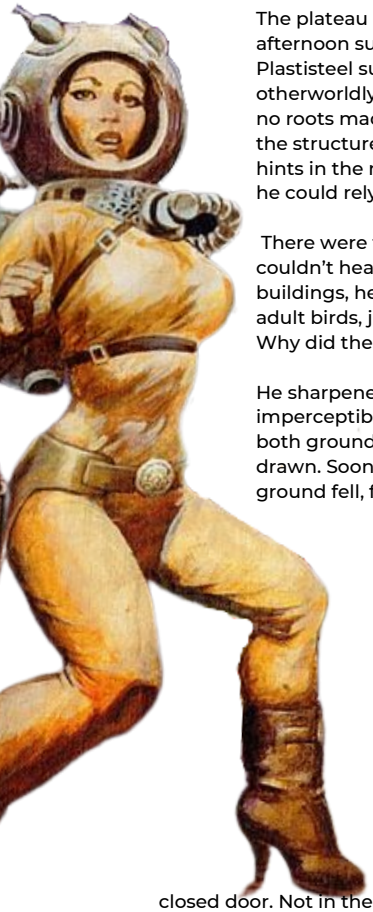

The plateau on top of the mound was large. The afternoon sun streamed through the xamu trees. Plastisteel surfaces of bunkers reflected it with an otherworldly glow. Earth covered some of them, but no roots made a dent. John Cold sneaked between the structures, looking for an entrance. Without any hints in the notebook nor any high-tech equipment, he could rely only on his instincts.

There were tracks of skindle birds here, but he couldn't hear them. Beyond the second line of buildings, he saw their nesting field. There were no adult birds, just eggs. The hair stood on John's neck. Why did the whole flock run away, leaving no guard?

He sharpened his senses. There it was: an almost imperceptible buzzing sound reverberated through both ground and air. He proceeded with caution, gun drawn. Soon he came upon a precipice where the ground fell, forming a circular pocket in the plateau.

At the center of it stood a large discus-like object, gray-silver in color. It appeared to have no openings, but the buzzing was coming from it, no question.

John circled the pit, crouching low. He deduced that the silver thing must be a new arrival on the scene. All the proof he needed were the broken trees in the cavity, and the freshly-abandoned nesting field. It must have come from the sky, he thought.

On the other side of the object was a closed door. Not in the discus, but sunken in the slope. Someone or something had dug it out recently. With a slight relief, John noticed footprints in the fresh ground. Human footprints. More than one person, wearing some shoes whose soles had a pattern he never had seen in his life.

All this he perceived from above, keeping his distance. On the door, there was no opening, no handle, no panel. He decided to bide his time until someone opened it for him. It seemed certain that nobody was there to observe him from the object, or else they would already have struck. John sat, weapon in his

lap, behind a large fern. Seeing a skindle nest close, he took out a metal straw. With an easy move, he pierced the closest egg and sucked out the liquid contents.

During his meal, to which he attended with gusto, he never let his eyes wander from the door. He was still in the presence of danger, after all. For a short while, nothing was happening, but just as he threw the egg remains behind him, the door opened with a hiss.

A tall woman stepped out. A bright jumpsuit snugly fit her lithe body. In one hand, suspended within some bejeweled device, she held a beating human heart.

The air grew cold and the shadows lengthened.

With an evil, self-satisfied smirk, the lady made a few steps towards the discus. At her approach, a slim door opened from an unseen hinge at the bottom, forming a gangway. The woman was well on her way up when John realized the device she had with her was the somatoma.

"Don't move or I shoot!" he shouted.

She slowly turned around. Her eyebrows perched in slight disgust. "Who are you, primitive?" she asked. "I thought you people did not venture here anymore."

"I am John Cold, and I will have the device, you witch. Hand it over!"

"Ah ... John Cold," she looked him over. "I am Derleta. You are going to have a bad day."

The full book can be bought now from Amazon. Parts two and three of the John Cold saga, '...and the Pirates of Alaska' and 'At the Court of the Neon Tsar', will be available soon.

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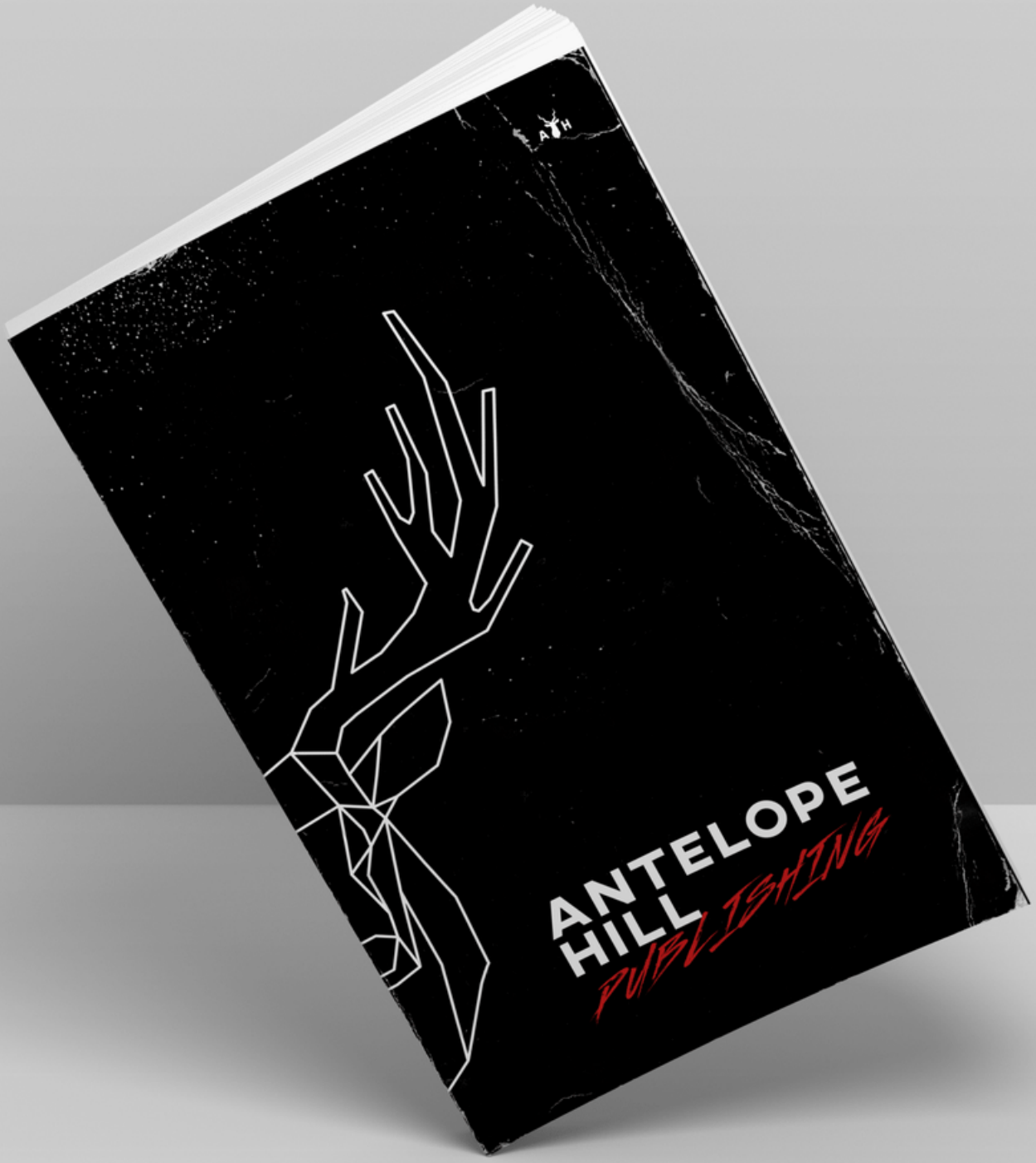

John "Borzoi" Chapman

Cultured Grubs

Dispatches From America in Collapse

ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING

High praise for Cultured Grugs*

"As a scholar in Asian Studies, I found these essays revealing and educational. I gained a new perspective on East Asian cultures. Study hard 18 hour ancestor smile."

*courtesy of Amazon.com readers

1 This is an outstanding collection of essays from one the most thoughtful commentators on the far right. John "Borzoi" Chapman is a minor prophet of the American collapse, and he helps the reader understand the spiritual and psychological aspects of living under our current reality while working to build something better for our descendants. My personal favorite essay in this book is "The Last Flight of the White Man" about the tragic suicide of Richard Russell (the Horizon Air baggage handler who crashed into a sparsely populated island in the Puget Sound after stealing a Bombardier Q400 airliner and doing some aerobatics). Chapman does an excellent job of analyzing the spiritual and economic circumstances of millennial men who feel they don't have a place in this country or its economy. Ultimately, Chapman's message is one of hope tempered with realism. While our current civilizational circumstances are intolerable, they can't go on forever. We can reclaim the pioneer spirit of our ancestors within a failing empire, but it certainly won't be easy. "Those who want to live will, to a man and woman, be banished to the outer dark and be made to fend for themselves against every hostile entity, their own just desserts for rejecting the Superior Future." In short, buy this book and a few copies to share with friends. You won't be disappointed.

2 *Firstly, yes: I did partly determine to purchase a physical copy of this book based upon the cover art alone, which I found both oddly unsettling yet attractive. Still, I enjoyed reading Borzoi's writing, and his effort for observation and opinion on a variety of topics is on display in the essays compiled for this book, in particular the 'new essays' section that slightly stands out apart from what he wrote previously. He covers the topic of virtual reality 'vtube' streamers and segues the topic into discussing the phenomenon particular to online environments with one-sided communication, called 'parasocial' behavior, and the effect it has upon atomized individuals. The author also writes about a gulag system that isn't physical in presence, but rather omnipresent by means of weighty spiritual and cultural control, and thereby even more insidious because of the inability to combat the system directly. It is decentralized and exists everywhere, as fluid as mercury. There's a short story which took me by surprise. Moving from new essays to a short-story was refreshing to encounter. 'Never the Twain', on the topic of futuristic doxxing. This may have been my favorite to read. It was quite good. It partially covered*

3

4

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